# RAILROAD MAGAZINE

April 15¢ Canada 17¢

RED STAR MAGAZINE APR.

# "I got them whisk-broom blues . . .

Music by
LEW WHITE
Tempo di Blues
When dand - ruff flakes on coats fell down,
What tips! Oh, Man! and was I flush?
But now that Lis - ter - ine's a - roun'
There's dog - gone lit - tle left to brush!
So got them whisk broom blues
Them thin dime blues!

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Always follow with vigorous and persistent massage with fingers or a good hairbrush. Continue the treatment so long as dandruff is in evidence. And even though you're free from dandruff, enjoy a Listerine massage once a week to guard against infection. Listerine Antiseptic is the same antiseptic that has been famous for more than 50 years as a mouth wash and gargle.

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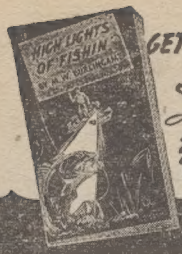


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*April, 1941* *Vol. 29, No. 5* *15 Cents*

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*A* **RED STAR** *Magazine*

**THE FRANK A. MUNSEY COMPANY, Publisher, 280 Broadway, NEW YORK, N. Y.**
WILLIAM T. DEWART, President & Treasurer WILLIAM T. DEWART, JR., Secretary
PARIS: HACHETTE & CIE, 111 Rue Réaumur
LONDON: THE CONTINENTAL PUBLISHERS & DISTRIBUTORS, LTD., 3 La Belle Sauvage, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C. 4

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*A true experience of* W. B. BOLTON, *Monett, Mo.*

**"A MYSTERIOUS 'MANHOLE'** in the roof of an Ozark mountain cavern we were exploring one day intrigued us," writes Mr. Bolton. "With no sense of danger, we wriggled through the hole and into the inky darkness of a cave beyond. For hours, we explored.

**"THEN TO OUR HORROR,** we found that we were *lost!* Visions of searching parties finding our bones, months afterward, flashed in my mind as we searched for the exit. The candles flickered out as the hours passed. Only the flashlight was left.

**"AFTER SEVEN HOURS** and a half of hideous searching, we came upon the exit to safety. We had found our way back to life again, thanks to our flashlight and its dependable 'Eveready' *fresh* DATED batteries!"

*(Signed)* *W. B. Bolton*

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# 40 Prosperous Years

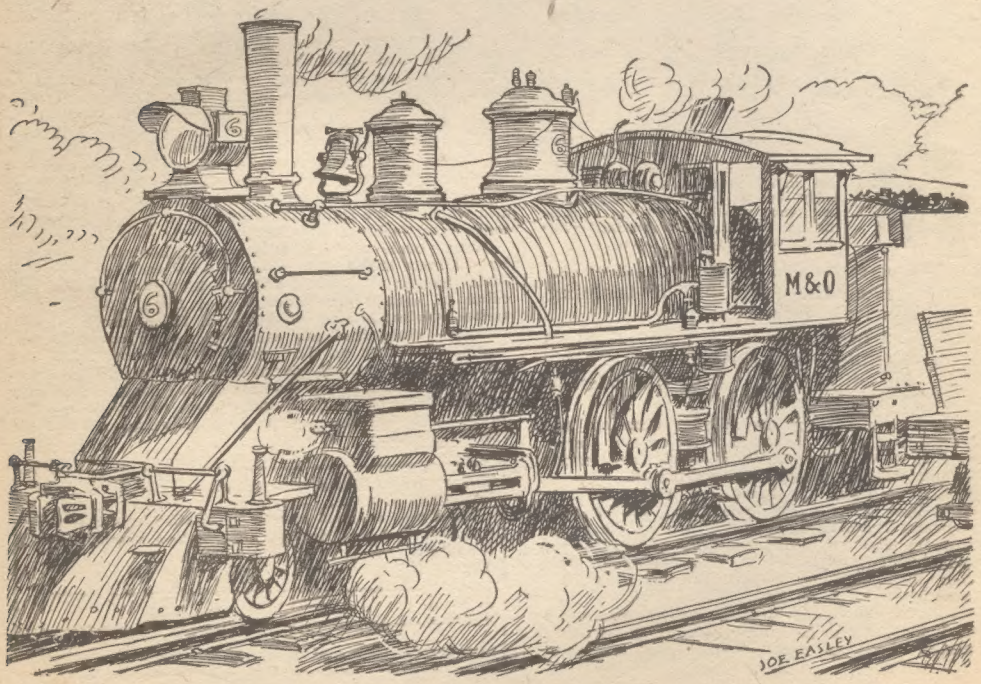
## *The Manchester & Oneida, with Eight Miles of Track, Has Never Been in the Red*

By JAMES W. HOLDEN

YOU hear a lot of talk from the railroads, nowadays about personalized freight service. Less-than-carload-lotters plunge like comets through the signal-studded night, linking cities three and four—five hundred miles apart. Down in the terminal yards, gaunt transfer cranes grind endlessly above slow-moving streams of container cars; door-to-door delivery trucks are dropping off their loads before the street lights wink out in the gray of early morning.

But over in Iowa, there's a little Class III carrier that has its big brothers of the AAR backed off the map in the matter of individualized freight handling. Its name is the Manchester & Oneida and if you ever have a couple of carloads of steers you want transported between those two small towns to the west of Dubuque, we recommend the M&O, with its 8.14 miles of track.

Shippers in that region are a spoiled lot. Never bothering to consult an operating timetable—for the simple reason that the Manchester & Oneida doesn't issue one—they have only to pick up their phones and call the depot



when they've got a consignment ready for the rails.

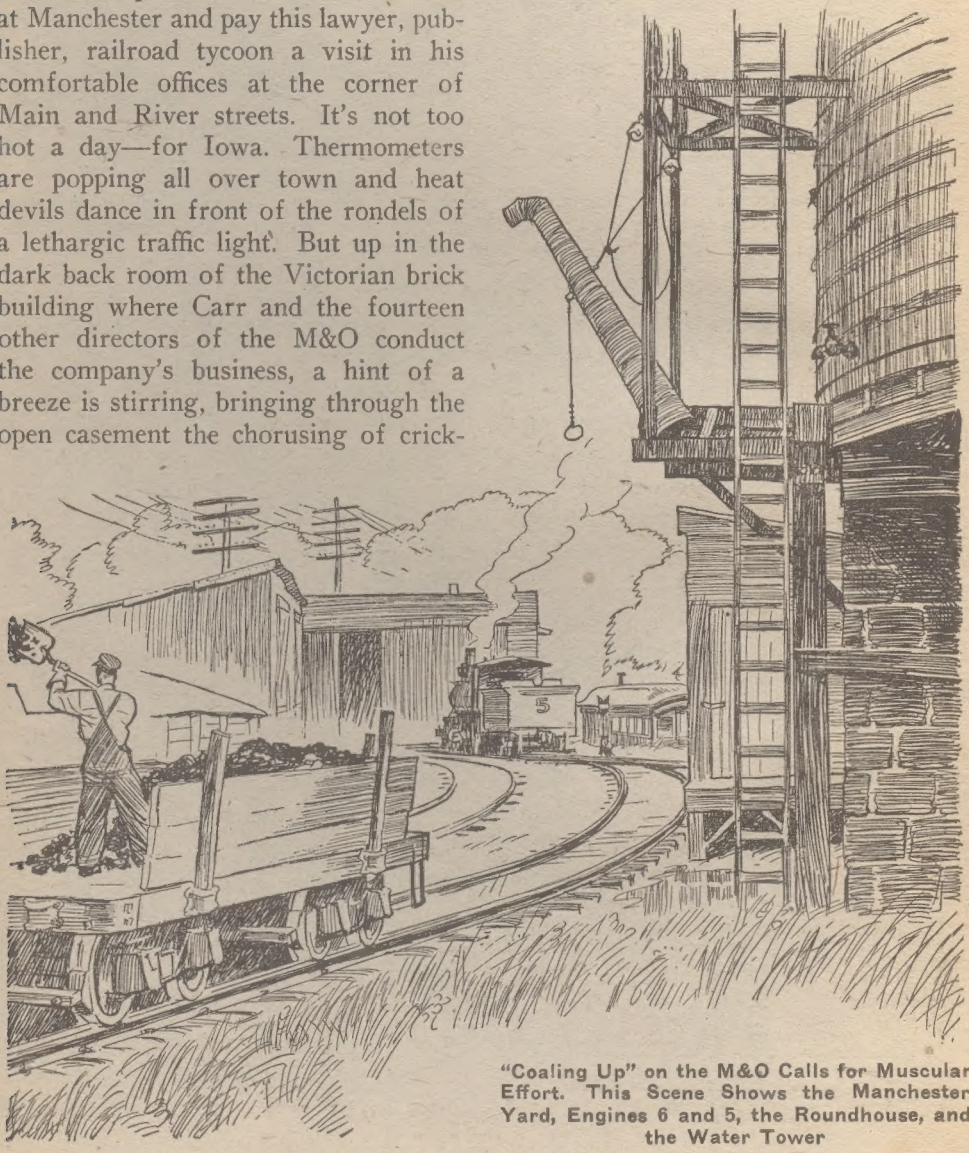
"You want that livestock turned over to the Chicago Great Western before breakfast, tomorrow?" a genial voice booms back through the receiver. "Sure thing! We'll have a head of steam in the Six-spot at the crack of dawn."

"Service *a la carte,*" Road President Hubert Carr likes to call it.

Let's drop off of the Illinois Central at Manchester and pay this lawyer, publisher, railroad tycoon a visit in his comfortable offices at the corner of Main and River streets. It's not too hot a day—for Iowa. Thermometers are popping all over town and heat devils dance in front of the rondels of a lethargic traffic light. But up in the dark back room of the Victorian brick building where Carr and the fourteen other directors of the M&O conduct the company's business, a hint of a breeze is stirring, bringing through the open casement the chorusing of crickets from across the green Maquoketa River.

Carr rises as we enter; looks us over with a humorous twinkle in his eyes. He's a tall, spare man, with the indelible stamp of the middle-west upon him—practical, unhurried, cordial.

"A lot of folks," he says, as he rolls himself a cigaret, "have been to see me recently. They want to know how a one-track, eight-mile railroad like the



**"Coaling Up" on the M&O Calls for Muscular Effort. This Scene Shows the Manchester Yard, Engines 6 and 5, the Roundhouse, and the Water Tower**

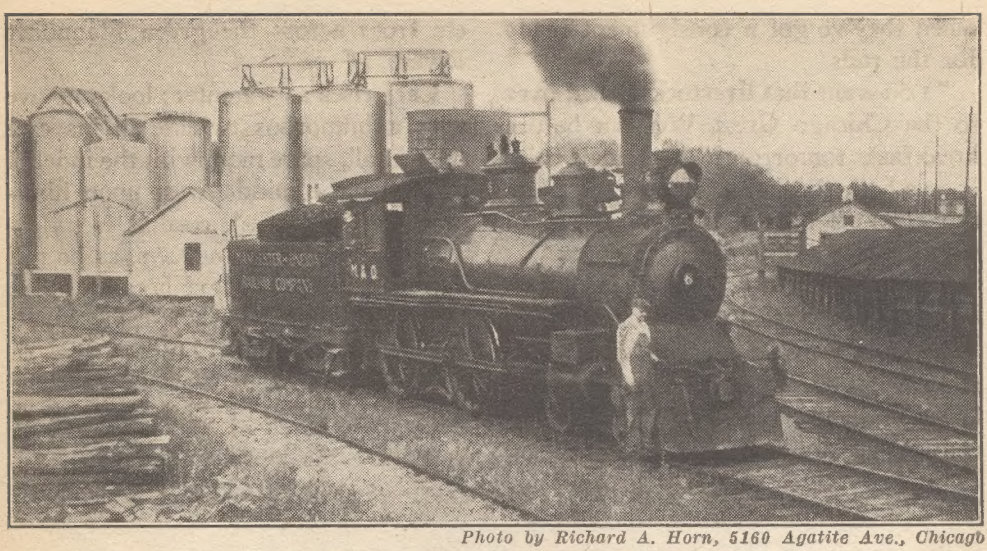


*Photo by Richard A. Horn, 5160 Agatite Ave., Chicago*

**Behind Engine Number 6, at Manchester, Iowa, You See a Group of Gasoline Storage Tanks. Most of This Gasoline Is Used for Motor Vehicles. All of It Is Shipped by Rail over the M&O**

M&O can show a profit year after year. But there's no mystery about it. We simply take in more money than we pay out. That demands drastic economy in operation and careful financing. It means, too, getting business where we can. And in this regard operating trains without a schedule has its marked advantages.

"Take an instance that occurred in 1936. The state was building a new highway, then, and we got the job of handling materials. A big road like the Illinois Central would have found it necessary to place the cars on sidings, but we had an engine and crew on the job during the whole of the construction time, spotting machinery and supplies where they would do the most good. We delivered 656 cars in 57 days —and made it pay."

ON THE WALL above Carr's roll-top desk there's a map of the Hawkeye State that further helps to explain why this little line has never been in financial straits during the course of its 40-year life, has never paid less than five percent on its bonds—watered any stock—forgotten a payday —or fought a strike. Yes, or neglected to pay its nine full-time employees a bonus at Christmas time.

The answer is strategic location. Unlike a lot of small roads that begin nowhere and end up in a similar predicament, the M&O has never laid a foot of useless track. Connecting with both the Chicago Great Western and the Milwaukee Road at Oneida, it serves as a terminal line for Manchester and, as such, collects one-third of the charges on inbound freight. It is, of course, standard gage.

And most of its traffic, we hasten to add, *is* inbound. Of the two-thousand-five-hundred loaded boxcars, tankers, gondolas and reefers which roll its rails each year (none of them owned by the M&O) perhaps 75 percent are headed for Manchester. This prospering farm center, situated in a region blessed with

hot summers, ample rain, and fertile, rockless soil, is a good customer for coal and gasoline, feed and salt for cattle, fertilizer, implements, furniture and automobiles. Live steers come in pigmies and go out giants—fattened for beefsteak on corn raised by farmers who call themselves "feeders." Many Belgian horses used to arrive, too; draft animals so formidable in their proportions that train crews learned to build iron platforms to unload them.

Hubert Carr, Big Chief of a Prosperous Little Pike

Down in the line's depot on West Main Street, Traffic Manager Clarence J. Boardway, once cashier and chief clerk of the CGW at Ft. Dodge, will tell you that the M&O might be still better off, today, if Manchester had an industry or two, contributing to balanced payloads.

Not that the town buys more than she sells. As already mentioned, her farms yield corn—Iowa gold, barley and soy beans, cattle, milk, butter and eggs. But Manchester is not a packing center. Farmers truck their livestock to Waterloo and their corn to the mills in Dubuque.

"We get hardly two carloads of eggs and chickens a year," the traffic manager admits. "Why, I don't know. For while the truck rate on the eggs is a little lower, the breakage is considerably higher."

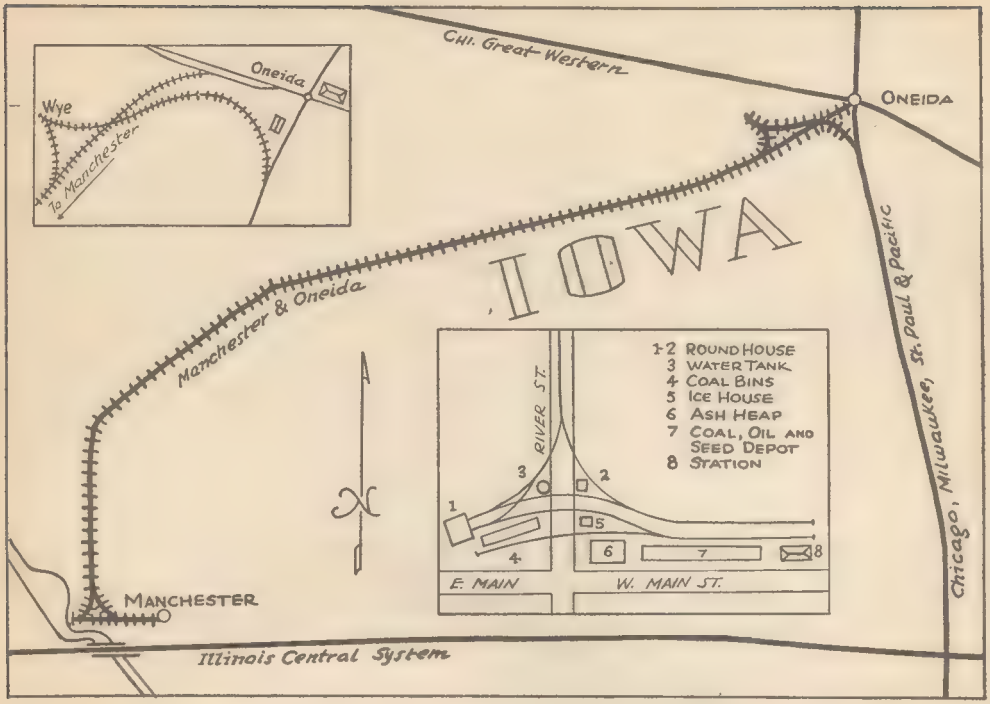
Boardway ought to know because he runs a farm, himself, a few miles out of town. Hale and ruddy, he has a habit of taking off his steel rimmed spectacles when he talks, revealing a pair of penetrating brown eyes that seem to bore to the root of a question.

"Not that this problem of balanced payloads is a new one," he goes on presently. "It was bothering Major Edward Michael Carr, the father of our present president, and founder of the road, when I first came here 34 years ago. He met it in his usual direct way by building the Dairy Cities Creamery right next to the station. Most of our outgoing loads are still supplied by this company, which ices the reefers behind the depot at night, and loads them with cream and butter and Manchester cheese by day."

THE MAJOR, you quickly gather, was a pretty shrewd old gentleman. Born in New York State, of Irish parents, he had been publishing the Manchester *Democrat* for a number of years before his editorials dealing with the town's transportation problems began to appear in 1898. They stressed the melancholy truth that a small community served by a single railroad (in this instance, the Illinois Central) sometimes has to put up with conditions that cannot be classed as service.

"It's a mere eight miles to two other lines," he added significantly, "both of them affording outlets to Chicago, Minneapolis, St. Paul, Omaha and Kansas City."

By 1900, Carr had enlisted a number of local citizens as directors of the M&O. Never intended to be a great money maker, the line had as its primary purpose, the creation of traffic advantageous to Manchester. In return, the Major thought that the city




should help finance the venture and outlined a modest tax proposal to be voted upon in special election. Well aware that there would be opposition aplenty to such legislation, he spent a number of hectic weeks racing over the countryside in his buggy, an impressive figure in gray suit and hat and black bow tie, arguing the merits of his proposition.

Carr's energy and enthusiasm were rewarded at the polls. Those who had to pay the tax got common stock in return and the Major, himself, lost no time in turning to the task of building the railroad at rock-bottom cost. He persuaded land-owners to take more stock in return for land, and created the Manchester Construction Company to lay a grade, put down slag-gravel ballast and spike the fifty-five-pound rail to full gage.

Road materials came from the CGW at cost. So did two Baldwin engines, Numbers *1* and *2*. Nobody seems to know when or why they were built, but judging from photos, they were 4-4-0s, like the road's present *5* and *6*. Sticking to American types was no accident; it allows the M&O to salvage old parts.

From the Milwaukee Road came, in turn, a creaky wooden coach. Reconditioned, it was ready for service when the first M&O train chuffed through the cornfields between terminals, on August 1st, 1901.

While not exciting, freight and passenger business soon justified the existence of the line. Without more ado, then, Major Carr went back to his publishing business, remaining chairman of the managing board, however, while Joseph Hutchison became president.

IN 1907, a second coach put in its appearance on the line. A combine, built for Illinois Central service some

*Photo from Melvin Hoffman, 2001 N. 6th St., Clinton, Iowa*

**Old Number 4 of the M&O, Photographed at Manchester, Date Unknown**

thirty years before, she was a miracle of carpentry, fancy iron work and arch-browed windows. If you don't believe it, drop around at the Manchester depot and look the old girl over.

Bought from the same road in that year, was a wonderful suburban locomotive. Intended to replace Number *2* (the One-spot had already given way to another Baldwin eight-wheeler) Number *4* was a 2-4-4 Forney, very compact and very fast.

About this time, too, the directors built a concrete pavilion known as the "Suburban Station", at Tirrill Park, a quarter of a mile from Main Street. Every morning, then, a two-car string of varnish actually whisked a crop of commuters into Manchester.

But automobiles were beginning to bite into traffic. The old Milwaukee wagon was retired, and its trucks assumed the burden of a stubby work-car. The body, in its turn, became a shed for the line's section scooter.

The combine went on carrying passengers and mail. But there came a day when every seat was empty and "Hutch" and his fourteen fellow-directors crocheted their brows in heavy thought. Plainly, the M&O was losing money sending a locomotive over the system twice a day to meet the mails. Something had to be done.

The something took the form of a motor railcar—a Model T chassis dragged out to the proportions of a narrow-gage boxcar, with a bus body seating fourteen at the front-end and, behind it, an open express bin. Of the 4-2-4 wheel arrangement, she boasted a two-speed axle, a strap iron pilot, front-end bell and stove.

Always too light to properly grip the rails, the *Goat,* as she was called, kept her one-man train crew in a constant state of nervous indigestion. Once she took a notion to butt the herald off a Great Northern boxcar and came out of the conflict to the loud applause of fan-blades slapping at her radiator coils.

Then there was the day when Bill Philip let her loose on a long downgrade and confidently brought his foot to bear on the brake, as he approached a curve. Above the squealing of the flanges, he heard a sudden clicking noise and felt, if anything, a slight increase in speed.

Besides Running the Five-Spot, Engineer John Toussaint Keeps Her in Trim with a Few Touches of Paint Here and There—in This Case, on the Bumper

It seems that the *Goat* had never had her steering wheel removed and now it furnished a sort of forlorn moral support; made Bill feel for one breathless second as though he could buck that curve ahead. Then the Goat kicked her heels and took off into space with forward fenders flapping.

There followed, in order, the brittle crackling of brush, a hissing of reeds, and a tremendous splash. The *Goat* had landed squarely in a shallow pond.

Farmers rushing to the scene, paused horror-stricken at the brink. All they could see were bubbles rising to the brackish surface, a portion of a battered roof that floated shoreward, driven by the wind, and bits of baggage bobbing after it like ducklings.

And then, as they watched, the waters of the pond parted, revealing Bill Philip's head, artistically crowned with seaweed.

"They'll never run the *Goat* again," he spouted, glaring at his visitors.

But Bill was wrong, for the thrifty M&O went right to work and converted the railcar back into a truck. Within a month she was hauling patrons and mail along the open road, the first of a series of light motorcars to perform this service for the line.

They tell a story about the manager of a circus train which illustrates the condition of passenger service on the rails, themselves, from that time on. It seems that this lesser Barnum awoke one foggy morning to find his bigtop special standing in the open countryside, without a flagman to protect its rear. Jumping into his pants he gave a tolerable imitation of the India Rubber Man as he bounded out through the nearest Dahlstrom door.

"Get us off the mainline, quick," he gasped, "before a limited comes through!"

"Our only limited," the train crew grinned, "is the one you're on right now."

WHEN the Major died in 1933, the M&O was taking up $2,500 worth of bonds each month, a policy which has continued until, today, the road's bonded indebtedness stands at $35,500, or roughly one-half what it was in 1901.

Joe Hutchison lived hardly longer than his predecessor, and 1935 saw Hubert Carr take up the reins of management. Well acquainted with the nature of the work, he had little reason to alter the routines of the men who faithfully served his father.

On any business day you'll find these M&Oers down at the Manchester depot, hard at the task of making their line the fine little enterprise that it is. Handling the ledgers are Secretary Charles McCormick and Treasurer F. R. Wilson. Both are proud of the loose-leaf binders in which all entries are made by typewriter, employing numbers for both railroads and stations—a great time-saver. There's the auditor, Charles J. Seeds, snow-haired, amiable and slightly deaf, who threw in his lot with the Major forty years ago; and George Tesmer, ex Rock Island—CGW—and Milwaukee op.

George moves around the depot with efficient ease, never flustered by the thousand and one duties that fall the lot of a rural station agent. Manchester is a good terminal he opines—well laid out, with a reason for everything. Built around the legs of a wye, it's got a stub station at one point, a "roundhouse" at another, and the main-iron at the stem.

Double-track links the enginehouse and depot and along this reach are a water tank and coaling bunkers. The

hulk of an old Milwaukee passenger car, as we've already mentioned, now serves as a shed for a bright orange gasoline car. Behind it, the lazy Maquoketa River crawls off towards the Mississippi.

Creamery, grain and feed warehouse, coal depots and lumberyard—these are spotted parallel to Main Street. Here and there, too, stand the tall tanks of gasoline reservoirs, for the automobile is one of the road's best customers.

SUPPOSE we stop around at the enginehouse some morning around seven-thirty, when Irwin Heyer ("Lank" to his friends) unlocks the door. Inside, your eyes will presently adjust themselves to the gloom and you'll see that its cinder-block walls and its roof and floors are heavily caked with soot. There are two tracks reaching back to the farther wall and on each is a curious little engine.

"This is Number *5*," Lank tells you pridefully. "She was built by the Rhode Island Locomotive Works in 1902 and used to be the Milwaukee's Number *704*. We bought her in 1932, for twelve-hundred dollars.

"And the other one I'm going to fire up right now is the Six-spot. The Burlington put her together in the same year that Number *5* came out of the erecting shop. We bought her from the Atlantic Northern when that line quit running in '36. With a brand new Burlington boiler, she's as good as ever."

Lank dumps a couple of armfulls of split and unsplit cordwood mixed with oily waste into her firebox while he's talking, exhibiting more finesse than you'd expect from an apprentice of six-month's standing, and ignites the mass with a flaming rag. Half an hour later, Number *6* is beginning to build up pressure over a glowing coal fire.

About the same time, Engineer John Toussaint arrives, resplendant in gray cotton workshirt and pants, a blue striped cap and white gauntlets. Born sixty years ago in Metz, Luxembourg, he worked in coal mines as a boy—

**One-Car Train on the Manchester & Oneida Railway, Pulled by Number 2, About 32 Years Ago. Although You Couldn't Recognize Them from This Photo, the Men Pictured Here Are Joseph Hutchinson, Then President of the Road; Major E. M. Carr, Father of the Present Big Chief; an Unidentified Conductor; Traffic Manager C. J. Boardway, and an Unidentified Hogger**

Old Frame Depot of the CMStP&P at Oneida Jct., Iowa, Where the Milwaukee Road Connects with the Eight-Mile Feeder Line. Jerry Howe, CMStP&P Station Agent There, Is Discussing Something or Other with George Tesmer, M&O Agent at Manchester

came to America when he was just sixteen. A job on the Rock Island gave him his first taste of railroading and in 1909 he joined the force of the M&O as gandy foreman. With John, is the hero of the *Goat* episode, Bill Philip.

Bill checks the waybills with George Tesmer.

"That empty tanker goes over to the CGW," George says, "and there's a car of tractors due on the Milwaukee."

While everybody is waiting for some butter to be loaded, John shoves the tankcar off the spur. And then, directly, we're under way, jouncing across the switches toward the main stem.

Up on the left-hand seatbox, with its rusty brown plush, you can rest your elbow on the window casement and try to forget the heat.

"It wouldn't be so warm, here, if I didn't have to open the firedoors," Lank shouts. "Some day I'll invent a perisocpe so I can look at the fire without cracking them."

Nosing around the bend, we crash with our three-car drag up the center of River Street. A quarter of a mile beyond is a stretch which has been called the "prettiest track" in Iowa. To the right is a terraced lawn with trees; to the left, a descending slope sprinkled with fine maples and beyond this the flashing river, wide as a lake, with a score of swimmers basking in the sun.

Beyond Tirrill Park we pass a cluster of fifteen Ever-Normal graneries, each a corrugated tank some sixteen feet in diameter, with a conical hat, looking for all the world like a streamlined wigwam. Such graneries are one reason why Manchester can buy autos and radios—the Government lends money to farmers on stored grain, allowing them to sell when prices are at their best.

A woman waves at us, and then comes a violent blast of the chime whistle for a crossing. There are seven highway intersections and John greets

each with a signal loud enough for a Great Lakes steamer. Turning half right, we thump along over the rolling prairie. The track is bumpy but sound, for in the past 10 years quite a bit of the original 55-pound rail has been replaced with 85 and 90 pound.

If anybody wants to know, Iowa is a beautiful state. Green stands of corn, alfalfa and soybeans and yellow fields of barley make a hilly checkerboard.

Hedgerows divide the fields. Along both sides of the track are snarls of wild roses, grapes and blackberries with borders of daisies, black-eyed susans, tiger lilies and blue larkspur. The track runs through a 10-foot swath cut by a mower which the section men hitch to an engine two or three times a summer. Late in the fall, just before the snow, the mower makes a final trip to chop the remaining weeds, which would otherwise collect drifts.

Pouring through the cab windows, a steady wind now takes the edge off the heat and overhead a few slabs of white cloud move as serenely as a rail magnate's private palace. We wave at the four men of a summer section crew who have pulled their pop-car to one side while they test and replace worn-out ties.

Running this pike in summertime is pie compared to keeping it open in winter, when icy winds whip over the prairie, and the temperature may be forty degrees below zero. Canvas curtains help to stabilize the frigid atmosphere of the cab and wedge-plows of sheet iron, permanently attached to the pilots of both engines, clear the track of light snow. But there are times when there's no stopping the drifts and mornings find from 10 to 60 men clanking shovels as they hunt for the right-of-way. Near by, then, will stand the old Illinois Central coach, with a heman fire in her stove, to thaw out alternating shifts.

Toward Oneida, we slow up for a respectable hill, and Lank tosses in more dust. You're at the top when you pass the red disc of a switch.

"That sidetrack's paid for itself many times over," the fireman shouts in our ear. "We often had to double the cars all of the way to Manchester before it was installed."

Down the far side of the hill, our speed goes up to 20 miles per hour—the limit—for this is too bumpy a track for hotshot tactics and the specter of derailment hovers ever near. After rattling over both switches of the Oneida wye, we deposit an empty boxcar on the CGW passing track and work over to the Milwaukee station, where Lank hurries into a shady dell for a gallon jug of the "best water in Delaware County."

Oneida is just a cross-roads with half a dozen houses, three stores and two railroad stations. For many years the agent at the faded green CMStP&P depot has been slight, tall Jerry Howe, who takes pride in the giant hollyhocks which he sows along two hundred feet of Milwaukee track.

With its heavy gravel ballast, the CGW's less embellished line is a spectacle in itself. Rails as straight as a draftman's rule will be made still smoother if a one-mile test track of welded continuous rail east of Oneida proves a success.

Picking up two boxcars, we presently roll back to Manchester. By four-forty the enginehouse doors are locked, with nothing to mark railroad activity but a thin curl of smoke from one of the chimneys. Another hour and the station will be closed, too. The Manchester & Oneida has concluded another successful day.

# Railroad Rimes

## Third Watch

IT'S windy tonight and my semaphore light
Is blinking at dazzling stars;
There's rumbling bawls as the mercury falls
And scraping of horns on the cars.
The two-by-fours snap as they echo the rap
Of the Old Man's icy paw.
And I gouge my fire to my heart's desire
But my durned old hide won't thaw.

It's dreary and bleak on DeSoto creek
Where the slice of moon hangs low,
And the plains stretch on to a nebulous dawn
That's as cold as the winds that blow.
But my heart's in key with my sounder's spree
As I watch for the extra's light,
And she's all okay on the right-of-way
'Cause an op's out here tonight.

—*Charles D. Dulin*

## "Old Cinders & Sand"

*(In fond remembrance of the Colorado & Southern line in South Platte Canyon, which made its last run April 10th, 1937.)*

AS THE snows drift by and spring draws nigh,
And the green creeps back to the land,
Do you think of the days up Leadville ways
When we rode "Old Cinders & Sand"?
What a panorama unfolded to view as we crept up the roaring Platte,
And the flitting scenes were ever new as we goggled at this and that.
A nanny goat, a petticoat, a wash strung on the line.
A gaping rent in a dirty tent, and campers sitting to dine.
A cottage cool, a limpid pool, and childhood's happy laughter;
The mumbling call of a waterfall, and white spume tumbling after.
We swirl and swish past men who fish, their singing lines unreeling.
We swerve and plunge and onward lunge, new heights new scenes revealing.
Toward peaks of snow we puffing go, by valleys veiled in blue.
Past canyon walls where whistle calls scream as we scurry through.
With an effort grim we reach the rim, and the engines pant and cough.
While the happy throng they lugged along hilariously scramble off.
In the shade they lay through a soothing day, with the tang of the pines in the air.
And hurry away at the end of their stay with ants in their pants and their hair.

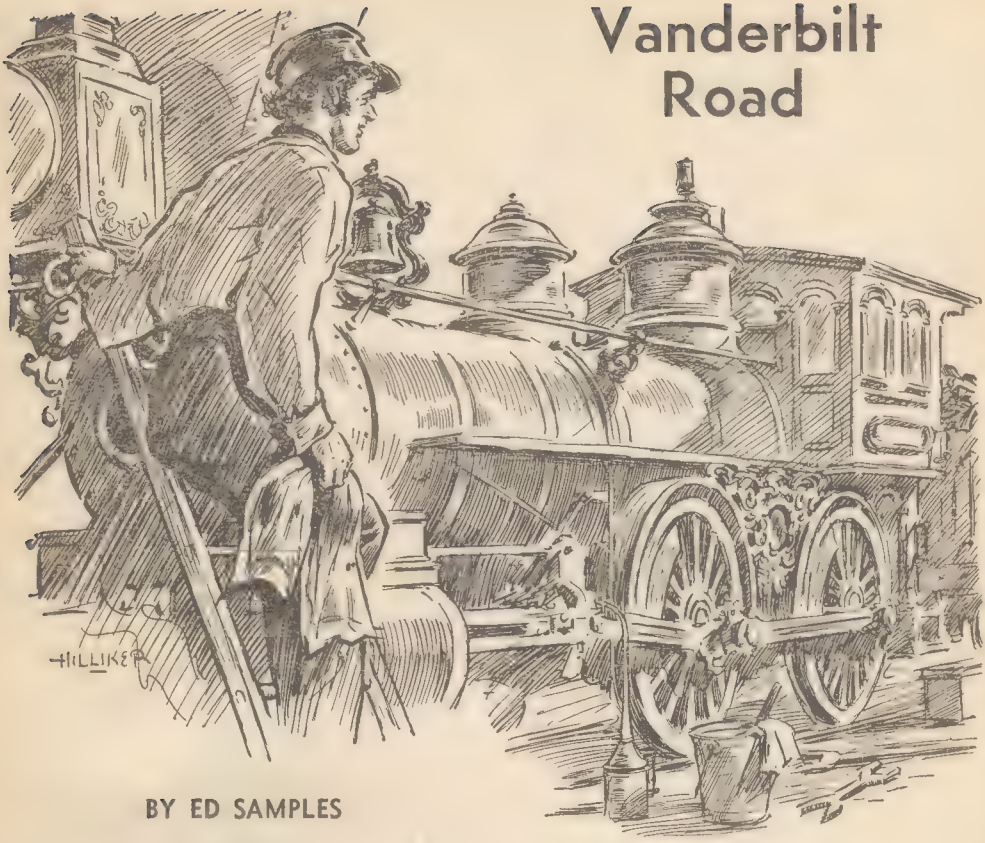
Do your fancies sometimes deceive you?
Do you dream of a phantom train?
Do you spy her smoke, do you hear her "Whoo"
The far-off rush again?

Do you look to the hills where the rippling rills
Used to sing as she rambled along?
You look in vain, for the old Cinder train
Will nevermore hear that song.

She has gone to a far Valhalla
Where no train ever went before.
She has gone to a junkyard heaven,
And she ain't comin' back no more.

—*Harvey Good*

# Vanderbilt Road



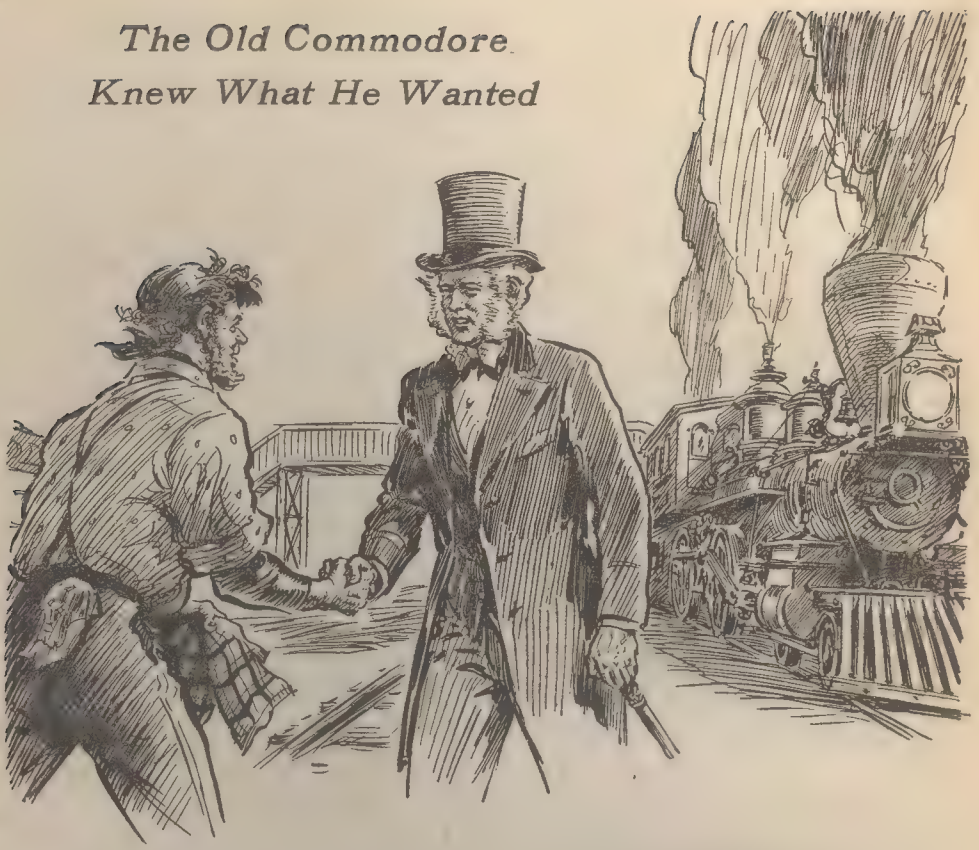

BY ED SAMPLES

JIMMY DONAHUE'S black Irish eyes would have twinkled with merriment, eighty years ago, if you had been transported mysteriously back into his world, like the leading character in *Berkeley Square,* and had glibly referred to the New York Central as a "Vanderbilt road."

Jimmy was working for the Central in upper New York State, was firing a wood-burner for his father, Mike Donahue, on a passenger run west out of Utica. In those days, as everybody knew, Vanderbilt was not a railroad man; he was, in fact, prejudiced against railroads, because he had barely escaped death in a railroad collision some years before.

Almost any schoolboy could have told you the essential facts of Cornelius Vanderbilt's rise to fame and fortune. Yes, sir, with only two horny hands, backed by vast courage and a stubborn determination to make his name "stand for somethin'," the Commodore had accumulated millions from river and ocean traffic and he owned, at the outset of the Civil War, a lucrative line of steamships trading in the North Atlantic. But railroads he hated. The iron horse had competed with his Hudson River boats during the 1840's, cutting deeply into his monopoly of transportation. Except for one short line he had bought to help out a steamboat haul, Vanderbilt bluntly refused to have anything to do with rails. And then, in the first year of the

*The Old Commodore Knew What He Wanted*



Civil War, when he was nearly seventy years old, the mighty Commodore amazed his friends by a sudden determination to sell all his ships and go into railroading.

Jimmy Donahue learned the news quite some time before it got into the papers, while it was still under the veil of secrecy. It happened one afternoon in the fall of 1861, when he and his father came down to the engine yard to clean and repair their *Molly Mae* for her nightly run to Syracuse with the *Great Express.*

The *Molly Mae* was a fast little eight-wheeler. Her wooden cab was painted a gay sunflower yellow, with bright red trim around the windows. She was smartly adorned with brass grab-irons, bell, and whistle, and brass bands encircling her boiler. Neat and trim though she appeared, she was no longer new. Under the veneer of paint and polish were leaking flues and pounding brasses; for the New York Central had been engaged in cut-throat competition with the Grand Canal and the Erie Railroad, so that Central officials had been hard pressed to keep their equipment fit to roll.

Just the same, the Donahues were proud of her. Jimmy had dug down into his own pocket and bought her a great oil-burning headlight made of glass panels set in a brass frame as big as a chicken coop. This he had fastened triumphantly on the front end, just under the diamond stack. *Molly Mae* was their engine; and the Donahues, like others of their ilk, spent much of their

off time keeping her primed and polished to step at the head of the New York Central's crack train.

Mike tinkered with valve gear and piston packing. Jimmy washed her down with swab and pail of suds and polished the brass trim with a woolen rag dipped in vinegar until not a speck of dirt was left. While he was at work on the headlight, the fireman glanced up to see an elderly gentleman emerge from the rear door of the office and head toward them, walking briskly. The newcomer was tall, erect and handsome. His abdomen was flat as an Indian's. Stovepipe hat, broadcloth and distinguished-looking white sideburns completed the effect.

Jimmy gaped a brief moment. Then he called guardedly from his ladder:

"Company comin', Pa. Ye'd better figger out a good reason why the Express lost ten minutes on the down trip last night."

Jimmy's father grunted. He was a short squat man. His broad Irish face was colored like a hickory-smoked ham and fringed with sandy-colored whiskers. Mike had come over from steamboats to railroads soon after the old Mohawk & Hudson had been built from Albany to Schenectady, and had been running an engine ever since. And now, squinting his cobalt eyes at the outsider who dared to invade an engine yard, he grinned widely.

"That ain't no railroad president, son," he said. "That's Corneel Vanderbilt!"

Jimmy turned with respectful interest. He had often heard his father speak of Vanderbilt, but had never before seen the old gent. Mike and "Corneel" had grown up together on Staten Island, in New York harbor, Cornelius being the son of a Dutch-American farmer who married a servant girl. On one occasion Mike had saved the life of the future Commodore, when the two of them were out swimming together; and Cornelius had never forgotten. The Dutch youth had laboriously climbed the golden stairway to wealth, while his former playmate had gone railroading. Mike was almost as proud of Vanderbilt's friendship as he was of pulling the *Great Express*.

Sweaty face beaming, the engineer laid down his wrenches and wiped his hands on the tail of Ma's old peticoat which he had been using as a swab. Jimmy watched the visitor come swinging jauntily across the intervening rails.

IF EVER a man was sure of himself, that man was Commodore Vanderbilt. His massive head was tilted proudly, his huge jaws beneath the white sideburns were tight and hard, and his blue eyes were frosty. In terse sentences peppered with profanity, engineer and maritime baron exchanged greetings. The Commodore inquired after Mike's family; shook hands with Jimmy, who had come down off the ladder; and Mike told him:

"Ye shore aire a holdin' yer age, Corneel. Damme, ye don't look a day more'n fifty."

"Don't feel it, nuther," said the Commodore shortly. Then, without waiting for further comiment: "Do ye reckon a feller my age could take up railroadin' an' make a go of it?"

"Take up railroadin'?"

"Ye heard me right," the millionaire answered a bit impatiently.

Mike stared hard. Railroadin' to the Donahues meant riding an engine cab or walking the hurricane deck of a string of reeling boxcars.

"Ye ain't lost yer money, have ye, Corneel?" he inquired with grave concern.

"Hell, no!" said the Commodore. "I

ain't lost it, Mike, an' I don't aim to. I still got fifteen-sixteen million dollars salted down."

"Then what in tarnation do ye want to take up railroadin' fer? Why, I thought ye was interested in ships."

"I have been, but I ain't now," the old sea-horse exploded. "There ain't nothin' to ships no more. Them damn fools down at Washin'ton's put such heavy taxes on ships an' b'ilers, ye can't make 'em pay."

The engineer was thoughtful. "So ye aim to sell yer ships an' buy railroads, hah?"

"That's the idee, Mike, exactly. I'm sellin' the hull kit an' caboodle of 'em. I can't set around suckin' my thumb like some fellers. I got to have somethin' to do. I figger if a feller'd buy the right kind of railroad, an' run it the way a railroad ort to be run, he could make a heap o' money."

Jimmy was amazed. The prospect of a man sixty-seven years old with millions of dollars "salted down" hunting a job to keep him busy and make more money was unheard of.

But more amazing even than that was the Commodore's brazen self-assurance. From what Jimmy had heard, few railroads had ever paid dividends to the men who financed them. Yet here was the great Mr. Vanderbilt ready to gamble his fortune that he could go into the game at an age when most men were retiring from active business life and "make a heap o' money" out of it. The scheme sounded preposterous . . . but Jimmy didn't know Vanderbilt.

The Commodore indicated a desire to talk with the engineer alone. Mike went with him, and they sat on a pile of new crossties out of earshot. Jimmy finished packing the piston, oiled around, cleaned and lighted the headlight, and went into the cab to build up the wood fire and raise steam for the old *Molly Mae.*

September sunlight faded, and the first stars shone dimly through the smoky haze. The lamplighter came into the yards on his nightly round. When the lamps were yellow flares in the gathering dusk, the Commodore shook hands with the engineer and hurried away to board his train for the return to New York City.

The *Express* was almost due then. Mike climbed into his cab. He moved with the agility of youth, and in his eyes was an exuberant gleam which Jimmy could not recall ever having seen there before. He glanced at the gages, asked his offspring if the engine was ready to go; and as he was backing out to the train yard, he said excitedly:

"Son, this sure is a lucky day fer the New York Central. If Corneel does what he's figerrin' on, ye'll be pullin' throttles on the greatest line in the world afore ye're ten years older. The Central is gonna be a Vanderbilt road!"

THERE was no time for further talk, for in the sixties only those railroad men survived who remained alert and on watch. The New York Central was double-tracked from Albany to Buffalo, but traffic was heavy. Trains streamed in endless procession east and west. The iron rail was treacherous. Coaches were made of wood, braked by hand, heated with iron stoves, and illuminated at night by kerosene lamps. Fire demons perpetually lay in wait for wrecked trains. Sheets of flame added to the horror of casualty lists.

The *Molly Mae* was light and swift. She weighed a scant thirty tons, yet Mike raced her through the night at forty miles an hour. Even with his special headlight, the engineer could see a scant three hundred feet ahead. From the moment he pulled away from the

Utica station, he sat with eyes glued to the track, ready at the first sign of danger to grab his whistle cord and send out a ringing call for brakes.

When Jimmy wasn't firing he kept the vigil with his father, old Mike's eyes had been failing since he'd gone into the ditch two years before. But mostly Jimmy was firing, because the *Molly Mae* ate cordwood like a glutton. He'd dash into the deck, stuff the roaring firebox full to the arches, and dash back to keep watch on the track.

The fireman was sure he understood, without being told, the purpose of the Commodore's visit and the reason for his father's elation. Facts and conjectures flashed through his mind. He knew that the New York Central followed the easy grades of the Old Mohawk Trail west out of Albany. This trail, crossing the low divide at an elevation well under five hundred feet, was the natural gateway from the East Coast into the interior. Indians had used it for centuries; white men had followed it before roads of iron were even dreamed of.

During the early thirties, pioneer builders had constructed the first historic seventeen miles of railroad between Albany and Schenectady. Others had pushed the iron on to Buffalo in seven short segments; and in 1853, these independent lines had been consolidated into the New York Central.

With the destinies of the Central the lives of the Donahues were linked inseparably. Mike pulled throttle on the famous *De Witt Clinton,* and had been riding the cabs of the passenger engines ever since there were cabs. Jimmy had been roaming the Central yards in Utica since he was big enough to toddle. The Central was their railroad. They had always believed in her, had maintained there never had been and never could be another railroad like her.

But sinister forces were at work undermining the road's prosperity. Central men had expected to reap a rich harvest from their monopoly of Great Lakes traffic after the consolidation. They didn't. The bulk of their traffic either originated in or was destined for New York City. Central iron ended at Albany, 150 miles to the north. From there on in, freight and passengers had to ride the iron of a rival railroad, or else take to the river steamers. That was a big drawback. The Central did not lead out to the teeming wharves of New York City.

While the Central, the steamboats, and the Hudson River Railroad bickered over the division of traffic and the revenue from it, other lines drove west into the Great Lakes region. Competition


# Backache, Leg Pains May Be Danger Sign

## Of Tired Kidneys—How To Get Happy Relief

If backache and leg pains are making you miserable, don't just complain and do nothing about them. Nature may be warning you that your kidneys need attention.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking excess acids and poisonous waste out of the blood. They help most people pass about 3 pints a day.

If the 15 miles of kidney tubes and filters don't work well, poisonous waste matter stays in the blood. These poisons may start nagging backaches, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness. Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning sometimes shows there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from the blood. Get Doan's Pills. (ADV.)

was keen. The Central cut rates. Revenue fell off. Cost of operation didn't. Since the panic of '57, Mike had been fretting for fear that the gang headed by Daniel Drew, tobacco-chewing hypocrite, would get its claws into his railroad and plunder it as they were doing the rival Erie. Old "Dan'l" was the Great Bear of Wall Street, as crooked as he was sanctimonious.

JIMMY alternately heaved wood into the mouth of the *Molly Mae* and watched the track rush dimly in from the Mohawk mists. He pondered the few terse sentences the Commodore had let fall in his presence. He surmised the Commodore had found the Central to be the "right kind of railroad," which he could buy and "make a heap o' money out of."

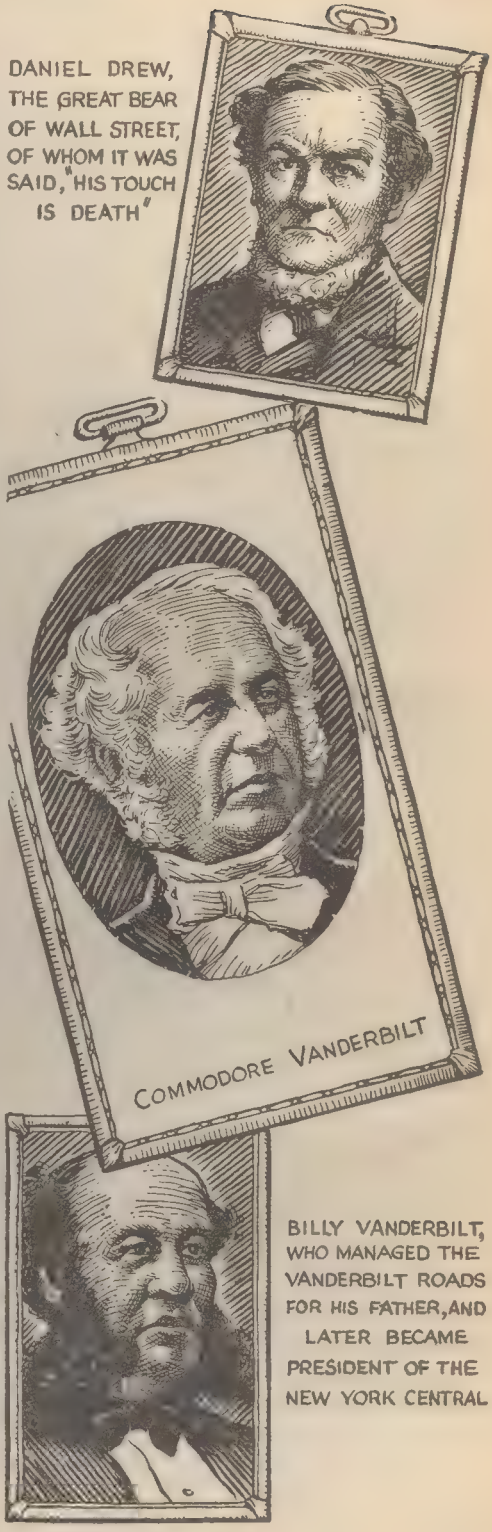
Jimmy put the question to his father while they were waiting in Syracuse for their return connections to come in from Rochester. Mike hemmed and hedged and said:

"Corneel is a feller who don't talk about what he's gonna do till he's gone an' done it."

But after solemnly swearing Jimmy to secrecy, he admitted that Mr. Vanderbilt had his eye on the Central and was visualizing it as a link in a great railway system reaching from the harbor of New York City into the Far West.

Having made the admission, Mike talked freely. He was loyal to the road and its present management, and had worked under President Corning for close on to a quarter of a century.

"I shore do hate to see her change hands," he said, "but it's bound to come. We've either got to grow into a bigger organization or be gobbled up by one. I don't know what you think about it, son, but I'd a heap sight ruther work


DANIEL DREW, THE GREAT BEAR OF WALL STREET, OF WHOM IT WAS SAID, "HIS TOUCH IS DEATH"
COMMODORE VANDERBILT
BILLY VANDERBILT, WHO MANAGED THE VANDERBILT ROADS FOR HIS FATHER, AND LATER BECAME PRESIDENT OF THE NEW YORK CENTRAL

tor Corneel Vanderbilt than Dan'l Drew."

To this Jimmy agreed.

Mike continued: "Corneel's a builder. Ye've got to hand it to him. Most folks hates his guts, an' I never heerd anybody say they loved him. He's bigoted, an' bullish, an' thinks there ain't nobody in the world quite as smart as Corneel; but he shore does git things done."

"How'd he get started, Pa?" the fireman wanted to know; and old Mike was launched on his favorite subject.

"He started ferryin', son, an' he run the best ferry in New York harbor. Then he quit ferryin' an' went into steamboats, an' he run the best steamboats on the Hudson. After that he quit the Hudson an' went out to sea, an' he run the best line of steamships on the Atlantic. I figger if Corneel goes into railroadin', he'll build the best road the world's ever saw; an' I think he's startin' in the right place to do it."

Jimmy reminded his father that the Commodore was old and the problems of railroading were vastly different from those of shipping.

"I know," Mike admitted. "It won't be easy, an' Corneel knows it, too. He's gonna have a lot to l'arn an' a lot to fight, son, but he can do-both. You jest keep yer eyes open an' yer mouth shet. If he buys the Hudson an' consolidates it with the Central—But mebbe I'm talkin' too much," he ended cautiously.

Jimmy confidently expected Mr. Vanderbilt to go railroading at once; but the Commodore moved slowly, laying his plans far in advance. Fields turned brown. Oaks and walnuts shed their leaves. Snow sifted down through skeleton trees, and the dim oil headlight of the *Molly Mae* shone out on a world of white as they raced through the night with gaily decorated coaches streaming on behind.

WINTER railroading in the sixties was railroading in the raw. Engine cabs open to the blasts were bitterly cold. Icy winds sweeping down the Mohawk Valley swished through the gangways. Snow and sleet piled deep on the tracks. Bundled to the eyebrows yet freezing still, the Donahues fought their way over the line, bucking drifts, shoveling cuts, digging cordwood out of the long sheds beside the track to keep their engine steaming. It was not exactly the kind of life a man would choose if he could find an easier one.

As Jimmy bent his head to the screaming wind and squinted dimly through the blizzards, his shrewd mind was busy seeking that easier way. He was railroad-born, but he had a thrifty streak and an eye for finance. Mike had been dinning the Vanderbilt saga into his ears ever since he could remember, and Jimmy had heeded the admonitions. He had saved two cents out of the first nickel he had earned firing; and now, after a period of years, he had a thousand dollars in the bank ready to go to work.

Nights while they'd be lying in Syracuse or hung up in a snowdrift waiting for a helper, Mike would thaw out his frozen spirits by painting lurid pictures of the New York Central of the future —a Vanderbilt road hauling all the grain, coal, ore and cattle out of the Great Lakes region. Mike talked about the Central, but Jimmy kept thinking about the Hudson River Line which ran down the east bank out of Albany. The Hudson was a good railroad, well built and ideally situated, but it had never paid a thin dime in dividends. Its stock was selling then for around thirty dollars a share.

The more Jimmy thought about it, the more certain he became that if Vanderbilt bought the Hudson River Line

and linked it with the New York Central, whoever owned Hudson River stock would make a mint of money. One snowy night in January, when his father was in a talkative mood, Jimmy asked shrewdly:

"Are you right shore the Commodore aims to buy the Hudson River Line?"

"Didn't I tell ye he did?" Mike demanded. "He figgers to git control of it, come right on through here to Buffalo, an' the Lord only knows! Maybe he'll go cl'ar on the Frisco afore he's done. I tell ye, there ain't no stoppin' Corneel when he starts out to do a thing."

The engineer lit his short-stemmed corncob pipe and warmed his ruby nose with its genial glow. Jimmy stuffed the firebox full of wood, set the tallowpot on the shelf to thaw, and resumed the conversation.

"Know what I'm gonna do, Pa?"

"No. What?" his father asked.

"I'm gonna take that money of mine out of bank an' buy Hudson stock with it."

"Ye mean to start speculatin'?" Mike had paid fifteen hundred hard-earned dollars for "speculatin' lessons" back in '57; and he still knew a few things about buying on margin. "Don't ye do nothin' of the kind, son!" he warned solemnly.

Jimmy laughed. "No, I don't aim to start speculatin'. I'm gonna buy the stock an' hold it. If Vanderbilt takes over the Hudson River Line, its stock'll go sky high. I figger if a feller buys now, he'll double his money in no time an' have a real honest-to-God interest in this great railroad the Commodore's aimin' to build."

Mike stroked his scraggly Irish fringe and fished sandy hairs out of his dirty black cap. He had probably been thinking this very thing all winter. He had two thousand, himself, put away to buy a farm with when he was too old to railroad.

He said: "Hi gonnies, boy! I believe ye're right. I've a good notion to take that two thousand uh mine out an' buy Hudson stock with it."

"What'll Ma say?"

Jimmy remembered several things Ma had said about the stock deal four years ago. Mike probably did, too, and was waiting for a chance to refute the assertions she made concerning his intelligence. He grinned and said:

"We'll jest not say nothin' to Ma about it. If we told her an' didn't tell her why, she'd think we was both plumb crazy. Ef we told her, she'd blab it all over Utica. Ye know how women are."

They kept their eye on Hudson stock the rest of that winter. It hung steady. In the early spring it came up a couple of points. They thought the time had come to buy. They drew their money out of the bank and went down to New York.

Mike was too honorable to sneak in and buy on the old tip from Corneel without consulting his friend about it. At first the Commodore's big jaw tightened; lurid lights glinted in his eyes. Then he chuckled good-humoredly.

"Shore. Hop to it, Mike! Buy all ye kin handle. I'll see to it ye git it fer what she's worth."

Vanderbilt did not tell them that he himself was buying every share of Hudson stock that came into the market. The old trader had his brokers pick up a hundred shares for them at thirty-two. When he delivered the certificates to Jimmy he said:

"Jest ye tuck 'em away in yer trunk, sonny, an' keep yer mouth shet. Come time ye're too old to railroad, mebbe ye'll have money enough comin' in ye won't have to set around on the street

corner peddlin' newspapers like some fellers I've seen."

Jimmy thanked the Commodore, stowed the certificate in his grip, and returned with his father to Utica. He felt certain now that the Donahues were on their way to wealth. There were lurid dreams of Hudson stock shooting up, up, up. . . .

BUT Hudson didn't go up. It went down. It sagged to twenty-eight and stayed there.

Snow melted off the wheat fields along the track. Wheat sprang up, grew green, and the fields changed from green to gold. Jimmy wasn't talking much about what he could do with his profits on the stock deal, and Mike was not quite so cockey as he had been the day he had gone down to New York and bought part interest in a railroad. But when Jimmy wanted to sell out and put the money back in bank before they lost the rest of it, his father wisely urged him to hold on.

"Ye can't buy a railroad in five minutes like ye can a house or a suit o' clothes," said Mike. "It takes time."

Time rolled on. October painted the birch leaves gold and scarlet, and November threw them down. Again they were fighting the winter's snow with their old wreck of an engine. Jimmy fretted and fumed. It had been more than a year since the Commodore had so blithely announced his determination to go railroading; but not another hint had come either from him or through the newspapers that he was making good his boast.

It was coming, though. In the chilling dawn of a spring morning, Jimmy hurried home from his run, turned in at the paling gate, and followed the cobblestones around to the kitchen door of the smoke-stained Donahue cottage. Mike was already home. The old runner had pulled off his heavy cap and mittens, and was toasting his shins by the kitchen stove. Jimmy picked up the morning paper which Ma always laid at his plate.

The first item to catch his eye was a headline reading: *Vanderbilt Buys New York & Harlem. Millionaire Ship-Owner Suddenly Faces from Sea to Land and Goes Railroading.*

A huge lump crawled up into Jimmy's throat; the pit of his stomach felt flat and empty. He read the headline three times. Couldn't believe it at first. So that was the much-anticipated Vanderbilt road, the New York & Harlem!

The N. Y. & H. was the oldest railroad in the state. It cut through the hills east of the Hudson River and came into Albany over the rails of the Boston & Albany. The Harlem was the bitter rival of the Hudson River Line—the big reason why Hudson had failed to pay the men who built it. If the Commodore had bought Harlem for the main stem of his great railroad out of New York, Jimmy decided that Hudson River stock would not be worth the paper it was written on.

He showed the item to his father. Mike read it and a baffled look came into his cobalt eyes. They didn't talk much during breakfast. Ma kept prodding them, trying to find out what was wrong. She wanted to know if they had had a hard trip, and Jimmy mumbled, "Awful hard."

As soon as they had finished eating, the fireman got his father out on the woodpile and said: "It looks kinda like yer old friend Corneel's let us down."

"Shore does," Mike admitted gloomily. "He might at least have told me so I could have got out from under."

JIMMY slept fully. When Ma called them at three o'clock to go down and

service the *Molly Mae,* his head was hot and his eyes were burning. But Mike came into the kitchen whistling. He appeared decidedly cheerful. On the way down to the yards, the old man asked:

"What do ye think of it, son?"

"I think we'd better git rid of that stock before it starts breakin'," Jimmy croaked.

"I thought so this mornin'," said his father, "but I don't know. Corneel's a slick un. He's always looked a long way ahead uh his nose afore he spit. The way I figger it, he's bought Harlem; but he won't stop with Harlem. No, sir-ee! Harlem ain't the way out o' New York fer the kind of railroad he's figgerin' on. He's bought Harlem to keep some other feller from gittin it. Next thing ye know, he'll be buyin' Hudson. Yep, that's it. We'll set tight an' wait."

Of course, the newspapers chronicled every move of the new railroad magnate. A man who loomed as large in the public eye as Commodore Vanderbilt could not change the cut of his whiskers without arousing comment. There were comments both caustic and friendly. His enemies recalled how Vanderbilt had always kept his fingers out of railroads, and hopefully predicted his ruin.

"The man does not live," they said, "who can enter a new field as complex as railroading at almost seventy years of age and succeed in it. Mr. Vanderbilt has garnered vast wealth from shipping, but he had better take heed, for he will lose it as other men lost in the railroad industry."

But the comments were not all hostile. Some articles described the old man as the greatest constructive genius of his age. They praised the skill with which he had improved shipping on river, sound, and sea. They pointed out that his son, William K. Vanderbilt, had already made a name for himself in the railroad field, and told how William, as receiver for the bankrupt Staten Island Line, had within five short years turned it from a bankrupt into a gold mine. They predicted unheard of progress for those roads to which the two men, working as a team, should turn their energies.

Jimmy scanned every item concerning the Vanderbilts and the two roads east of the river. In the fall of 1862 Harlem stock had been selling at nine dollars a share. In January '63 it had gone up to thirty, and when the news broke to the public that Vanderbilt had gone railroading it stood at 45 and was still climbing.

In April that year the Commodore was elected president of the road. His son, Billy, the plodding executive who had built up the Staten Island Line, was made his general manager. These two Vanderbilts repaired the roadbed, bought new rolling stock and new locomotives, and improved the service. Earnings on the Harlem increased. Harlem stock climbed on to a hundred.

Meanwhile Hudson River stock went down. Floods of it poured into the market. Evidently its holders were figuring that with Commodore Vanderbilt in control of the Harlem, threatening to double-track it and push it on to Albany, the Hudson River was a dead outfit. They were trying to get rid of Hudson River stock before it hit bottom.

Hudson River gradually sagged to twenty-five, but below that it didn't go. Jimmy, watching the transactions with keen interest, sagely reckoned:

"*Somebody's* buyin' Hudson River, somebody who ain't afraid of it."

"It's Corneel!" said Mike with a broad Celtic grin. "You watch an' see. There jest ain't no end to how slick that feller is."

Jimmy watched Corneel. From bits of gossip he caught filtering through

the ranks, he surmised that everybody on the Central, from president to section hand, was keeping an eye on Corneel. Since the consolidation in 1853, control of the Central and ownership of its stock had been kept jealously within the hands of the high-hats around Albany. This tight official circle had been shaken to its very center when Vanderbilt turned from sea to land and went building his railroad empire right up to their own terminal at the junction of the Mohawk with the Hudson.

GRIM-FACED Central officials in top-hat and broadcloth rode the *Great Express* as the Donahues, father and son, raced it through the night. They gathered in knots beneath the flickering lamps on station platforms talking guardedly. They were saying that Vanderbilt was a menace, that Vanderbilt did not intend to stop with Harlem, that Vanderbilt was facing west toward the Lakes, and that the Central itself was in his path.

Jimmy's sympathies went out to them, to President Corning and the directors. He knew how they had schemed, fought and labored to make the New York Central a great road. He experienced a sense of guilt that he should be awaiting the coming of Vanderbilt into their domain, but he felt that future progress depended upon consolidation.

Situated as it was, the New York Central could not carry on alone. Either it must merge into the constructive schemes of Vanderbilt or be swallowed up by the insidious Daniel Drew and his railroad wreckers.

Jimmy gave up the idea of selling his Hudson shares. He was certain now that his father's guess had been correct, that the Commodore had bought Harlem to forestall competition when he took over Hudson. Hudson hung around twenty-five until late fall. Men were saying then that Vanderbilt had bought the controlling interest in it. Corneel soon showed his hand . . . and Hudson stock shot up to ninety!

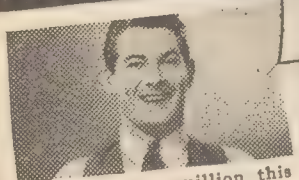
The Donahues were in high spirits. Jimmy's thousand dollars had already grown to three, and his father's two had gained proportionately. Mike was walking on air.

"I told ye, son," he crowed. "I told ye Corneel knowed what he was doin'. He's got both of them roads now. He'll consolidate 'em into one an' have a monopoly on all the traffic east of the river


Mr. R--- makes a Confession

1 Almost got fired today. Boss caught me napping at my desk. The trouble is I need a laxative. But I hate to take the awful stuff.

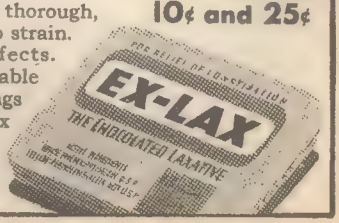
2 Tom told me to try Ex-Lax and I bought a box on my way home. Took some before turning in for the night. A cinch to take — it tastes just like chocolate!



3 Feel like a million this morning. Ex-Lax worked fine. Didn't upset me or keep me awake last night . . . Boy, watch me tear into my work today!

The action of Ex-Lax is thorough, yet *gentle!* No shock. No strain. No weakening after-effects. Just an easy, comfortable bowelmovement that brings blessed relief. Try Ex-Lax next time you need a laxative. It's good for *every* member of the family.

10¢ and 25¢



and up north as far as Albany."

Sure enough, when the State Legislature convened in January, Mr. Vanderbilt appeared in Albany and applied for permission to merge the Harlem and the Hudson River lines under one management.

Central officials came up fighting. If Vanderbilt with the run-down Harlem had been a menace, Vanderbilt with a united Harlem and Hudson would be intolerable. Other interests, too, were fighting. Dan'l Drew controlled the line of steamboats operating on the Hudson, and the Erie railroad, which cut in on the Central at Buffalo. Drew held the Central in a pincer grip between the two. He could squeeze Central, but the old bear had never had any luck in squeezing Vanderbilt.

Drew joined forces with the Central. For nearly a month the fight continued in the Legislature. Then word leaked out that the merger was to be permitted.

Business had picked up during the war. Officials were trying out new schemes of operation. The *Great Express* was running through the winter between Albany and Syracuse instead of changing engines at Utica; and Jimmy and Mike were tieing up over night in the capital. The Donahues often saw the Commodore and other notables from down the river hanging around the lobby of the Delavan house or going up toward Capitol Hill.

ONE night in February they encountered Mr. Vanderbilt at the Albany passenger station while they were waiting around for time to go. Having finished his work with the Legislature—some say the judicious disposal of a carpetbag full of greenbacks—Corneel was on his way home. He appeared in a jovial mood. Under the impetus of the assured passage of the merger bill, Hudson stock had soared up to a hundred fifty. He shook hands with the Donahues and asked Mike how it felt to own a ten-thousand-dollar interest in a good railroad.

**Winter Railroading Was Not Exactly the Kind of Life a Man Would Choose**

"Fine—fine!" the engineer replied.

"I reckon ye'll quit railroadin' purty soon an' live offen yer dividends, heh?"

"'Spect I'll quit railroadin' about the time ye do, Corneel," said Mike.

"Ye won't quit fer quite a spell then."

"Hope not," the old runner beamed. "I want to pull a fast passenger train on this here big railroad ye're talkin' about afore I die."

"Ye'll shore git to, ef ye want, Mike; an' ye won't have to live till ye're a hundred to do it."

The Commodore was crowing pretty loud that night, but he was crowing for a false dawn. Jimmy told his father they ought to celebrate prosperity by blowing themselves to a chicken dinner

in the Delavan House before they went out on their run, and Mike said he reckoned they could afford it. The waiter showed them to a curtained booth and took their order.

There were a number of these curtained booths back to back with partitions between them. While the Donahues were eating, four men filed into the room. One was a long-faced, clean-shaven, sanctimonious-looking, old coot with tobacco stains tracing down the drawn corners of his hard, tight mouth He was dressed in somber black, with only the white tips of his stand-up collar above the dingy broadcloth coat.

Mike knew by sight the notables of Gotham. During his thirty-year career pulling fast passenger trains on the New York Central, he had hauled them all. He stepped on Jimmy's toe and whispered:

"Here comes Ol' Dan'l Drew an' three of them there Legislature fellers."

Drew, like Vanderbilt, had begun life as a "pore boy." He had gotten his start buying and selling cattle to the Astors. He was as tricky and hypocritical as Vanderbilt was profane and blunt. Drew had originated the term "watered stock," during his early years as a drover, by starving his cattle until he was ready to sell them, filling them up with salty sawdust and water, and weighing them out full to his customers at so much per pound, on the hoof.

Older grown, Dan'l Drew had learned a whole bag of tricks. Hiding them beneath the cloak of piety, he had piled up millions from shady deals in the stock market and in transportation; and while posing as Vanderbilt's friend he had been jealously fighting the Commodore for a quarter century.

On this night, Mr. Drew led the legislators like three black sheep into the booth behind Jimmy Donahue and they went talking guardedly. Jimmy had no idea that their conversation concerned him in the least until he kept hearing the words "Vanderbilt" and "Hudson River" repeated in menacing tones. Listening closely during a lull in the rattle of silverware and ironstone china, he heard Drew's whining voice:

" 'Tain't right fer a feller to make as much money outen a deal as Vanderbilt's makin' outen this here proposed merger o' Hudson an' Harlem. . . . 'Tain't right fer you fellers to give him a monop'ly on the traffic in the country east o' the river, nuther. . . ."

DURING the momentary lull which occurred when the waiter brought out their service, Jimmy's mind digested those two statements. He was aware of Drew's reputation and he knew immediately the Great Bear was up to something. He wanted to find out what it was.

There was a tiny crack in the wooden wall just behind Drew's right elbow where the light shone through. Jimmy, having heard so much of the conversation, was not above eavesdropping to catch the rest. He slid over so his ear was against the crack, and signalled his father for silence.

Drew outlined his plot in detail. He proposed to the conspirators that they defeat the bill giving Vanderbilt the right to consolidate the Harlem line with Hudson. Not only was he proposing that they defeat the bill, but that they line their own pockets—and his—through a crooked stock market deal.

They could, he said, begin operations by selling Hudson *short*—not a measly few hundred shares, but thousands of them—keep selling short until they broke the market. Vanderbilt would absorb them for awhile, because he had standing orders with his brokers to buy

every share of Hudson that came into the market. Continued selling would break the stock; and when the price had dropped, they would buy in at the low figure and deliver it to Vanderbilt at the high one he had contracted for.

"We ort to break it down to twenty-five," Dan'l said gleefully.

"But supposin' we can't break it," protested one legislator, who had already taken lessons in speculating. "Supposin' Vanderbilt won't let it break."

"He's got to let 'er break," averred Drew. "Corneel's got a heap o' money, but he ain't got all they is in the country. All ye got to do's jest keep a-sellin' short till she busts; an' the higher he keeps it an' the more shares he buys, the more money we'll make when the bottom falls out. We'll pluck that 'ar ol' rooster till they ain't a pinfeather left on 'im."

Jimmy's heart beat rapidly. He gobbled down half his fried chicken and cream gravy and let the rest go back to the kitchen. Then he dragged his father out of the hotel as soon as he could, and repeated what he had heard. The fireman thought one of them ought to go down to New York on the next train so as to be on hand in the morning to tell Mr. Vanderbilt what the mealy-mouthed Drew was up to.

Mike thought for a moment. Then he replied:

"No, ye can't do that, son. If ye go down there tonight, ye'll lay out the *Express* waitin' fer another fireman; and ye'd have a helluva time explainin' why. Ye go on out with me tonight, an' tomorrow evenin' when we come in, ye can catch the train an' go on down. They probably won't do nuthin' fer a day or two nohow. An' besides, I ain't right shore Corneel needs anybody to help him handle Dan'l Drew. Corneel's been doin' a purty good job of it by hisself so far."

JIMMY went on the run. It was one one of the bitterest nights he had ever spent in an engine cab. Wind drove blistering sleet through the open gangway. Icy wood gnawed at his fingers through thick cowhide mittens. Mike fought with all the skill and steam at his command; but he could not make the time. They stopped twice to wood up at sheds along the right-of-way, and pulled into Syracuse in the raw dawn so stiff and cold they could scarcely get off the engine.

In the previous winter they had vowed to quit the road if their Hudson stock made good, and seek a task less grinding; but neither of them mentioned it this morning. They thawed out by the tavern stove, crawled into a goose-hair bed, and slept soundly until mid-afternoon.

All day the sanctimonious whine of Daniel Drew telling his henchmen how they were going to trim Vanderbilt and "bust" the Hudson had mingled with Jimmy's dreams. The fireman bought a paper coming through Schenectady in the late afternoon, and scanned it eagerly. The market had opened with Hudson stock in the limelight. All day someone had kept dumping in lots of one hundred to five hundred shares. Ten thousand shares had moved during the day. The price had dropped from a hundred fifty to a hundred twenty-six and was still going down.

Jimmy broke the news to his father when the engineer came in from oiling the *Molly Mae*. Mike tamped a load in the old cob pipe and told him: "Ye'd better go down tonight an' talk to Corneel, son. Dollars to doughnuts, he already knows what's goin' on; but it won't do no harm."

The fireman jumped off the engine when they backed into the Albany station, leaving Mike to take her to the

roundhouse, and joined the New York passengers heading for the Hudson River depot in East Albany.

There was no railroad bridge across the Hudson prior to the close of the Civil War. In summer when the river was clear of ice, passengers rode the ferry over; but on this Arctic night of February '64 the ferries were frozen. Passengers crossed the ice in sleighs.

The New York train was waiting at the Hudson River depot. It was headed by a leaky little eight-wheeled Baldwin all plastered over with ice and snow. The engineer, bundled to the eyebrows and with frost on his whiskers, was out tampering with a huge brass whistle he had evidently purloined off a Hudson River steamboat. Behind the engine were mail, express, and baggage cars, a day coach, and two sleepers.

Jimmy had been making steam three years to haul the high-hats in these sleeping cars, but he had never yet ridden one. Tonight was his night to ride. He struck out for the rear and the porter handed him up the steps.

The old Hudson River management had done its best to provide passengers on these night runs with comfort and even a semblance of luxury. The car, built of wood, ornately decorated, was devided into halves by an aisle running down the center. This aisle was covered with a green carpet a half-inch thick, and seats on either side were upholstered in red plush.

The walls were of beaded oak ceiling finished in natural colors; and there were ovals of fancy scroll work overhead. A huge coal stove glowing cherry-red blocked the wintry cold at either door, while great brass lamps suspended from the ceiling on brass chains shed their yellow light over the scene.

Passengers flocked in. Traveling men clad in derbies, checkered suits, and toothpick shoes were spinning yarns. Bewhiskered politicians in silk hats and frock coats were talking stealthily. Up state Yankees wore boots with pant legs stuffed into their tops. Union soldiers in blue and gold were in evidence, while ladies in fine Cashmere shawls closely drawn over slim waists showed protuberant bustles with layer on layer of petticoat visible beneath skirts which swept the carpeted floor.

AT NINE o'clock a genial porter came into the car and ordered the passengers out of their seats so he could make down their beds. While Jimmy stood around listening to the hum and din, the agile porter turned the seats facing each other two and two, changed seats quickly into "double lows," brought out cane-bottomed trays and fitted them into hitches in the walls for "single highs," and hung thick curtains which gave to each sleeper a semblance of seclusion.

Jimmy, unused to such luxury, watched the operation with a deep sense of satisfaction. At length he climbed into a "single high," but he slept little that night. The track was a succession of low joints and high centers. The car swayed and rocked, threatening to toss him out to the floor. Up ahead, the engineer kept playing with his steamboat whistle.

Jimmy remembered he owned an interest in this Hudson River Railroad. Last night his interest had been worth five thousand. Tonight it was worth less than four. Tomorrow night? He wondered how much Commodore Vanderbilt had learned concerning the plans of the conspirators. Would he be able to lick the wily Dan'l Drew, as he had done before? Or would he go down to defeat, ending the dream of a great Vanderbilt road?

The fireman was up early the next morning, taking in the sights of the frozen city. Thirty minutes after the Stock Exchange was due to open, he went into the Commodore's office. Everything was confusion. Men in stovepipe hats and great coats were coming and going. Office boys were darting in and out, carrying messages. The market had opened that morning with Drew and his crowd still selling Hudson short. The Commodore was swearing a blue streak, calling down damnation upon the offending heads of his unscrupulous enemies. If there was a cuss word in existence which he was not using, Jimmy had never heard it.

"Damn lousy thieves!" he raged. "Tryin' to bust me, heh! Tryin' to run me out o' railroads! I'll show 'em! I'll bust that lousy old moth-eaten terbacker-chewin' hypocrite so flat he won't have a bean to cook nor a pot to cook it in."

An interruption. Then:

"What's that? Keep on buyin' Hudson? Hell, yes! Buy every damn share of Hudson them thieves put on the market. They've already sold ten thousand more'n was ever issued. I'll buy it all; an' when they start buyin' to deliver, they'll buy it from me; an' by the Almighty, they'll pay me fer it, too! I'll show 'em!"

Jimmy hung round the office until his ears were hot. He decided this was not the time to call upon Mr. Vanderbilt and offer his advice. He went away without making his presence in New York known, and rode the cushions back to Albany.

There he went in search of his father. They were not running the old *Molly Mae* now. The Central had been making money out of wartime traffic and was spending some of it for new power. Formerly they had named their engines after governors, chorus girls, railroad magnates, and Presidents. They had named this year's crop after Union generals, and the Donahues had drawn the *General Sheridan.* She was a later edition of the *Molly Mae,* only she was a coal-burner, a little heavier and a little faster. She'd pull eight coaches instead of six and run close to a mile a minute.

Mike was in the roundhouse puttering about the *General Sheridan* when Jimmy found him. Hudson had dropped that day to a hundred ten, and the old engineer was looking as if he had lost the sand out of his gizzard. He asked:

"Did ye see Corneel?"

Jimmy answered: "Yes, I did."

"Did ye tell him what ye heard?"

"No, Pa. I didn't tell him nothin'. Didn't even have a chance to speak to him."

"Why didn't ye?" Mike demanded with irritation. "I thought that was what ye went down there fer?"

Jimmy described the scene in the Commodore's office and repeated part of what he had heard coming out.

"I figgered that a feller who could cuss an' fight like that don't need a guardian to keep him from gittin' hurt by Mr. Drew."

JIMMY soon found out he was right. Hudson broke to ninety; but below ninety it didn't budge. The papers were saying that Commodore Vanderbilt had bought all the shares which Hudson had ever issued, as well as twenty-five thousand synthetic ones which crooked Wall Street brokers had plucked from the ether. At any rate, he kept buying every share, real or bogus, that Drew and his gang threw into the market.

Folks wondered how he did it; but Cornelius Vanderbilt was a wizard of American finance. Bankers had absolute confidence in him, almost as much as the old man had in himself. When

Corneel ran short of funds, they opened their vaults and loaned him whatever he needed.

Drew's forces lost their nerve. They had been selling stock they didn't own, and delivery contracts were nearing maturity; so they began trying to buy. But nobody wanted to sell. Offers for Hudson rose from ninety to a hundred, from a hundred to a hundred twenty, from a hundred twenty to a hundred fifty.

The Donahues were getting rich again. Their dollars were multiplying as the market kept going up until it reached the astounding peak of two eighty-five. Jimmy never knew all the details of the transaction. Rumor said the Commodore had vowed to put it up to a thousand, but friends persuaded him to stop it at two eighty-five. It hung there for a time, then sank to a hundred fifty.

One night early in the spring, the Commodore rode the *Great Express* west toward Buffalo. He came over to the engine while the train was stopped in Utica and wanted to know if the Donahues had sold their stock while it was up.

Jimmy didn't mention the trip he had made to New York while it was sagging. He said: "No, sir. We didn't sell."

"Ye won't regret it," the Commodore assured him. "That stock ain't so high now, but it'll be wuth a heap more'n two eighty-five before I git through with it."

Then he turned to Mike. "I ain't had so much fun sence you an' me used to go swimmin' together off Staten Island. Shore did trim that ol' skinflint, Drew. He started out to dry-pick me, an' I took a cool two million off'n him an' skinned some of them Albany

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fellers so close they didn't have money enough left to hire their whiskers trimmed."

WHEN the spring of '64 came, Jimmy enlisted in the Union Army and went away to war. When he was mustered out a year later, friends urged him to go west to work on the new Union Pacific, but Jimmy's interests lay with the New York Central. He returned to Utica and went back firing for his father.

He had expected to find Commodore Vanderbilt in control of Central and running trains through from New York to Buffalo. But apparently the Commodore's plans had bogged down. Heavy wartime traffic had given Central a fresh vitality. The road was prospering. Revenues had more than doubled during the four years of war, and the road was in better shape than she had ever been before.

President Corning had resigned and Dan Richmond had succeeded him. The new management had entered into a working agreement with the Hudson whereby the latter should handle westbound traffic between New York and Albany, but they were still holding tight control of the road.

Even though the Commodore had been stopped at the east bank of the river, he had not been idle. The old warrior had strengthened and improved both the Harlem road and the Hudson, particularly the Hudson. He had burned dilapidated freight and passenger cars, had junked worn engines, and had laid new rail from Albany to Poughkeepsie. Hudson was making money. The Donahues had collected a seven per cent dividend on their stock in '64.

Co-operating with the Central and the Boston & Albany, the Commodore was helping to build the first railroad bridge over the Hudson at Albany. This was now nearing completion. It was a huge wooden structure two thousand feet long, built in eighteen spans, with a two-hundred-foot revolving section which could be turned to let the steamboats through.

The new bridge was formally opened to traffic on Washington's birthday, 1866. For the first time, trains operated jointly by the Central and the Hudson River ran through from New York to Buffalo; but Jimmy knew this was not all that Vanderbilt wanted. The Commodore had set out to build a railroad into the West, the greatest railroad in America. He would fight on toward this goal.

Things rocked along smoothy until the ice broke up in the spring. Long freights and heavily loaded passenger trains came in from the West, and still loaded, crossed the bridge to the Hudson yards beyond. Vanderbilt engines whisked them efficiently down the river to their destination.

But when the ice melted off the river, and Daniel Drew's steamboats, which had been tied up for three months were set free, Jimmy noticed a change. Swarms of passengers arriving from the West left the trains at Albany and headed for Drew's river steamers instead of riding the train on into New York. Freight trains were rolling thick and fast into the Albany yards, but only a few cars were finding their way across the new bridge. They were being shifted to the docks and their cargo, also, transferred to Drew's fleet of river steamers.

The fireman, watching Central cars disgorge their loads into river steamers, asked why:

"Dan'l Drew," the engineer replied.

"Has that slippery old scoundrel teamed up with Central to bust the

Hudson line?" Jimmy inquired hotly.

"That's the way I figger it," came the answer. "Revenue to New York on the stuff we haul in here runs around four millions a year. If they can keep that revenue away from the Hudson River Railroad she'll go bankrupt."

"What'll Corneel do about it?"

"What do you think?"

"I've got no more idea than a goose."

"Neither have I, but I'll bet he makes 'em change their tune."

THE transfer at Albany continued all summer. Drew came frequently up the river. He hobnobbed with Central officials and crooked politicians who had lost their war two years before in the Vanderbilt corner on Hudson. The old reprobate was crowing like a speckled rooster left alive on Monday morning. His steamers were doing a rushing business, and he was recovering fragments of that two million which Vanderbilt had taken off him in their previous big stock market deal.

Jimmy heard him say: "We'll skin that feller yit. Ye can't run a railroad without traffic, an' his Hudson can't git traffic unless the Central gives it to him. We'll knock Hudson down to ten dollars a share before the year's out, an' make Corneel wish he'd never heard tell of a railroad."

This made Jimmy a bit uneasy. He was finding that being part owner of a railroad was not as much fun as he had expected. Mr. Vanderbilt had equipped the Hudson River Line with eighty good engines and cars enough to handle all the traffic which Central could turn to them. Most of those new engines stood in the roundhouse all summer. They didn't haul enough freight to pay the interest on them. All the business the Hudson had was what came down from the north or in from Boston.

Mr. Vanderbilt rode to Schenectady with them one hot July night on his way to Saratoga. He came over to the engine to say "Hello" to Mike. Mike was aging these days, and Corneel seldom went through without looking him up. The Commodore did not appear to be worrying over the loss of traffic and the fact that his new engines were idle. He was looking as smug and complacent as the tomcat waiting at his hole for the mouse to come out. Mike asked what he was going to do about it.

"Ain't sayin' yit, Mike," the Commodore replied shortly. "Thar's always a way to git ahead o' a gang o' thieves. Jest a matter o' waitin' for the right time."

The "right time" was a long while coming, but it finally came. Azure skies turned gray and snow spilled out of them. Brakemen sprinkled salt on boxcar running boards to melt the ice away. The river froze over. Daniel Drew's steamers couldn't run on ice, and salt wouldn't work on the river like it did a boxcar run. Steamers tied up for the winter.

Central officials immediately turned their traffic to the Hudson River Railroad. Trains and trains of freight and passengers rumbled over the new bridge, and the Hudson took them for awhile. Winter settled down in dead earnest. Ice thickened on the Hudson, thickened so that people were crossing it now on sleighs.

The Donahues were handling the *Night Express* that winter between Albany and Syracuse. On the morning of January 15th they rolled into Albany. While Jimmy was waiting for his ham and eggs, he scanned the evening paper. A notice caught his eye. The signature was "C. Vanderbilt, President of the New York & Hudson River Railroad."

It informed all concerned that, beginning January 17th, passengers would be ticketed to East Albany and no through tickets would be sold, and it advised passengers for Buffalo to go over the Erie Railroad.

Jimmy showed the item to his father. Mike scratched his wrinkled bald head and muttered: "Now what in the hell do ye reckon Corneel's up to?"

The son couldn't tell what to make of it, and hazarded a guess: "Looks like he's teamed up with Drew and gone out to bust the Central."

"No, he ain't, son! Corneel ain't never teamed up with Drew, but he's shore got some bee in his bunnet. He didn't put that notice in there jest to fill up the paper."

THEY went into Syracuse and back. The night of the seventeenth they were again in Albany. The Express was due in from New York at midnight. Regularly upon its arrival, the Hudson River crew brought the train over the bridge and backed it down to the Albany station, and the Central crew coupled into it there.

Jimmy went out at ten o'clock to prepare the engine for the run. Cold wind was sweeping down from the north, and snow ankle-deep was drifting over the frozen Hudson. At 11.30 Mike joined him in the cab. They had not yet figured out why Corneel had put that notice in the papers. Evidently the Central officials hadn't either.

The clock struck twelve, and the Express wasn't showing. Jimmy stood in the cold gangway listening but there was no sound of bell or whistle ringing through the frigid night air.

"Was she on time out of Poughkeepsie?" he asked his father.

"Right on time, son, they told me," replied the engineer.

"Reckon she's gone in the ditch?"

"Could be," said Mike. "Sich things has happened, an' the iron's cold an' brittle."

Jimmy banked his fire, filled his boiler, and went with Mike into the station. About one o'clock, passengers began to straggle in from the east carrying grips, bundles, and valises, damning Vanderbilt and his Hudson River Railroad to the hottest pits of hell, and vowing they'd never ride the line again as long as they lived.

Outwardly frozen, inwardly blistering hot, they told their story. They had boarded their train in New York on tickets reading to East Albany. The agent had refused to sell them further, but he had not warned them that the train would not cross the river nor that they would be required to transfer. When they stopped at the Hudson River terminal station they had been hustled out into the cold. There were no sleighs on hand, nor even porters to carry across their baggage. On foot and carrying their own, they had been compelled to face the winter blast and cross the river on the ice.

A howl went up. The Central and the disgrunted Albany politicians joined the outraged public in condemning Vanderbilt and all he stood for. Albany papers scorched and flayed the Commodore. They told how he had sat in his warm club playing whist with his cronies while the poor, helpless women and children had struggled through the cold and snow of the winter's night to reach the Albany depot. There were even lynch talks and threats of prosecution. Vanderbilt, the lawyers said, had no right to refuse to run his trains across the river, nor to break up established traditions of service.

The Commodore was summoned to appear before an investigating Com-

mittee in Albany in February. The night he came, he spent a few minutes with the Donahues. The old warrior appeared gaunt, grim and determined. Hard though Vanderbilt was, ruthless and unyielding as the iron over which he sought to rule, Jimmy Donahue had come to regard him as the master mind of railroads and to believe that his methods were the methods which would lead to progress.

They discussed the trouble. Mike, presuming as he always had upon the privilege of long acquaintance, and referring to the bitter comment of the press, remarked: "Ye shore put yer foot into this time Corneel."

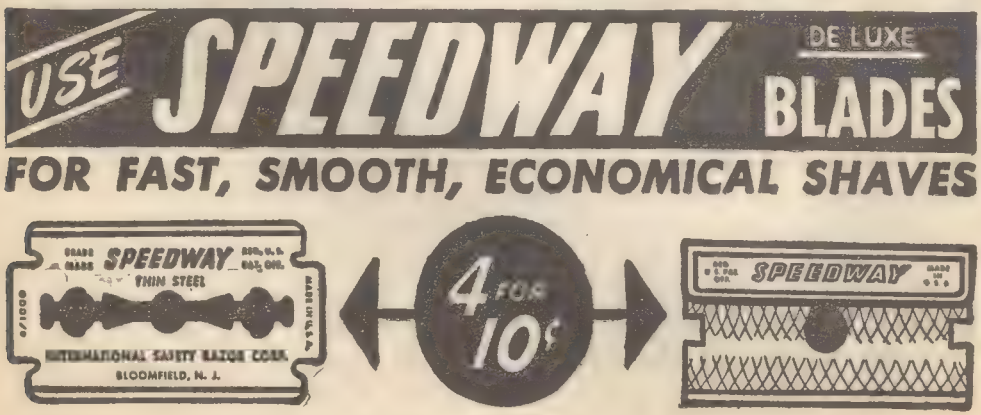
"I didn't do nothin' I'm ashamed of," retorted the Commodore doggedly. "Nor nothin' I didn't have a perfect right to do. These here Central fellers refused to let me handle their stuff in fair weather; I refused to handle it in foul; an' there ain't a damn thing they can do about it."

THERE wasn't either. The Commodore had been buying New York Central stock since the night he had talked to Mike Donahue in the fall of '61. He and his friends now owned almost a controlling interest in it—almost but not quite. When the stock broke fifteen points as a result of the stoppage of traffic, when shippers went moving their freight over the Erie, other owners, having seen the wonders wrought by Vanderbilt in Harlem and in Hudson, decided it was time to quit fighting him, and turn over the control of the New York Central.

This decision came while the investigation was in progress. The latter ended immediately and the commotion died. Hudson River hauled Central connections that summer, and in the winter, Commodore Vanderbilt was elected president of the New York Central, while his son was made its general manager. The Central was at last a Vanderbilt road.

Jimmy realized the Commodore had finally acquired "the right kind of railroad" which he had spoken of to Mike in the engine yard in Utica six years before. He must have "made a heap o' money" out of it, too; for judging by the increase in value of their own small holdings, his increase in stock values alone must have run close onto sixty millions. Time had come now for him to organize the Central and run it the way a railroad should be run. Jimmy wondered whether the old man would do this job as well as he had done the other. He watched the progress carefully.

Organization proceeded. Expert en-



gineers appraised the road's equipment. Old and unsightly cars were dismantled and burned. Old engines and engines too light for the rigid requirements of Central traffic were sold to other roads whose schedules were less exacting, and powerful ones were built to take their places. Freight-train tonnage doubled. Revenue poured into the line.

But the Commodore was growing old. He was nearly seventy-five when he became president of the Central. He had fought long and hard to secure control. It was his railroad, his dream materialized. It was to be the monument to his genius which would stand long after he had crossed the bridge from Time to the Eternal. He lavished his wealth upon it.

In 1869 alone, he spent two million dollars for new equipment. For the *Night Express,* Mike Donahue's train, he had built whole fleets of magnificent coaches. They came from the shops ornamented with hand-carved scroll-work and great railings of polished brass. Inside of these cars were paneled walls of mahogany and walnut, gilded ceilings, velvet upholstery, and beautiful oil lamps the like of which had never before been seen in a railway car.

Mike Donahue was proud of his railroad, proud of "Ol' Corneel," and proud of his train. He told Mr. Vanderbilt: "Ye shore aire a doin' what ye said ye would, Corneel. Ye're a buildin' a mighty railroad."

"I ain't begun yit, Mike," the Commodore boasted. "Afore I die, I aim to have the finest trains an' the fastest trains the world's ever saw. The Vanderbilt road folks is gonna call it."

COMMODORE VANDERBILT rode with them frequently. He was watching every little delay and noting every increase in speed as Mike stepped out on occasions to pick up lost time.

Jimmy remembered one run in particular. In the spring of 1871 the Express got hung up behind a landslide down on the Hudson River Division and didn't arrive in Albany until well after daylight. The Commodore was riding that morning. He had built a special car for his own private use, had put everything he knew about cars into her, and called her the *Duchess.*

He came out and talked to the engineer while the passengers were eating breakfast. "Purty late out here, Mike?" he reckoned.

"Leetle bit," Mike admitted. "Won't be quite as late into Syracuse."

The Commodore's frosty eyes gleamed. He had bred fast trotting horses in his spare time and loved to drive them.

"Goin' to give 'er the rein an' slap 'er on the back, heh?" he asked chuckling. The first great railroad baron chuckled oftener now than when he had been fighting the Central directors.

"Yeah, leetle." Mike had a reputation for "slappin' 'er on the back," especially if he was five hours late.

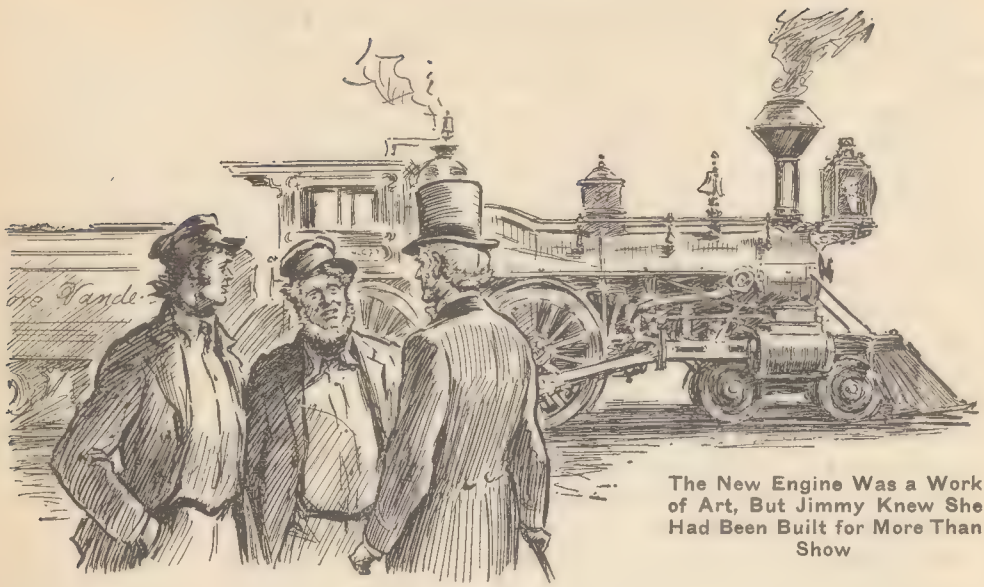
"How fast can ye run?"

"Don't know exactly, Corneel. Sixty mebbe. Mebbe a leetle more."

"Suppose ye let 'er out this mornin', Mike. I'm in a hurry to git over to Buffalo."

Jimmy decided afterward that the Commodore had wanted to find out how fast a standard passenger train could make the run from Albany to Syracuse and was trusting Mike to make the test for him. Mike stepped out. The track was in excellent condition. He stormed along at fifty and fifty-five, and apparently the coaches behind were trailing him with scarcely a wobble.

The Commodore made no comment on the run when they rolled into Syra-



The New Engine Was a Work of Art, But Jimmy Knew She Had Been Built for More Than Show

cuse. He didn't even show up. He was dickering then for other lines to extend his great railroad into the West and run trains through from New York all the way to Chicago.

Not long afterward, he called on Mike and talked with him about speed. He said Mike had made the run at an average of fifty miles an hour and wanted to know why if a train could make that speed one day, it couldn't do it every day.

"Schedules ain't built that way," Mike said. "Too many trains on the road. Engine couldn't stand up under the hammerin' ye have to give day after day."

"But if the schedules were built that way?" Vanderbilt persisted. "If ye had tracks enough to handle the trains? If ye had engines built to stand it?"

"Then ye could make the time," I reckon," Mike answered thoughtfully.

Vanderbilt talked about engines then. Evidently he had discussed the whole matter with paid experts and wanted to get Mike's reaction. He wanted to know about the relation of speed to grate surface, heating surface, boiler capacity, and height of drivers. "That's got a lot to do with it, ain't it?" he asked.

Mike said it did have.

"Figure about a mile a hour fer each inch in diameter?" Corneel asked shrewdly.

"Somethin' like that. Some engines'll do more and some less. Depends a lot on how they're handled."

The Commodore said, "Uh huh," and went away; but Jimmy knew he had not been asking questions merely out of curiosity. Some new development would break with dramatic suddenness when the time was ripe.

MIKE came down with pneumonia in January '72. Another engineer took his run on the *General Sheridan;* and Jimmy went pulling freight with a big engine. Mike was off the rest of the winter, and though he didn't tell the world about it, he confided to Jimmy that he reckoned he wouldn't go back on the road come spring.

Jimmy hated to see him give up, but

he knew it was best. There were times when Mike couldn't see a freight caboose or a red flag a thousand feet ahead of him; and you didn't stop twelve-car passenger trains from fifty miles an hour in a thousand feet, not even with the patent brakes with which the Commodore had equipped them.

All that winter Jimmy pulled freight out of Albany. Mike's condition improved. By March he was up and around, and the first of April he was strolling over to the station to watch the trains come in. Jimmy was down with him one afternoon when the Commodore's private car was set in a spur across from the depot; and Corneel came out walking as brisk and spry as a sixteen year old. He wanted to know how Mike was getting along.

"Purty good, I reckon," Mike told him.

"Shore glad of it. Say," he announced in triumph, "I'm buildin' a new engine."

"Ye've built a mighty lot of 'em these last four year, Corneel."

"Ain't never built one like this, Mike. She's gonna be the finest engine on wheels, an' the fastest too. Gonna name 'er the *Commodore Vanderbilt.*"

Jimmy studied Corneel's face where the great cheeks were beginning to sag and the frosty eyes to soften. His father was studying it, too. Mike asked: "Ye goin' to run 'er on the Express?"

"After while, mebbe. Not now. Want ye to break her in good an' make some special runs with me first."

Mike didn't say he was quitting the road and would not run another engine. He glanced furtively up at his son. Jimmy grinned at him.

"She'll be out in about a month," the Commodore went on. "Reckon ye'll be able to take hold of 'er by that time?"

Mike looked at Jimmy again and asked: "What about it, son? Aire ye willin' to lay off runnin' fer a spell an' fire her fer me?"

Jimmy was aware that this run on the Commodore's new toy would be the crowning glory of his father's career. He knew, too, that Mike would never trust himself with another fireman. The son was earning a hundred sixty a month running freight, but he said without hesitation:

"Sure will fire for you, Pa. You go right ahead an' take 'er."

THEY learned that the *Commodore Vanderbilt* was under construction then in the Schenectady shops. The latter part of April, the superintendent notified them that she would be ready for the road the 5th of May. Bill marked off the freight run so as to be on hand. Early that morning the caller came for them, and they went down to the depot.

The aged Commodore loved drama, loved to play in the limelight. He took Mike, Jimmy and Superintendent Zenas C. Priest into his car, and went with a special engine over to Schenectady. With as much pride as he had shown when his ships had been christened, he led them down to the shops where the engine was under steam.

She was magnificent. Jimmy had never seen the like of her on any railroad. Boiler sheathing and tank body were of polished sheet steel enameled in black. The cab was painted black with white trim. Where other engines had been finished in brass, the *Commodore Vanderbilt* was done in nickel and silver—cylinder heads, side rods, steam dome, sandbox, flag sockets, grab-irons, whistle, bell and headlight frame—all polished until it almost hurt your eyes to look at them.

The name *Commodore Vanderbilt,*

was done in neat script on the sides of the tank. Portraits of the Commodore himself, his proud head held high, his great face framed in white sideburns, were painted on the side panels of the headlight. From tank coupler to pilot nose, she was a work of art; but standing as she did on drivers full six feet high, Jimmy knew she had been built for more than show.

Rousing cheers arose from railroad throats when the Donahues, father and son, rode her over the turntable and coupled her into the *Duchess* for the initial run. Under orders from the superintendent, they made a trip to Saratoga and return.

During the next five days the Commodore set the pace and Mike made the run from Syracuse into New York and back to Buffalo in exactly three hours to a division, slightly under fifty miles an hour. Jimmy sensed there was some definite purpose behind the run, because the Commodore was too precise and methodical in his directions to be out on a pleasure trip.

When they were leaving Buffalo on the sixth morning of their test, he came to the engine as usual. This time he did not set the pace at three hours to the division. He said abruptly:

"Mike, I want ye to really let 'er out this mornin'. See what ye can do."

"Let 'er out?" Mike echoed.

"Yeah. I want ye to go to Albany as fast as ye can run. Don't take chances, though. I've had ye put on this run because I can trust yer judgment. I want to learn jest how quickly ye can make the trip in safety."

Leaving Buffalo, Mike rolled cautiously. He had run the Western Division, but he did not know it as he did the Mohawk. He used two hours and twenty minutes going over to Syracuse. They took coal and water there, and each of them drank a cup of hot coffee. They left there at 10.55.

New York Central business was good. Men were damning the Commodore for charging high rates, but they were shipping over his railroads because he gave them the service they desired. On an average one freight an hour and half as many passenger trains were coming and going in each direction. These trains all had orders to clear the Special, but sometimes accidents happen to trains so that men cannot obey their orders.

Mike knew every low joint between Syracuse and Albany. He had run that line then thousand times. He opened her up and let her ramble. Jimmy had never ridden an engine as fast as they were running that morning. He'd dart into the deck, toss a few scoops of coal into the firebox, and step back to watch the track.

Mike was watching it, too, leaning far out of the window peering ahead into the clear morning air. It did not not occur to Jimmy that he was not seeing what was there. He had not had a *spell* since he had come back to work. Between Chittenango and Oneida, Jimmy stayed in the deck to shake down the grates. It didn't take long. His eyes were not off the track for more than a minute; but in that minute, the spinning drivers had covered distance.

When he came out of the deck, he realized his father was not seeing far this morning. Three hundred feet ahead, a brakeman was running toward them waving a smear of red; and out there in the east, fifteen hundred feet beyond the brakeman, a freight caboose was glittering in the morning sun. Jimmy knew instantly that the freight had had trouble on the main, and that the brakeman had not returned far enough to flag, and that the aged engineer, who

wasn't seeing far, was running a train at seventy miles an hour.

Screaming to his father to stop 'em quick, he grabbed the tank brake, twisting with all his might. Mike sent out the call for brakes. The racing train slowed. Mike called his son to help reverse. As soon as they could do it without stripping the engine, they horsed her over and used back up steam.

THE freight caboose leaped at them. The conductor fell off the platform and jumped the right-of-way fence. Mike yelled at Jimmy to jump, but Jimmy stayed in the cab. They hit—not hard, but they hit. The impact knocked the markers off the caboose, upset the water barrel, and sent a brake club skidding out through the back door.

Major Priest, the Commodore, and the conductor came out of the *Duchess* like three redhot hornets. Mike climbed stiffly down from his cab. He looked more than thirty minutes older than he had when they had left Syracuse at 10.55. Before they had time to say anything, he said:

"Damme, Corneel, it looks like we purty nigh had a wreck."

Corneel didn't answer, but the superintendent asked caustically: "Can't you see a freight caboose two thousand feet on a clear morning?"

"Didn't see the caboose nor the flagman nuther, till I purt nigh run over him."

When the freight pulled away, Jimmy took the train on in to Albany and Mike fired for him.

They ate dinner with the Commodore in the very booth where Jimmy had heard the plots of Dan'l Drew. That was seven years before, but it seemed nearer. Mike didn't hear much. Jimmy surmised he was thinking that another engineer would take the world's finest engine out of Albany within the hour. The Commodore sensed it, too, but he didn't talk much.

He remarked about fast trains and the railroad of his dreams. Said he was aiming to lay two tracks next year, so "them damn freight trains can't git out in the way of passengers."

"An' when I git 'er four-tracked," he added, "I aim to cut twelve hours off the time between New York an' Chicago. We're usin' thirty-six now; but there ain't no sense in it, not a bit in the world. We can make it in twenty-four hours as slick as a top. That's what I been tryin' to find out these last two weeks."

Mike said it would be kinda nice to set out on the porch an' watch "these here fast trains uh yourn go by."

And the Commodore replied: "Ye can shore do it, Mike. Not a thing in the world to hinder ye. With the dividends comin' in off a hundred shares uh stock, ye got nothin' in the world to worry about fer the rest o' yer life."

The other engine crew had brought out the silvered *Commodore Vanderbilt* and coupled her into the gilded *Duchess*. Corneel said it was time for him to go home to New York. He shook hands with Mike, and a porter carried his grip into his rolling palace. He stood on the rear platform as the car glided away and lifted his hand in a last mute gesture. Jimmy was glad that, though his father's working days were done, he himself could go on pulling trains on the great modern Vanderbilt road.

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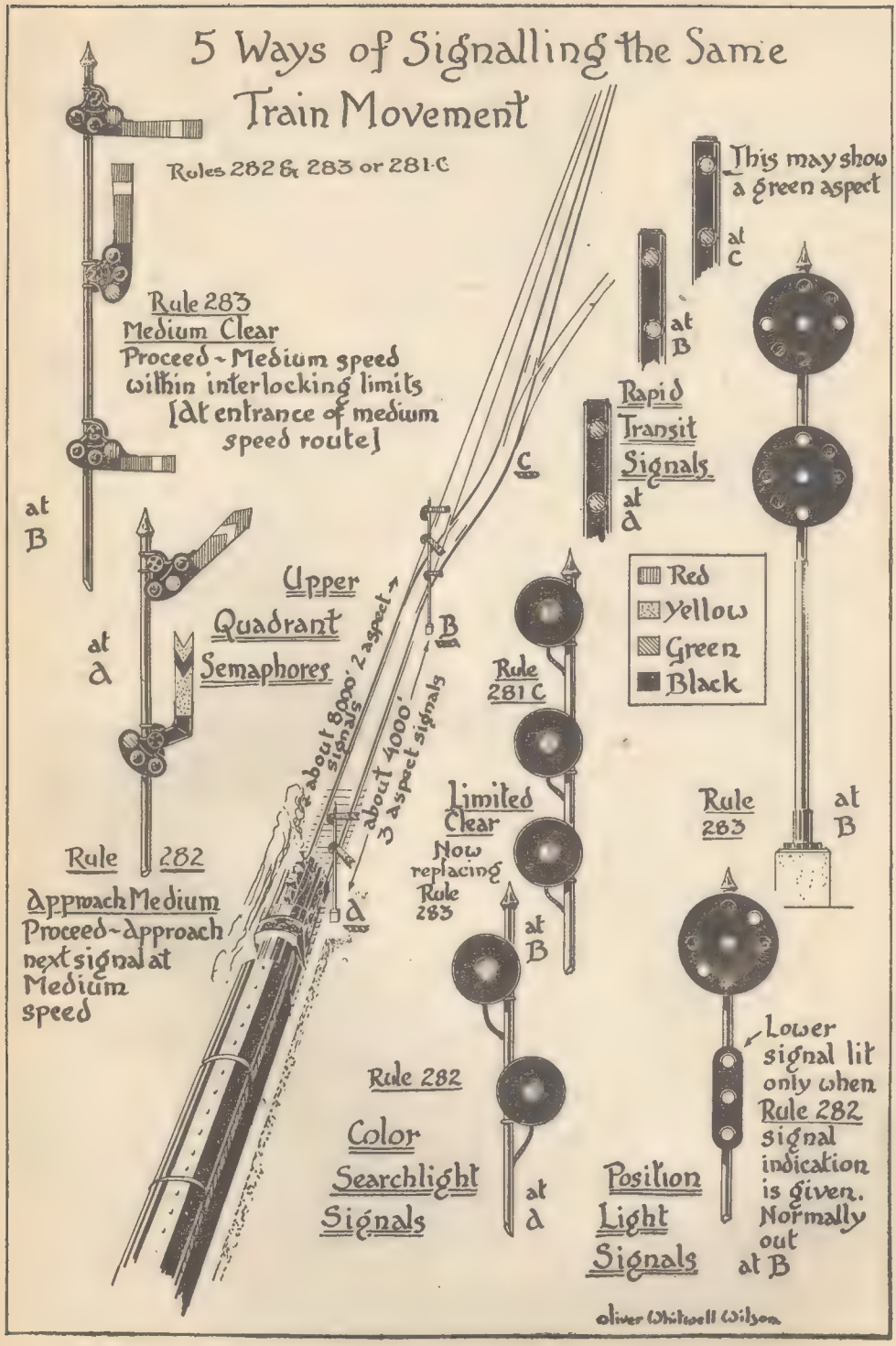
**Next Month: "FOUR-TRACK STUFF"**

***By John Johns, New York Central Conductor***


5 Ways of Signalling the Same Train Movement
Rules 282 & 283 or 281-C
Rule 283
Medium Clear
Proceed - Medium speed within interlocking limits
[At entrance of medium speed route]
at B
at A
Upper Quadrant Semaphores
Rule 282
Approach Medium
Proceed - approach next signal at Medium speed
about 8000' 2 aspect signals
about 4000' 3 aspect signals
A
B
C
Rule 281 C
Limited Clear
Now replacing Rule 283
at B
Rule 282
Color Searchlight Signals
at A
This may show a green aspect
at C
at B
Rapid Transit Signals
at A
Red
Yellow
Green
Black
Rule 283
at B
Lower signal lit only when Rule 282 signal indication is given. Normally out
Position Light Signals
at B
oliver Mitchell Wilson

# By the Light of the Lantern

# Ask us what you want to know

PUBLISH *a list of the railroads operating streamlined trains, and state the number being used by each line.*—A. S., North Platte, Nebr.

Obviously, such a list is subject to revision from month to month and, in addition, raises the controversial issue of what actually constitutes a streamlined train. A number of roads, among them the New York Central and the Pennsylvania, operate streamlined engines with trains which may be partially or completely made up of streamlined rolling stock—depending upon its availability for a particular run. Excluding such consists, we believe that the list below is reasonably complete.

Alton (2): *Abraham Lincoln* (1), and *Ann Rutledge* (1).
AT&SF (16): *Super Chief* (2), *Chief* (6), *El Capitan* (2), *Chicagoan* (1), *Kansas Cityan* (1), *Tulsan* (1), *San Diegoan* (1), and *Golden Gate* (2).
ACL (2): *Champion* (2).
B&M-MC (1): *Flying Yankee* (1).
B&O (7): *Royal Blue* (1), *Capitol Limited* (2), and *National Limited* (4).
C&NW (2): *400* (2).

**RAILROAD questions are answered here free, but please note:**

**Only one query at a time. Write it on a sheet containing name and address (only initials will be printed.) Enclose stamped envelope.**

**Don't be disappointed if answers do not appear at once. They are printed two months before date of issue.**

C&NW-UP (5): *City of Portland* (1), *City of Denver* (2), and *City of Los Angeles* (2).
C&NW-UP-SP (2): *City of San Francisco* (2).
CB&Q (13): *Pioneer Zephyr* (1), *Denver Zephyr* (2), *Twin Zephyr* (2), *Mark Twain Zephyr* (1), *General Pershing Zephyr* (1), *Silver Streak Zephyr* (1), *Sam Houston Zephyr* (1), *Denver-Dallas Zephyr* (2), and *St. Louis-Minneapolis Zephyr* (2).
CMStP&P (4): *Morning Hiawatha* (2), and *Afternoon Hiawatha* (2).
CNS&M (2): *Electro-Liner* (2).
CRI&P-SP (2): *Arizona Limited* (2).

*Photo from the Railroadians of America*

The Susquehanna's Gas-Electric Number 5012 Was Bought from the Boston & Maine. She Pinch-Hits for the Line's Streamlined Railcars when They Require Shopping

CRI&P (13): *Peoria Rocket* (1), *Des Moines Rocket* (1), *Kansas City-Minneapolis Rocket* (2), *Kansas City-Dallas Rocket* (2), *Rocky Mountain Rocket* (2), *Rocky Mountain (connecting) Rocket* (2), *Choctaw Rocket* (2), and *St. Louis-Minneapolis Rocket* (1).
FEC (3): *Champion* (1), *Henry M. Flagler* (1), and *Dixie Flagler* (1).
GM&O (3): *Rebel* (2), and *Rebel (Mobile connection)* (1).
IC (5): *Green Diamond* (1), *City of Miami* (1), *Illini* (1), *Miss Lou* (1), and an unnamed train (1).
KCS-L&A (3): *Southern Belle* (3).
MP (3): *Eagle* (2), and *Dixie Eagle* (1).
NYC (4): *Mercury* (2), and *Twentieth Century* (2).
NYNH&H (1): *Comet* (1).
NYS&W (2): *Susquehanna* (2).
PRR (5): *Broadway* (2), *Trail Blazer* (2), and *South Wind* (1).
Reading (1): *Crusader* (1).
Seaboard (3): *Silver Meteor* (3).
Southern (12): *Vulcan* (2), *Golden Rod* (1), *Joe Wheeler* (1), *Cracker* (2), and six new unnamed trains.
SP (10): *Sunbeam* (2), *Morning Daylight* (2), *Noon Daylight* (2), *San Joaquins* (2), and *Larks* (2).
UP (1): *City of Salida* (1).

✢

WHAT *are the specifications of the four new Mikado type locomotives built by Lima for the Detroit, Toledo & Irontown?*—W.R.H., Pullman, Ore.

These engines, numbered *800* through *803*, have 23x30-inch cylinders, 63-inch driving wheels, a boiler-pressure of 260 pounds, weight 369,500 pounds, and develop a tractive effort of 55,600 pounds.

✢

GIVE *a brief history of the Toledo, Peoria & Western Railroad.*—W.K., Canton, O., and R.C., Chicago.

This road, which had its beginnings as the Toledo, Peoria & Warsaw, was chartered on February 14th, 1863, and opened for traffic five years later. In 1880, financial difficulties drove it to foreclosure, and it was reorganized as the Toledo, Peoria & Western Railway. At that time the Wabash, St. Louis & Pacific Railway Company (now the Wabash) leased the line for a period of forty-nine-and-one-half years, the lessees guaranteeing interest on 1st Mortgage and 1st Preferred Income Bonds. Default was made in 1884 and the TP&W emerged from its second crisis, in 1886, as the Toledo, Peoria & Western Railway Company. A third foreclosure and subsequent reorganization gave the system its present designation in 1926.

The TP&W is controlled, today, through ownership of its entire common stock (with the exception of certain qualifying shares) by the Prairie Schooner Company. The line extends from Effner, Indiana, to Lomax, Illinois (206 miles); with a branch from La Harpe, Illinois, to Keokuk (29 miles). Equipment consists of 20 locomotives, 135 freight cars, and 59 miscellaneous cars.

✢

WHAT *are the different types of air-conditioning systems employed by the Pullman Company?*—D.C., Truro, N. S., Canada.

The Pullman Company has air-conditioned 5,217 cars, or more than three-quarters of all of the Pullmans in service today. It employs six systems as follows: Pullman Mechanical (1,146 cars), Pullman Mechanical brine tank (1,733 cars), Ice-Actuated (1,524 cars), Steam Jet (401 cars), York Mechanical-Electric Mechanical (403 cars), and Waukesha (10 cars).

✢

HAVE *Southern engines 47, 51, 55, 152, 156, 157, 159, 183, 186, 170, 191, 202, 401, 462 and 399 all been scrapped? If not, are any now in use and if so, where?*—H.T., Gaffney, S.C.

Of the locomotives listed, *Number 191* is in reserve at Columbia, S. C.; *202* has been leased to the Pacolet Manufacturing Co., of Pacolet, S. C.; *401* is in switching service at Sheffield, Ala., and *399* and *462* are similarly employed in your own home town.

✢

WHAT *size must a railroad be to join the American Short Line Railroad Association?*—K.P., Dubuque, Ia.

There is no mileage requirement in this regard as evidenced by the fact that of the 305 steam and electric railway companies represented in the Association, there are

Pennsylvania K-4 Number 5458 Cants to a Curve at Shrewsbury Station, Pa., while a Clerk in the Mail Car Behind Gets Ready for a Pickup from a Trackside Crane. Shrewsbury Is the Stop for Nearby Railroad, Pa., the Only Town of that Name in the United States. Oddly, It Has No Direct Railroad Service of Its Own

*Photo by E. M. Neff, 1802 Lexington Ave., Springfield, O.*

Number 800; One of Four Lima-Built Mikados Just Completed for the Detroit, Toledo & Ironton

several only a mile in length, while the largest (Denver & Rio Grande Western) incorporates 2,555 miles of trackage. Collectively these lines represent an investment of approximately $750,000,000; employ more than 34,000 persons; have a payroll in excess of $55,000,000 a year, and do an annual business of more than $100,000,000.

✢

WHAT *type of boiler is employed by the Pennsylvania's S-1 passenger locomotive?*—L.G., Berkeley, Calif.

A modified Belpaire type, differing from the true Belpaire design in that the roof-sheet and the crown-sheet cross-radii are not struck from the same centers, so that the crown-stays are not all of the same length.

Principal dimensions of this high capacity, nickel-steel boiler are an overall length including firebox, of 62 feet 2 inches; a maximum outside diameter (at combustion chamber) of 102 inches; and a diameter, at the first barrel course, of 93 inches. The inside firebox dimensions are 8 feet, by 16 feet 6 inches, at the mud ring, and the combustion chamber extends 10 feet forward into the third boiler course. Normal operating pressure is 300 pounds.

✢

WHY *aren't the Delaware & Hudson's 4-6-6-4 type engines equipped with boosters, in view of their relatively low tractive effort for this wheel arrrangement, and their high boiler pressure?*—G.V.D., Mountain Lakes, N. J.

We can't agree with you that the 97,000-pound tractive effort of these giants is "relatively low." It stacks up rather favorably with the 97,400 pounds of the UP Challenger type, the 104,500 pounds of the Northern Pacific locomotives of the same wheel arrangement, and the 105,000 pounds of the Denver & Rio Grande Western 4-6-6-4s. As we have repeatedly pointed out, today's emphasis is on horsepower rather than starting tractive effort, and while we know, from personal observation, that the D&H machines can start as long and heavy a train as the line cares to operate, her real forte is the ability to steam freely at sustained high speeds. We might add that there appears to be a slacking off in the use of boosters by many lines which have employed them extensively in the past.

✢

WHERE *is the Illinois Northern located; how many engines are on its roster; and what is its mileage?*—E.R., Taunton, Mass.

This railroad is a Chicago freight terminal line, extending from McCormick Station, near Western Avenue and 26th Street, to Elsdon Yard. It affords direct connections for handling interchange carload traffic between seventeen railroads entering the city at the following points:

*McCormick Station* (the CB&Q, the Chicago Jct., the C&NW, the Chicago River & Indiana, the PRR, and the Milwaukee); *Thirty-third Street* (the IC, the CCC&StL, the C&IW, and the Soo Line); *Corwith* (the Santa Fe); *Brighton Park* (the Alton); and *Elsdon* (the Grand Trunk, the Belt Ry. of Chicago, the Indiana Harbor Belt, the NYC, and the MC). Less-than-carload lot traffic (inbound and outbound) is handled at McCormick Station for all Chicago railroads.

✢

RECENTLY, *the Boston & Maine purchased a number of coaches from the Pennsylvania. How many cars were involved in this transaction and what are their types?*

117; divided into the following classifications: 100 coaches, 13 combines of the baggage-smoker arrangement, and 4 combines of the mail and smoker type.

✢

WHAT *are the specifications of St. Louis Southwestern Mountain types 675-679?*—E.T., Texarkana, Ark.

These Cotton-Belters have 26x28-inch cylinders, 73-inch driving wheels, 200 pounds boiler pressure, weigh 313,000 pounds without tender, and develop a tractive effort of 44,079 pounds.

✢

IS THERE *any reliable way of calculating the speed of a passing locomotive?*—M.B., Johnstown, Pa.

There are several fairly accurate methods, of which the most obvious is to take a timing from a semaphore which is known to be a mile distant from the next board. But Harold McMichael, of R.R. 4, Box 32, Waterford, Ont., Canada, has just sent us a formula which you might try out on your next K-4.

"I figure," he says, "that the speed of a locomotive with 80-inch driving wheels, revolving once a second, is 14.28 m.p.h. Therefore, at any speed, the number of revolutions in 14.28 seconds equals the number of miles per hour. Unless the engine is moving very fast, these revolutions can be easily counted for that duration of time.

*Photo by A. J. Comstock*
**Old Hall Signals In Use on the Reading Lines at Reading, Pa.**

"For other diameters," he concludes, "the time of the count is a period of seconds equal to the diameter, in inches, multiplied by 0.1785."

✢

I WOULD *like information concerning the Pittsburgh, Lisbon & Western Railroad Co.*—W.P., Corregidor, P. I.; and H.T., Rochester, Pa.

The present PL&WRR was incorporated on November 8th, 1902, as a consolidation of the Pittsburgh, Lisbon & Western Ry. (itself a successor, in 1896, to the Pittsburgh, Marion & Chicago Ry. Co.); the Shenango & Beaver Valley (a projected corporation of the State of Pennsylvania); and the Salem Railroad.

The Pennsylvania's Streamlined 3768 Is Turned at Harrisburg, Pa. This 125-Foot Table Can Handle the Much Larger S-1 with Just 15 Inches to Spare

From May, 1904, until June, 1916, the Pittsburgh, Lisbon & Western Railroad was controlled by the Wheeling & Lake Erie, which operated it as a separate entity, and relinquished its hold, on the latter date, in return for transfer of ownership of the Salem Branch. The PL&W is now controlled by the Pittsburgh Coal Company, along with the Montour and the Youngstown & Suburban. The road showed a deficit of $14,314 in 1937, of $19,483 in 1938, and a profit of $42,458 in 1940. Its line extends from New Galilee to Lisbon, Ohio, and incorporates 25 miles of track laid with 60, 90, and 115 pound rail. Equipment consists of 6 locomotives, 1 passenger motor combination car, and 148 freight cars.

✣

LIST *specifications of Frisco engines 1503, 1068, and 1026.*—D.S., Springfield, Mo.

Frisco series *1500-1514* are of the Mountain type and have 28x28 inch cylinders, 69-inch drivers, 210 pounds boiler pressure, weigh 342,200 pounds without tender, and exert 56,800 pounds tractive effort. Locomotives *1018, 1026* and *1031* are streamstyled Pacifics. They have 24x28-inch cylinders, 73-inch driving wheels, 200 pounds boiler pressure, weigh 239,200 pounds without tender, and develop 37,600 pounds tractive effort. Series *1060* through *1069* are Hudson types and have 26x28-inch cylinders, 74-inch drivers, 225 pounds boiler pressure, weigh 360,960 pounds without tender, and develop 47,800 pounds boiler pressure.

✣

WHERE *will New York Central freight locomotives of the 2700 Class, working out of Harmon, N. Y., and Selkirk, be used, now that they are being supplanted by the 3000 Class?*—J.W., Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

25 have recently found their way over to the West Shore Railroad, and we are informed that others will follow. They supplement Mikados now employed in heavy freight hauling on that line.

# New Publications

ALWAYS of immense practical value as a reference book, *Car Builders' Cyclopedia* sets a new high standard with its fifteenth edition, just off the press of Simmons-Boardman Publishing Corp., 30 Church St., New York City. This volume, selling at $5, was compiled and edited for the Association of American Railroads, Mechanical Division (formerly the Master Car Builders' Ass'n). Its first edition, the *Car Builders' Dictionary,* was issued in 1879; and each edition since then has not only been brought up to date but also enlarged and improved.

More than a third of the material in the fifteenth edition is new, and the rest has been carefully revised by Editor Roy V. Wright, Managing Editor Robert C. Augur, Associate Editor H. P. Foster, and Walter E. Dunham, editor of the shop section, with assistance from an AAR advisory committee, railway officers, car builders, and manufacturers of railway supplies.

This edition has been expanded to 1352 pages (same size as in other recent editions, 8x11½ inches). A new section on air-conditioning has been added to meet the growing importance of this field. The car shops section has been completely rewritten and enlarged to more than 100 pages. In fact, everything from definitions in the dictionary section to the mechanical equipment shown in the car shops section has been modernized.

Other new features include lightweight streamlined passenger cars, Diesel-electric trains, lightweight freight cars, improved car trucks, lubrication, roller-bearing equipment, and application of fluorescent lighting. Color inserts show developments in exterior and interior decoration of passenger cars.

Information is given on the new high-tensile steels and alloys which are now used to lighten or give longer life to parts. Valuable reference tables are scattered throughout the book. Specifications, standards, scale drawings, clear photographs, and technical data for designing and describing materials and products are included. Indexes enable quick reference being made to any particular subject.

*Car Builders' Cyclopedia* deals with American practice: definitions and typical illustrations of railroad and industrial cars, their parts and equipment; descriptions, photographs and diagrams of shops and equipment employed in car construction and repair, and cars built in America for export to foreign countries. Many new designs of cars and appliances have been made since the fourteenth edition of this volume in 1937; and these, so far as possible, have been included in the latest edition. All told, there are thousands of useful illustrations, some of them in full color, covering almost every conceivable phase of the subject.

This volume is an indispensable source of up-to-date information for executives and car department men wherever American-built rolling stock is in use. It meets the needs of men in various departments of railroading, such as operating officials, purchasing agents and store keepers, master car builders, master mechanics, other mechanical officers, mechanical engineers and draftsmen, shop superintendents, general foremen, and car department foremen. It is, as the publishers say, "a one-volume library," the standard authority on rolling stock.

* * *

AS WE go to press, a new book is published by Harcourt, Brace & Co., 383 Madison Ave., New York City, entitled *The Vanderbilt Legend,* by Wayne Andrews, which should be of great interest to readers of Ed Samples' story, *Vanderbilt Road.* The volume, 454 pages, illustrated with photos, sells for $3.50. It turns a floodlight of reliable information upon the old railroad barons of the New York Central, the flamboyant era in which they flourished, their home life, and their descendants. Facts which Mr. Samples mentions briefly are dwelt upon in this book with fascinating details.

We have read many accounts of how the Commodore took up railroading at an advanced age, and how his son, William H., succeeding him as president of the Central and inheriting more than $100,000,000, doubled the family fortune in seven years; but no previous account, in our opinion, can match the vivid directness of Wayne Andrews. *The Vanderbilt Legend* is indexed for convenient reference, is thoroughly documented, and includes a bibliography, a genealogical tree, and a list of modern holdings of the Vanderbilt clan in the Central, the P&LE, the Northwestern and the Lackawanna.

* * *

EVEN while his great historical pageant, *Railroads on Parade,* was stirring multitudes of visitors at the New York World's Fair, with its grand-stand seating 4000 spectators, its world's largest stage, its cast of 250 men and women, its old-time engines operating under steam, and its four performances a day, seven days a week, over two long seasons, Edward Hungerford was planning and writing a book of motive-power history, slanted to the popular viewpoint, that would follow up and exploit the enthusiasm created by his pageant.

This book, *Locomotives on Parade,* has just been published by Thomas Y. Crowell Co., 432 Fourth Ave., New York City. It has 236 pages, about 100 photographs, drawings and

diagrams, and sells at $2.50. As Mr. Hungerford himself points out, it is not intended to be a technical treatise upon the development of the locomotive in the United States; it is not in a class with the works of Zerah Colburn, Angus Sinclair, M. N. Forney, and J. Snowden Bell. What it does offer, as those books do not, is an easy-to-read approach to the subject for persons who are not technically-minded or not familiar with the various types of engines and their place in history. Such readers would find Mr. Hungerford's latest book filled with entertaining and instructive material, despite a few minor inaccuracies. It is to men and boys of this type that we earnestly recommend *Locomotives on Parade*

* * *

MOST ambitious of all bulletins issued by the Railway & Locomotive Historical Society, Inc., is, we believe, the book-sized No. 54, *History of the Wisconsin Central.* The author, Roy L. Martin, like his father before him, served as locomotive engineer on the WC and is familiar with that road from years of experience plus conscientious research. The book has about 200 pages, many of them fine coated paper containing well over 100 photographs, in addition to maps and timetables. The pictures include locomotives, trains, portraits, right-of-way scenes, bridges, stations, etc.

Mr. Martin presents minute details of the pioneer WC. He goes back to 1840 to give us the general background. He tells us why and how the road was built. He depicts the rugged personalities who organized, financed, built, and operated it; the problems they met, the progress made under difficulties, the motive power used, and practically everything else of interest you would want to know about a railroad—up to 1909, when it was taken over by the Soo Line.

An appendix of 35 pages throws additional light on the WC, especially its motive power, including nine pages of rosters with specifications. Also biographies of WC men, details of corporate structure and construction record, and some interesting old rules, such as:

"Standard time is the clock in the train dispatcher's office at Milwaukee. . . . Conductors and engineers will always allow five minutes for possible difference in watches."

Mr. Martin's work has value beyond its local appeal, because, in a way, the WC life story symbolizes all of railroading. We predict a fairly big demand for *History of the Wisconsin Central* from libraries, historical groups, educational institutions, and railfans. The book sells for $1 to R&LHS members, $2 to others. It is obtainable from the Society's headquarters in Baker Library, Harvard Business School, Boston, Mass.

* * *

OTTO KUHLER, 136 Liberty St., New York City, has just issued a 19-page reprint of official proceedings of the Nov. 20th, 1940, session of the N. Y. Railroad Club, embodying an address he delivered on, *We Streamlined! Now What?* with several illustrations. The brochure deals with modernization of railroads, passenger equipment, stations, facilities, etc., and points out further needed improvements. Copies will be sent to railroad company officials writing to the above address. It is not, however, a publication for fans.

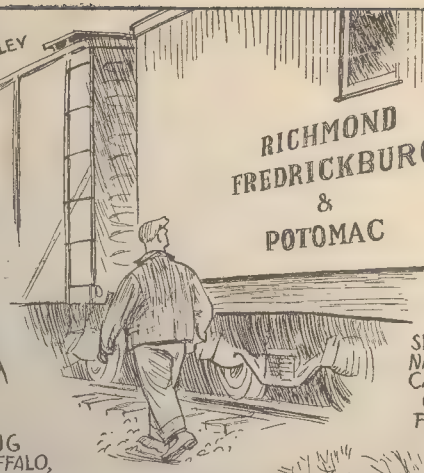
*Photo by John Gibb Smith, Jr., 6701 N. 12th St., Philadelphia, Pa.*

**Cincinnati-Built Car of Old Trenton-Princeton (N. J.) Traction Co., with Brill Trucks**

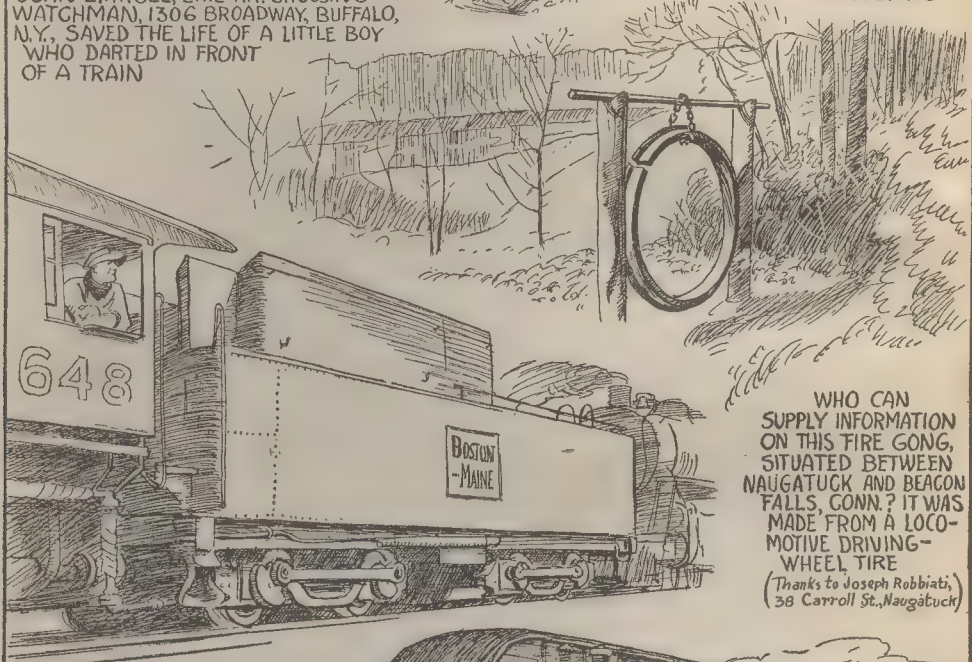
# ALONG THE IRON PIKE

by JOE EASLEY

WON CARNEGIE MEDAL. JOHN L. KROLL, ERIE RR. CROSSING WATCHMAN, 1306 BROADWAY, BUFFALO, N.Y., SAVED THE LIFE OF A LITTLE BOY WHO DARTED IN FRONT OF A TRAIN



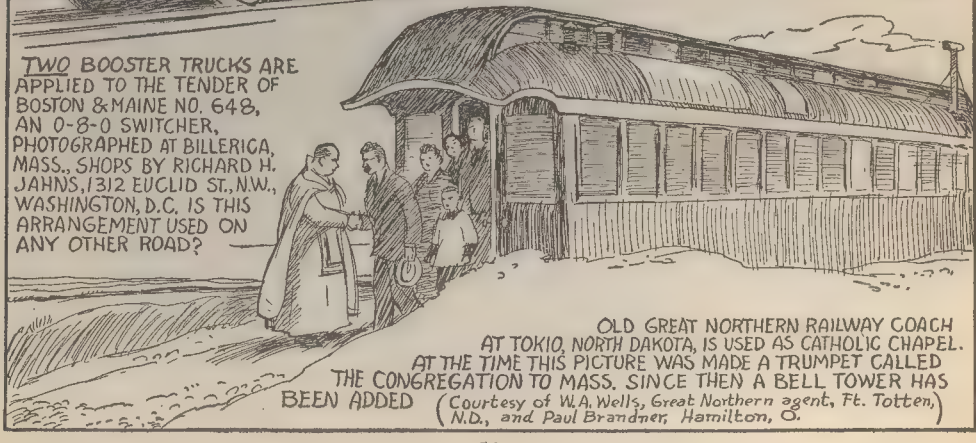

SHARP EYES OF RICHARD ELLIS, MONTCLAIR, N.J., CAUGHT A MIS-SPELLING OF THE ROAD'S NAME AS PAINTED ON CABOOSE NO. 5002 OF THE RICHMOND, FREDERICKSBURG & POTOMAC




WHO CAN SUPPLY INFORMATION ON THIS FIRE GONG, SITUATED BETWEEN NAUGATUCK AND BEACON FALLS, CONN.? IT WAS MADE FROM A LOCOMOTIVE DRIVING-WHEEL TIRE

(Thanks to Joseph Robbiati, 38 Carroll St., Naugatuck)

TWO BOOSTER TRUCKS ARE APPLIED TO THE TENDER OF BOSTON & MAINE NO. 648, AN 0-8-0 SWITCHER, PHOTOGRAPHED AT BILLERICA, MASS., SHOPS BY RICHARD H. JAHNS, 1312 EUCLID ST., N.W., WASHINGTON, D.C. IS THIS ARRANGEMENT USED ON ANY OTHER ROAD?



OLD GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY COACH AT TOKIO, NORTH DAKOTA, IS USED AS CATHOLIC CHAPEL. AT THE TIME THIS PICTURE WAS MADE A TRUMPET CALLED THE CONGREGATION TO MASS. SINCE THEN A BELL TOWER HAS BEEN ADDED (Courtesy of W.A. Wells, Great Northern agent, Ft. Totten, N.D., and Paul Brandner, Hamilton, O.)

*Photos on Pages 54, 57, 58, 59, 61, 63, 64, and 66 by Pettus Kauffman*

Our Author, Herbert G. Monroe, Ready to Ride the Newly Repaired 1408 over the "Rat-Hole" Division from Chattanooga, Tenn., to Atlanta, Ga. "Kid" Sitton Is at the Throttle of the Big Green Pacific Whose Principal Specifications Appear Below His Cab Window. Observe She Is Assigned to the Southern's Atlanta Terminal, Is of the Ps (Superheated) 4 Class, Has 73-Inch Driving Wheels, 27-28-Inch Cylinders, and a Tractive Effort of 45,000 Pounds

# Checking 90,000 Engine Parts

## *Shop Crews Contribute to the Safe and Speedy Performance of the Southern's 1408*

By HERBERT G. MONROE

Ex-Brakeman, Southern Railway

DOWN in the dark Atlanta terminal, she's just put in her green-and-gold appearance—Pacific type *1408* of the Southern Railway. As she stands there with her airpumps champing, and heat-vibrations dancing curiously above her stack-comb, a hostler swings up through the gangway.

He gives a quick look over his shoulder at the thirteen *Florida Sunbeam* Pullmans strung out behind; then booms a cheery "Howdy" at Hogger J. M. "Kid" Sitton and his colored fireman, George Baker.

"Well boys," he drawls, "I see you're right on time. No need to ask if the old girl's been behaving."

"Sweet as a daisy," replies the engineman as he picks up his valise. "Best piece of motive-power on anybody's railroad."

"Sho is a high-born lady," appends George, with an owlish roll of the eyes. "I 'clare, if dese runnin' boards was tilted up, she'd take right off an' fliah!"

A moment later, Sitton hands the hostler his trip-report and slides down the handrails to the ground.

Let's cross the deck to George Baker's deserted seatbox, and ride the ninety-thousand-dollar giant out to the North Avenue roundhouse, where she gets her groomings between runs. On the way, we've got time to acquaint ourselves with a few of her salient characteristics. Built by Alco in 1928, she's a veteran of Florida service, normally operating between Chattanooga, Tennessee, and Atlanta, Georgia. She has 27x28-inch cylinders, and Walschaert valve-motion. Her grate area is 70 square feet and her steam-pressure, 200 pounds. Fed by duplex stokers, she chews up the better part of seventeen tons of coal between terminals and makes one stop for water at Rome, Ga.

Approaching the enginehouse, the *1408's* first halt is at the washing pit. Here a solution of kerosene and hot water, under tremendous pressure, is sprayed over her. This cuts the grease and leaves her working parts almost spotlessly clean. It aids, too, in locating possible defects.

While the *1408's* face and hands are being washed, two colored boys are shaking the grates and raking out clinkers. Then the engine is moved to the cinder pit and the ashpan is opened. A helper floods it with water, washing the ashes into a four-wheeled car beneath the tracks.

In December of 1938, Major Bennet, a colored hostler's helper, was raking a fire on a cinder pit. His watch-chain caught a button on his jumper sleeve and his fine Hamilton was jerked into the firebox.

The watch was Major's most prized possession, and for the next few seconds the air was full of a colored gen-

tleman doing things and going places. He grabbed for the shaker bar and tipped the grates, dropping the timepiece into the ashpan hopper. Then he sprawled from the gangway and dove into the pit, clawing through the ashes until he found his beloved timepiece.

Believe it or not, it was still running, and the only harm done was a broken crystal.

THE *1408's* next stop is the coal chute. After that, her sand dome is filled to its full 500-pound capacity. Too, there is a stop at the water plug.

The hostler next moves the big passenger-hauler across the turntable and into the house, spotting her stack under the smoke duct. He turns Engineer Sitton's trip report over to Roy Jones, a typical roundhouse foreman—stocky, aggressive and with years of experience behind him.

A roundhouse clerk records the trip report. Jones, for his part, fills out a daily engine-report sheet and puts it in a tin holder with the hogger's notations. He hangs the holder on the pilot of the *1408*.

Later, every inspector will check defects on the daily report sheet. Each of the mechanics who makes specified repairs signs his name beside his own particular job.

In the case of the *1408*, Engineer Sitton has written: "Pack throttle stem. Set pops—lift at 195; seat at 193. Feedwater gage not working properly."

To pack the throttle stem, the *1408* must be blown of all steam, as the boiler is wide open when the throttle gland is removed. Four sets of packing are required. This job will be done after the routine inspection.

Engine Inspector A. H. "Big Chief" Summers, carrying a flashlight and a hammer, now approaches the *1408*.

To better understand the tremendous task that engine inspection involves, it may be pointed out that a modern locomotive is made up of something like 90,000 parts, every one of which comes under the eagle eye of the inspectors. Not a detail escapes them, for engine failure due to carelessness is an unpardonable sin.

To the layman, a locomotive bulks large in the scheme of things. Relatively, the marvel is that so much has been consolidated into so small a space. The *1408* is as compact as a watch, for we must remember that here we have a boiler capable of generating 3,500 horsepower, the equivalent of two steam engines, an electrical plant, an automatic stoker, an air pump, a feed-water pump, automatic train-control unit and a vast number of other devices.

All of these have been crowded into a space ninety-two feet long, eleven feet wide and fourteen feet, nine inches high.

Big Chief Summers begins his task on the *1408*, while a man called a "tigger" follows up, tightening any loose nuts. If a nut or bolt has to be replaced, it is marked with a piece of chalk or the point of the hammer.

These, the inspector makes a note of. Such repairs are written on the form on the pilot. At the same time, yellow slips are filled out and dropped in their respective boxes for the particular mechanic whose duty it is to attend to that work.

With all of the tapping that Summers is doing, one would naturally come to the conclusion that he depended largely on his ears to detect flaws. On the contrary, it is more a delicate sense of touch. We are told that J. H. McWaters, engine inspector at the Inman Yards, uses a little toy-like hammer scarcely weighing four ounces. With

Colored Helper Carlton Jones Holds a Light for Boilermaker T. J. McDevitt, Who Is Riveting One of the 1408's 1800 Firebox Staybolts while . . .

. . . at the Other End of the Barrel, Framed by the Steam-Pipes, Boilermakers Ben Harris and W. H. Edwards Roll Flues to Insure a Water-Tight Fit Between Them and the Front Tube-Sheet

his forefinger stretched along the pencil-size hickory handle, and almost touching the head, he goes over nuts and bolts swiftly but surely—never missing that faint vibration that spells fault.

Forty years under the same roof with thundering pops, pounding pumps and screeching blowers has, naturally, somewhat affected the hearing of Big Chief Summers, but in all of this din his hammer tells him secrets of the *1408's* intricate mechanism with uncanny accuracy.

BOILERMAKER Inspector C. B. "Kingfish" Householder has another responsible job. With his helper, T. B. Johnson, he must check the eighteen hundred staybolts in the *1408*. He works with lightning speed, and unlike the engine inspector, depends on both sound and feel. The Kingfish's hammer is iron. He explains that steel hammers "ring."

B. M. Himes, electrician inspector, checks the wiring; the headlight, gage lamps and train-control unit. The latter receives particular attention, for it is

To Test the Receiver of the Automatic Train Control Mechanism, Electrical Inspector B. M. Himes Uses Two "T" Shaped Steel Instruments. The Larger One Should Sound a Warning Whistle in the Cab and Apply the Brakes, when Held Four Inches Away from the Magnets. The Other, Having Less Volume, and Representing a Small Scrap of Metal Which Might Possibly Be Found Along the Right-of-way, Must Register No Effect Upon the System

Boilermaker Inspector C. B. Householder Is About to Follow a Shovelful of Cinders Out of the Smokebox. He and His Assistant, T. B. Johnson, Jr., Work with Lightning Speed—They Have to

one of the most important of railroading safety-devices.

This electric brakeman operates in conjunction with the automatic signals. If anything should go wrong in fog or storm, or if the man at the throttle failed to see the dull glimmer of a red light, a small arm beside the rail would establish contact with the train-control mechanism, sounding a warning whistle in the cab. A moment later, the brake-valve would go into action, bringing the train to a quick stop.

The electrician inspector checks the train control "receiver" with a gage to make sure that it is at exactly the right distance from the rail. Otherwise it might be fouled by some object beside the track and stop the train needlessly.

The pipe inspector, in his turn, appears beside the *1408* and begins tapping the pipes, to make sure they are tight. He tests for leaks around all connections, using the flame of his torch.

Meanwhile, the boilermaker inspector has concluded his task. This time there is nothing to be done in the firebox of the *1408*. However, if there had been leaking staybolts or flues, the fire would have been shaken out on the pit and he would then have been observed tossing a

*Photo by Staff Photographer, Atlanta Journal*

**Householder Is Apt to Put in His Appearance Most Anywhere. To Keep from Being Broiled to a Crisp in a Hot Firebox, His Formula Is to Wear Plenty of Heavy Clothes**

plank or two onto the grates, to make a platform which would permit him to crawl into this hell-hot inferno to determine what work must be done. A man has to be leather-skinned to go into that sizzling oven, but these bullies are tough.

Let's suppose that Engineer Sitton had reported a burned-out grate bar, as happened to a Birmingham Mountain-type locomotive not long ago, when she was just about due to go out on the road. In that case, they would clear one side of her grates, leaving a fire on the other half. In goes our repair man and does the job, and no questions asked.

THE airbrake inspector now looks over the air-pump, air-reverse, brakes and brake-rigging. He examines "Wright's little watchman," a lever that rides between the axles of the pony wheels, and sets the brakes should the truck be derailed.

A machinist looks over the stokers. Another specialist attends to the feed-water pump and a carpenter comes out of the grimy depths of the house and casts an eye over the *1408's* woodwork.

Underneath, a Negro is working with a bucket and waste and grease sticks. He examines the engine trucks and driving boxes. Another attends to the lubricator, checking and filling it. Pin-grease is forced into the rods and valve-gear bearings.

And so it goes. A dozen or more experts tap, poke and thump the *1408* from pilot to tender. All repairs are at last completed. Roy Jones checks his

Grease-Monkey Roy Mangham Gives the 1408 a "Shot in the Arm." The Lubricating Machine Forces Pin-Grease into the Rod and Valve-Gear Bearings. 16 Pints of Oil, in the Locomotive's Own Automatic Lubricator, Keep Moving Parts Running Cool for a 300-Mile Trip. All the Engineer Has to Do Is to Oil the Shoes and Wedges and the Slack Wedge Between the Engine and the Tender

*Photo by Staff Photographer, Atlanta Journal*

Beauty Treatment for a Southern Gal. The 1408 Will Be as Clean as a Whistle when These Boys at the North Avenue (Atlanta) Wash-pit Get through with Her. They're Hosing Down the Undergear with a Mixture of Hot Water and Kerosene. Jetted Under Tremendous Pressure, It Removes All Traces of Surface Grit and Grease, Sometimes Revealing Defects Which Would Otherwise Go Unnoticed. When an Engine Reaches the House, and the Inspectors Find Her Within the Law, She Can Be Serviced in Thirty Minutes

sheet to make sure that each job has been properly signed for. He removes the holder from the pilot, and the big Pacific is ready to go out and do her stuff.

On occasion, when the winter tourist rush has been on, our *1408* has come in, been swarmed under by inspectors, checked, serviced, okayed and sent back to the roaring road, all in a span of thirty minutes.

It's estimated that her annual servicing and repair bill, this year, will run around $12,000. That's a lot of money, you say. Well, the *1408* is a lot of engine and the routine attention which she receives at the end of her run is, after all, only a small part of her normal upkeep.

Brakeshoes are replaced every two weeks, and cylinder rings after about 6,500 miles. Then there are cylinder packings, remetaling of crosshead gibs; valve-motion repairs, and many other light jobs to be taken care of in the roundhouse machine shop.

There are also rigid demands set by the Federal Government, which requires monthly staybolt inspections. Faulty flues must be renewed and steam valves removed, ground and fitted with new rings and packing. Throttle-lever and rigging is inspected and the throttle-valve, itself, reseated.

Pops must be tested every 90 days and the cab valves are serviced three times that often. Too, Uncle Sam demands a boiler-wash, to remove mud and loose scale, each month.

**Rodman M. R. Oden Fits a Pin to a New Rod Bearing. If There's as Much as Three-Sixteenths of an Inch Play in the Entire Length of the Side-Rods, Roundhouse Foreman Roy Jones Looks for Worn Bearings**

THE Atlanta South Shops are among the largest and finest of their kind. They are in charge of tall, bespectacled General Foreman Edward G. Nabell.

Here, in the back-shop, the *1408* receives, from time to time, a general overhauling and rejuvenation treatment, for in this era of fast transportation, there are long runs at top-speed and the big locomotive has to turn in efficient performances always.

The G. F. tells us that the *1408's* record is excellent. She has had her feet on the ground only once, and then through no fault of her own. On that occasion, she was doing duty on the Greenville, South Carolina, Division, handling *Number 135*, a local varnish, with Uncle Bob Crenshaw and Fireman Bob Elrod as engine crew.

On September 3rd, 1937, the *135* was following hard on the heels of *Number 35*. A hotshot, upon being overtaken by the preceding train, pulled onto a siding near Courtney, S. C., to let both passengers pass. The hogger was on the ground doing some work on his engine when the northbound express went by on the double track. Somehow he got the impression she was *Number 35* and when that train finally did blast by, he mistook her in turn, for *Number 135*. He was just coming out onto the main when the brakeman swung a washout. Realizing that he had errored, the engineer in his excitement big-holed the Westinghouse, thereby fouling the high-iron.

Before he could pump off the brakes and get back in the clear, the *1408* had struck his left cylinder and both engines went into the ditch. The butterfly doors of the passenger locomotive popped open, and the cab was in such a

**Machinist F. M. Scott Guides a New Tire to a Freight Engine's Driving Wheel, with the Assistance of Negroes Grant Washington and Bill Hill. It Takes Two Hours to Heat a Tire; One Minute to Drive It Home**

*Photo by Staff Photographer, Atlanta Journal*

Only Once Has the 1408 Been in Trouble. That Was in 1937, when She Tangled with Mikado 4872 at Courtney, S. C.

position that it formed a pocket for hot water gushing from a broken pipe.

Badly burned, the crew was trapped. Bob Elrod finally managed to get the roof ventelator open and crawled out. When Uncle Bob failed to follow him, however, he went back and found that the engineer's jumper was caught on a rachet. Disregarding the escaping steam and scalding water, he freed it with great difficulty and got the hogger out. Sometime later, Elrod received a letter of praise from President Roosevelt and a bronze medal of honor.

As for the crippled *1408*, she was returned to the South Shops, which she had left three months earlier, after undergoing Class 2 repairs.

A LOCOMOTIVE is usually shopped at least twice a year. When the *1408* went to the back shop before the wreck at Courtney, her jacket had been stripped, all flues were removed, and she stood bare to her frame. She then received a new firebox, new flue-sheets and all of the minor fixings.

After the wreck, a new saddle and cylinder were added, along with repairs to her water-pump, running-gear, etc. All of which kept her in trim for another 43,000 miles of running before she was ready for an "X" repair at the roundhouse. This included dropping her wheels to refit driving boxes worn frontally by the steady pull of her rods.

Next item in her case history was a Class 5, or light repair job. This included turning down her tires, turning journals and refitting the driving boxes, with some minor repairs to boiler and machinery.

Tires are an ill-important item of our high-born lady's wardrobe, for these

Fire- and Water-Tender John Williams Builds a Fire in the 1408. The 5-Gallon Buckets Hold Wood Shavings, and the Small Container Is Filled with Waste, Soaked in Kerosene. John Covers the Grates with Eight Inches of Coal Before Shoveling in This Inflammable Tinder, Lights the Mixture with a Wad of Flaming Waste, and, Removing a Blower Plug, Attaches a Steam Jet. An Engine Filled With Cold Water Takes an Hour to Get Up Steam

steel-flanged rims take terrific punishment on curves. Those on the forward pair of drivers are particularly subject to stress, and require replacement in a third less time than other sets. When new, they are four inches thick and have serial numbers like those on your automobile. If they wear out before a designated mileage (usually 30,000) has been reached, the railroad trades them in on replacements.

Flanges, when new, measure one and one-half inches at the base. The government demands that when the lips wear to fifteen-sixteenths of an inch, the tires must be turned. This task is relatively simple. The big job is to get the drivers, themselves, out from under an engine. All rods must first be removed, together with the frame binders beneath the boxes. The locomotive is then lifted bodily from her wheels, in Southern practice.

IT'S November, 1940, when Miss Pacific *Number 1408* next returns to the shops, and Master Mechanic H. G. Stubbs reveals that she has piled up 52,000 miles since her last shopping—or, to put it more graphically, a trifle over 166 high-stepping miles each day for eleven months.

Everything is hustle and bustle now. The *1408*, along with several of her sisters is to get the works. For the holidays are coming, and with them, the big rush to haul shivering Northerners to the sunny clime of Florida.

You are shocked at the sight of the *1408*, and wonder how many parts the boys are going to have left over when they get her together again. Surely this can't be the trim lady who handles one side of the *Florida Sunbeam*.

Trailing a fleeting, grease-smooched individual, you finally catch up with Erecting Foreman Tom Lyons, and worriedly inquire about the terrible shape *1408* appears to be in. You are told that Master Mechanic Stubbs has checked the old girl's repair record with Ed Nabell and that they've called for a Class 4 job, which means that the following repairs must be made:

Boiler inspected and repaired; flues removed, cleaned, checked; flue sheets examined for possible cracks.

Firebox cleaned, inspected. All staybolts removed.

Petticoat pipe under stack renewed; new netting installed.

Exhaust end removed; joints ground.

Throttle-valve and check valves reseated.

Boiler fittings repaired.

Safety valves repaired and set.

Bottom frame binders renewed; closed, fitted.

Engine checked for loose or fractured bolts.

Wheels removed; tires turned; axle journals rolled; new hub liners installed; crank pins removed and replaced where needed.

Cylinders examined; new rings and packing put in.

Cylinder valves ground; new rings; rods ground; packing replaced.

Crossheads removed, repaired; new wrist-pins; gibs and bolts installed.

Main rods and side rods overhauled; new bearings and bushings throughout.

Driving boxes machined; new crown brasses applied; cellars refitted and packed.

Driving box shoes and wedges removed, lined, planed.

Spring rigging overhauled; new pins and bushings.

Air pump, water pump and feed pump repaired and new pins and bushings installed.

Engine and trailer trucks overhauled; wheels turned; journals rolled; cellars refitted and packed; stoker overhauled; tender repaired and wheels turned.

When these and other small repairs have been completed, the *1408* receives her new dress of light green with yellow trimmings. The drivers are painted black, with white centers and white tires. The edges of the running-boards, bottom frames of the pilot and pilot steps are also painted white.

What! A new Pacific? Well, practically. *1408* can take her proud place at the head of a string of Pullmans,

"Ask the Fellow Who Had Charge of Switching Last Night!"

now, and hold her head up with the finest of them.

BUT wait a minute. She's still as cold and lifeless as a dressed-up corpse. What she lacks is fire and live steam.

That will come soon. However, first there is a hydrostatic test. Hot water is used in a routine boiler wash, but never in a cold engine. The boiler is filled, therefore, with cold water—about 6,000 gallons—and the hydrostatic pumps are connected to the fill-up openings. They start to work, building the pressure to a point 25 per cent higher than normal. This is a test for strength and leaks.

So far, the *1408* is okay. Now a fire is started. Slowly, very slowly, the needle starts its crawl. Thirty-five pounds operate the blower; 40 will pull the generator and air pump; 60 operates the stoker and feed water pump; and 80 will move her out of the shop.

Men swarm over her. There are scores of tests and inspections. Then old *Maud,* a diminutive shop engine, couples on, bristling with importance, and trundles her away to the North Avenue roundhouse, for further tests and possible adjustments.

A crew is finally called for the "break-in." One hundred miles between the Inman Yards and Roseland, back and forth, bragging about her operation. This shuttling continues for several days, for an engine from the back shop must be handled carefully.

Next, the *1408* goes into freight service for a couple of trips. She knows, now, that the time is getting close. She's going back to the varnish, with every steel muscle as limber as those of a finely trained athlete.

And then, one morning, with white steam painting an exultant feather, she thunders out of Atlanta, coupled to the *Florida Sunbeam.* Three hours and thirty minutes later, they're chalking her down "on time" a-way up north in Chattanooga.

# Poems for Your Scrapbook

## Lonesome Whistle

A MAN can know his engine
And come to love her well;
He can thrill at the feel of the throttle
And grin at the warning bell,
He can tally each separate rivet;
Each clamping bolt and nut;
Yet she's bound to make him lonesome
When she whistles in a cut.

He can feel the power of her
And the pulsing of the steam;
He can sense each whim that makes her,
Know each check and boiler seam;
He can brag on how she handles,
Of her speed and smoothness; but
His face grows long and sober
When she whistles in a cut.

He can know the rails she runs on,
Every trip she ever made,
Every curve and switch and signal,
Where to brake or sand a grade,
Every viaduct or crossing,
Every fill and bridge and rut;
Yet she'll tune his heart with longing
When she whistles in a cut.

*—Elbert P. Rockwell*

## Pensioned Off

IT'S tough to know you're leavin' the line
And you're on the final run;
When the stations never looked as fine,
With friends in every one.
The whistle never piped as sweet
Blowed 'fore the crossin's seen,
And the drivers never turned as neat
Or the signals glowed as green.
It hurts inside when you say good-bye
To the seasoned and the new,
As they clasp your hand and meet your eye
With, "We're sorry that you're through."
For it won't be fun in an easy chair
With no clatter of wheels on rails,
With no screech of brakes or hiss of air
Nor trackmen's cheery hails,
Missin' the smell of the burnin' coal
And the piston's driven wheeze—
'Cause forty years can change a soul
To needin' things like these.

*—Elbert P. Rockwell*

## The Old Pay-Car

THE iron pike's changed a mighty lot
Since good old days gone by,
Most 'specially the section gang—
Regrets I'll not deny.

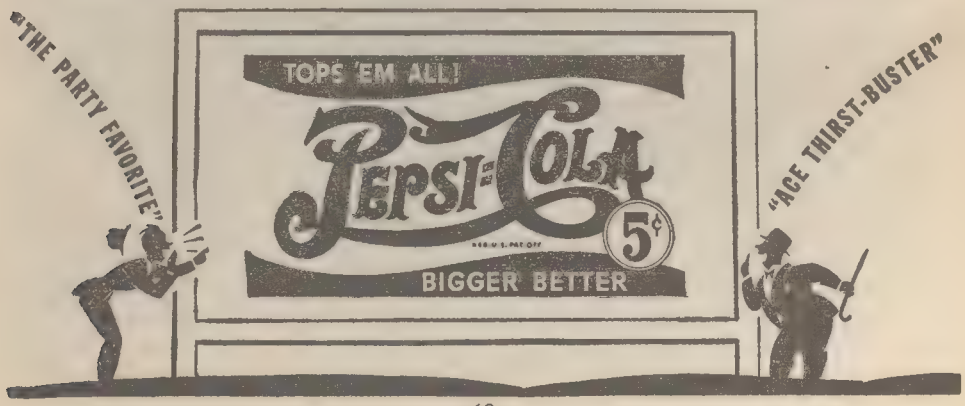
We fellers used to count th' days,
Like circus, when we knowed
Month's end would bring th' old pay-car
A-gleamin' down the road.

We'd drop our shovels and spike-mauls
And throw our chew away;
We'd laugh an' joke a little bit—
The pay-car's here today!

All that has changed and passed away;
They've got some new device,
Replacin' men and the old hand-car
An' does it mighty nice.

But in spite of all their gadgets new,
For repair of train and track,
I wish they'd kept the old pay-car
A-rollin' down the track.

*—Earle Franklin Baker*



Enlargements of Two Corner Cards. One Was Used by a Railroad and Freight Agent of the South Carolina Railroad. The Other Advertised the Fact That Grand Rapids & Indiana Engine No. 56 Ran 92,442 Miles with Main-Rod Bearings Manufactured by J. T. Wing & Co., Detroit

# Rail-Picture Envelopes

By WINTHROP S. BOGGS

ONE of the rarer hobbies is the collection of pictorial envelopes used by various railroad companies, locomotive builders, car builders, and the like. Present-day specimens of this kind are not hard to get, but those of bygone generations are few and thus more interesting.

In 1850, as you know, the railroads really began their rapid expansion, and by 1860 they had pretty well covered the eastern part of the United States and Canada with a network of lines. Coincidentally with this expansion, a small but most convenient invention came into general use—namely, the

envelope for enclosing letters, which hitherto had been merely folded and sealed with wax. Commercial interests, including the railroad companies, soon recognized the fact that the front and back of the envelope afforded a fertile field for advertising and publicity; and elaborate designs were developed for that purpose, some of them being works of art.

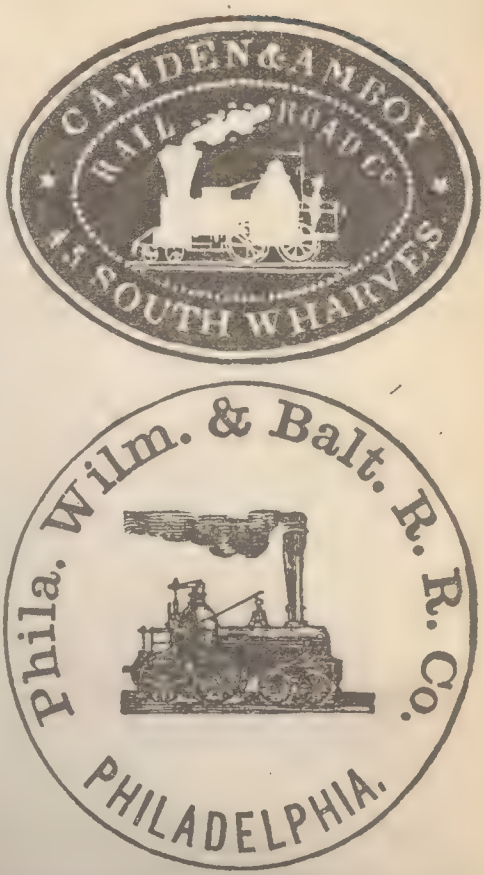
One of the earliest railroad company envelopes that has been brought to our attention is that issued by the Marietta & Cincinnati (now part of the Baltimore & Ohio System) in 1851. Its lithographed corner card shows a typical train of the period—three crude-looking passenger cars pulled by an eight-wheeled engine with an abnormally tall stack. Two years later the Louisville & Nashville was using on its stationery a picture of an even more primitive type of locomotive, having ten wheels, a low squat balloon stack, and no cab.

At about the same time, envelopes of the Philadelphia, Wilmington & Baltimore (now Pennsy) portrayed a train somewhat similar to that of the M&C, showing a volume of black smoke that no railroad official would tolerate today in any form of company propaganda. A couple of years later the PW&B changed its corner card to display a more modern-looking train.

In 1860, the pioneer, the South Carolina Railroad was using the entire face of its envelopes to depict a train and to indicate which official had sent the letter. This design was printed in gray so pale that the address would stand out clearly when written over it.

Another "first" railroad, the Camden & Amboy (now Pennsy) began using its envelopes for advertising in the early 1850's. It adopted blue oval framing a locomotive picture. An envelope of the same company dated 1861 shows a fancy scalloped red oval, within which we see an engine pulling a coach.

During the Civil War the railroad corporations took to using maps to acquaint shippers and travelers alike with their routes. For instance, in 1862, one envelope map delineated "The Central Railway of

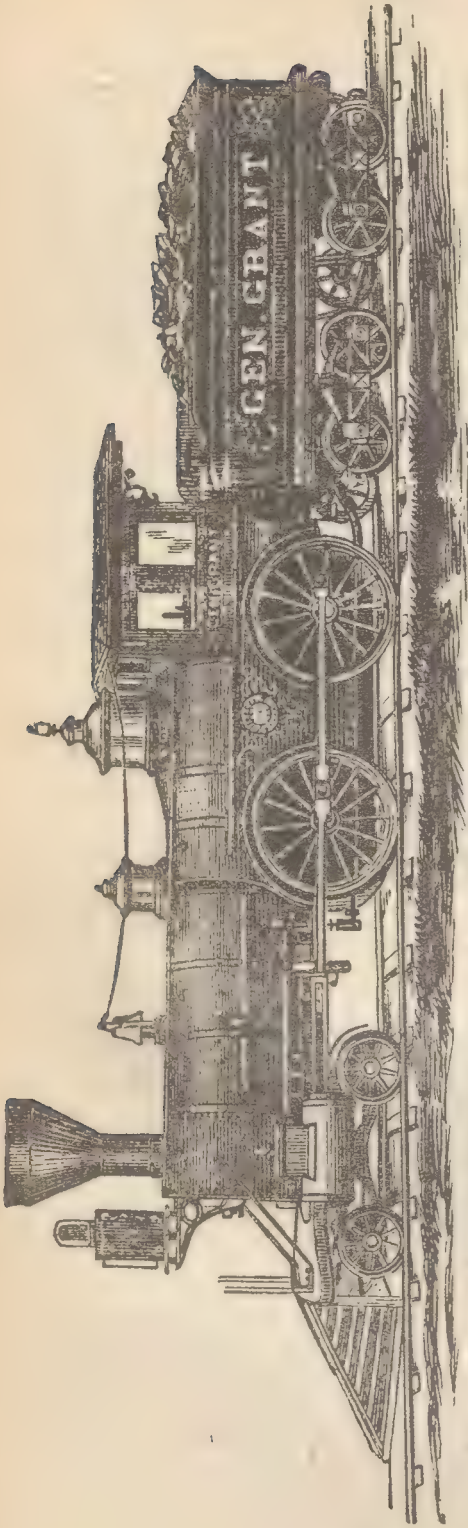



**Envelope Corner Cards (Enlarged) Issued by Two Companies Which Were Later Taken Over by the Pennsylvania Railroad**

N. J. and Connections.". Some map envelopes have become exceedingly rare and are much sought after by collectors, especially if they have gone through the mails. One such is a PRR "cover" issued about 1852.

Another example in your author's collection is an envelope of the Manchester Locomotive Works, Manchester, N. H., dated 1866, picturing a handsome 4-4-0 type locomotive, ornately painted, with a stack midway between the balloon and diamond varieties, on an ungraveled roadbed characteristic of the period. The name of this engine was the *Gen. Grant*—a tribute to America's No. 1 military hero.

This engine, we learn from Charles E. Fisher, president of the Railway & Locomotive Historical Society, was built for




Enlarged Corner Card of the Old Manchester Locomotive Works, Picturing One of the Four "Gen. Grant" Engines They Built

the Concord, Manchester & Lawrence Railroads—a name curiously derived from the fact that the Concord Railroad in 1850 leased the Manchester & Lawrence (now Boston & Maine). The *Gen. Grant* was delivered Aug. 3rd, 1865, being the 67th engine built by the Manchester Works, with 16x24 inch cylinders, 60-inch drivers, and weight about 60 tons. She was scrapped in 1892.

Manchester also built engines named *Gen. Grant* for the Boston & Maine, the Burlington & Missouri River, and the Central Vermont.

Until the turn of the century, the illustrated envelope was in general use—by many concerns, including those of the railroad industry—but this device gradually lost much of its popularity, due to the increase in other forms of publicity and to the tightening of Post Office regulations which limited the amount of material that could be printed on the face of an envelope.

The collection of these picturesque relics is an educational pastime. Your author, who lives at 671 Lincoln Ave., Orange, N. J., would like to hear from other readers who follow this hobby. The specimens illustrated here are owned by us and by Frank Bingham, Flushing, N. Y. Some choice examples of this art are too delicate for satisfactory magazine reproduction.

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## Boomer Freight Cars

**A STRING of empties creaking past**
**Means much of interest to me—**
**Those battered, weather-beaten cars**
**Spell mystery.**
**Locals and fast expresses must**
**On schedule, day and night, rely—**
**Timetables tell the hour exact**
**They're traveling by.**

**Freight cars are vagrants of the tracks;**
**Over many roads they wander,**
**Mile upon mile, adventuring;**
**Often, I ponder,**
**As rolling down the shining rails,**
**Old, but jaunty in their bearing—**
**Where have they been enroute? Whence have**
**They come? Where faring?**

***—M. V. Caruthers***

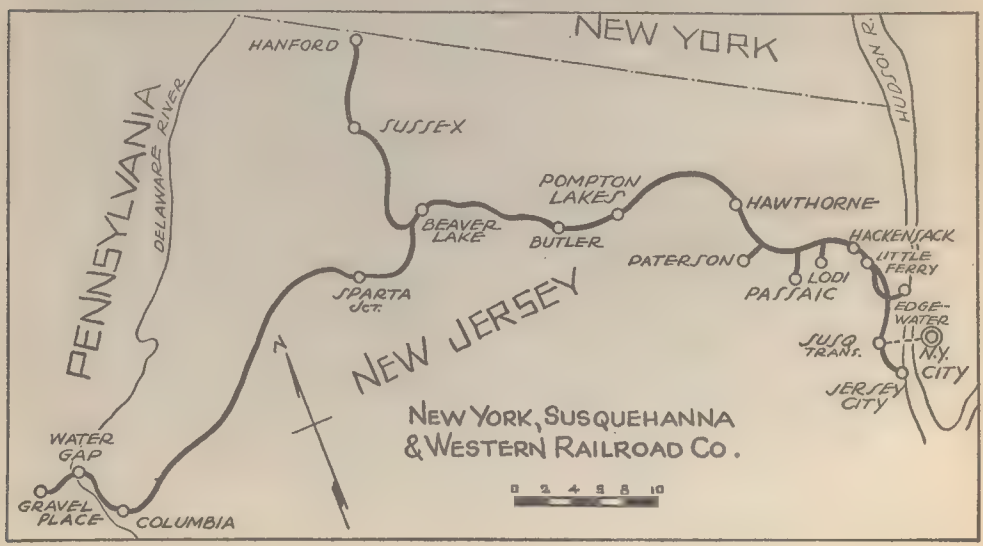
# Equipment of the Susquehanna (NYS&W)

*Photos from the Railroadians of America*

Officially on Its Own, After 40 Years of Erie Control, the NYS&W Is Blitzkrieging Paterson-New York City Bus Traffic with Two Streamlined Railcars, Each of Which Averages Over 300 High-speed Miles Per Day. Here Is Number 2001 Carrying White Flags at Beaver Lake, N. J., During the Course of an Inspection Run. The Decapod Behind Her Is the 2475

## Locomotives

| Class | Numbers | Cylinders | Drivers | Pressure | Weight Engine | Tractive Force |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| | | **0-6-0 (Six-Wheeled Switcher) Type** | | | | |
| B-5 | 69, 75 | 20x26 | 50 | 190 | 154,150 | 33,590 |
| B-6 | 101 104, 107 | 20x26 | 50 | 190 | 154,150 | 33,590 |
| | | **4-6-0 (Ten-Wheeler) Type** | | | | |
| G-15a | 963, 966, 969 and 970 | 21x26 | 68 | 200 | 185,210 | 28,665 |
| G-15b | 953, 960, 961 and 972 | 21x26 | 68 | 200 | 185,210 | 28,665 |



Gone Are the Yellow Diamonds from the Flanks of the 2514's Vanderbilt Tank. She and the 2539 Handle Heavy Commuter Trains, Made Up of Coaches Bought from the Erie and Repainted Maroon and Gray with Black Ends and Undergear

### 4-6-2 (Pacific) Type

| | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| K-1 | 2514 and 2539 | 22½x26 | 75 | 200 | 243,550 | 30,040 |

### 2-10-0 (Decapod) Type

| | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| J-2 | 2433, 2435, 2443, 2445, 2451, 2452, 2454, 2461, 2472, 2475, 2476, 2481, 2484, 2490, 2492 and 2495 | 24x28 | 62 | 180 | 197,900 | 51,500 |

*Note: All of these engines leased from the Erie. J-2 Class are Russian Decapods.*

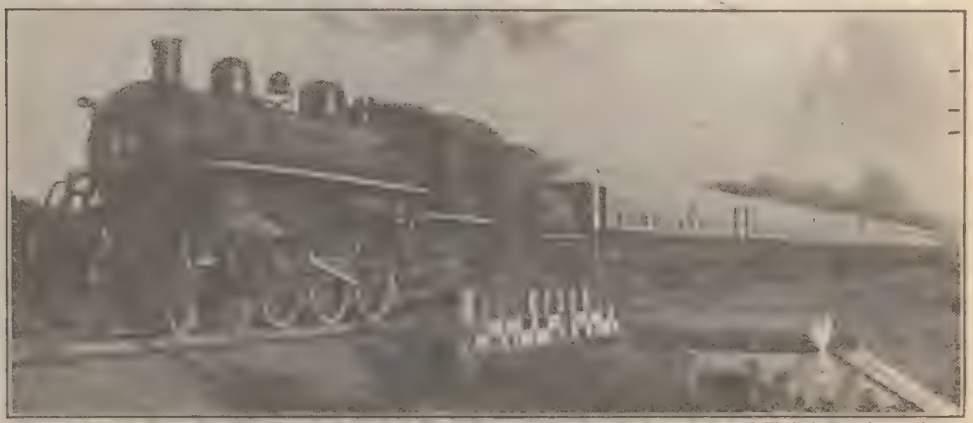
## Cars (Other than Freight)

| Coaches | Passenger Baggage | Mail Baggage Passenger | Baggage | Caboose | Gas Electric | Oil Streamliner |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 2000 | 850 | 639 | 135 | 0100 | 5012 | 1001† |
| through | 854 | 644 | 136 | through | 3001* | 1002† |
| 2074 | 855 | | 139 | 0109 | | |

*Note: All of this equipment leased from the Erie, unless otherwise noted. *Ex-Boston and Maine. †Purchased new. This roster was prepared from data supplied by the Railroadians of America. Coming: the Louisiana & Arkansas.*

Seven Chunky Little Ten-wheelers Keep Passenger Traffic Flowing During the Morning and Evening Rush Hours

Switching Engines Like the 101 Handle Heavy Coal Traffic through the Tunnel Under Bergen Hill to Edgewater Terminal, on the Hudson River Opposite 115th Street, N. Y. City



The 2539 at Speed with Train Number 910. Sorry We Don't Have the Official Explanation for the Placement of the Front Coupler on the Pilot Deck

*Photo by H. Tischler, 310 W. 106th St., N. Y. City*

2461 Is a Cabbage-cutter that Never Got to Russia. Susquehanna Tieups with the NYO&W at Hanford, N. J.; the CRofNJ at Green Pond Jct.; the L&NE at Hainesburg Jct.; and the Erie at Passaic Jct.; Yield Profitable Freight Returns

Even as a Tiny Youngster, Henrietta Was Happiest Around Railroad Tracks. She Was About Seven When This Shot Was Taken, with Her Father and a Train Crew, at Hibbing, Minn.

# Railfanette

## *Henrietta Carter Has Two Regrets: She Wasn't Born in a Caboose and Her Dad Isn't a Hogger*

WHO is America's number one railfanette? By that we mean, what girl or woman in this broad land shows the most spontaneous enthusiasm for railroading as a hobby, apart from a natural desire to please the husband or boy friend?

Perhaps the fairest way of answering this question is by a process of elimination.

First we'll consider the former Lois M. Patterson.

Lois, over a period of years, contributed a vast quantity of interesting material to *Railroad Magazine* in the form of letters, newspaper clippings, photos, and the like. Joe Easley often had help from her in preparing his page feature, *Along the Iron Pike,* while the yardmaster of *On the Spot* department has good cause to remember her with gratitude. In addition, the blue-eyed and keen-witted Lois carried on a voluminous correspondence with railfans all over the States and Canada.

Prior to her marriage to Paul Drueke last summer, L. M. P. was a strong contender for the railfanette championship title. But nowadays, as the devoted wife of a non-railfan and non-railroader, residing at 5112 Oakton Boulevard, in Skokie, Illinois, Lois finds less time than before to spend on her favorite hobby. Even so, she is still a railfan and maybe deserves the title; we don't know for sure.

We turn now to Miss Elizabeth O. Cullen. Elizabeth is reference librarian of the Bureau of Railway Economics, conducted by the Association of American Railroads in the Transportation Building at Washington, D.C. Connected with this bureau since 1917, E.O.C. has been reference librarian there for more than twelve years and has filled the position with outstanding success. A portrait of her was pub-

lished in *Railroad Magazine* last October, illustrating an article about the library.

Elizabeth Cullen has an enviable reputation. She is better informed on the history and technique of railroad operation than any other woman in the world. Besides assisting the editorial crew of *Railroad Magazine* with information on numerous occasions, she has contributed to *Railway Age*, railroad company magazines, *Locomotive Engineers' Journal*, and the famous *Bulletin* of the Railway & Locomotive Historical Society, Inc., of which she is a member.

"Surely," you say, "this record answers the question as to who is America's number one railfanette." Possibly it does; but the fact that Miss Cullen follows railroad research seriously as a life work, rather than as a hobby, raises some doubt as to whether or not you could classify her as a *railfanette* at all. It's a delicate point and we prefer not to give a final ruling.

Quite a number of women belong to the R&LHS, the Railroadians of America, the Railroad Enthusiasts, the Electric Railroaders' Association, and other fan groups, in addition to many women who, like Lois Drueke, are not on the roll of any fan organization; but none of them, we believe, is more actively a rail hobbyist in her own right than is Miss Henrietta Virginia Carter of 176 Hicks Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Henrietta, we understand, was the first person of her sex admitted to membership in the pioneer Railway & Locomotive Historical Society. She has only two regrets. One is that she was not born in a caboose or a Pullman car, or at least in a house by the right or wrong side of the railroad tracks; and the other regret is that nobody in her branch of the Carter family, so far as she knows, has ever come home with a railroad pay envelope. However, this pretty young lady with gray-blue eyes has done everything she could to offset those two deficiencies.

Even when she was a precocious kid in pinafores and pigtails, Henrietta took to railroading. One of the earliest volumes she read, aside from primary school readers and geographies, was *The Second Wonder Book of Railroads*, published in England. This piece of literature, rather than *Elsie Dinsmore* or *The Five Little Peppers*, became her constant companion and soon grew dog-eared from being toted around so

**Henrietta, Milkmaid in "Railroads on Parade," Found It No Easy Task to Balance Two Oaken Buckets on a Heavy Wooden Yoke. "I'm Glad They Were Empty," She Says**

much. One summer it disappeared. Henrietta created a most unladylike rumpus over its absence. But the influence of this volume had already moulded her way of thinking.

When Henrietta had reached the advanced age of seven years, she spent a couple of summers with relatives in Minnesota. It was there, alas! that her tomboy proclivities developed unmolested. Much of her time was spent in climbing trees and fences, playing baseball with the boys, and hanging around the railroad tracks. Her closest playmate was George Reynolds, son of a hogger on the iron-mine pike there. Henrietta's uncle, Gustave Jahn, was chief engineer for half of that great gash of rust-red ore that starts at Hibbing and continues for ten miles to Mahoning Location, where the Jahns resided at the edge of the pit, and where Henrietta got a new slant on railroading.

"There," she says, "I would stand and watch the long lines of ore cars being filled by huge derricks, and hear the shuddering blasts of dynamite, and strain my eyes for the dynamiter when he dashed for shelter in the nearest house of shiny corrugated tin. You can imagine my excitement, one bright day, when George's father invited me, at the tender age of seven, to take a ride in his engine cab—which I did, of course, blowing the whistle and ringing the bell like a veteran. It was a memorable event, my first cab ride.

"Memorable also was the time I was riding a hand-car at the mine on a Sunday afternoon and it jumped the track. Nobody was hurt, but I felt more than a little breathless."

That fall, when she returned to the rather dignified Friends School she was attending in Brooklyn, Henrietta let loose some roundhouse jargon that must have disconcerted her gentle teachers. And as she grew older, she became worse instead of better, to the despair of her parents, riding all sorts of railroad equipment at each available opportunity in a manner not exactly becoming to a young lady. Her brother John, born when Henrietta was eight, came under her sway and gradually developed into a rail fiend like herself. There was no stopping them. As they grew up, they went railfanning together.

"I wish I could tell you how many fantrips we took," she says, "and how many railphotos and scrapbooks we made, and how often we climbed in and around engines and cabooses, engaging the enginemen and trainmen in conversation, and thus acquiring a first-hand knowledge of what makes the wheels go around."

In 1937, Henrietta broke a precedent in the Railway & Locomotive Historical Society, oldest and most conservative of railfan clubs, by applying for membership in the all-masculine body and actually being accepted, no doubt with misgivings on the part of worthy officials. Even today she is the only female member of the New York Chapter, although there are five others of her sex, including Miss Cullen, in the organization as a whole. Later on, Henrietta broadened her scope by joining the Railroad Enthusiasts also, being the only woman signed up in both groups.

Says she: "I am proud of my memberships in the two societies. When I started attending the meetings I was usually the only woman present. Today, I am glad to report, there is usually a rather healthy showing on the distaff side at these sessions. Fellow members have told me they were able to persuade their wives or girl friends to attend the fan meetings or go on trips by informing them, 'Henrietta will be there.' "

On one occasion Miss Carter was cautioned about restricting her rail-hobby activities. She had gone to the Lackawanna shops at Kingsland, N. J., had donned a pair of overalls and an old shirt, and had assisted a group of R&LHS men in scraping and cleaning an old abandoned engine, the 952, which had been donated to the Historical Society for preservation as a sort of museum piece.

"The overalls," she explains with a smile, "were leftovers from my artist colony days. Having studied art for years and having seen many women artists in

overalls and pants, it never occurred to me that I was doing anything out of order by working on the ancient engine. The following day, however, a good friend of mine who carried considerable weight in the R&LHS, called up and asked me to come to his office. A bit mystified, I went there. He then told me that personally he thought it was a fine gesture for me to assist the boys in renovating the 952 but that the pants proposition had shocked some of the more staid members of the society, as well as certain railroad men; and that, besides, the Lackawanna officials were rather jittery for fear that something unfortunate might happen to me while doing such work. My R&LHS friend put the matter as tactfully as he could, but I sensed that I was theoretically being spanked for my audacity."

Two years ago Henrietta's hobby took an important turn. An old school chum

At N. Y. World's Fair: Henrietta on Pilot Beam of the "J. W. Bowker," former Virginia & Truckee Engine, Now Stored in the SP's West Oakland Shops

of hers was employed as secretary to Thomas Crowell, who was then publishing Edward Hungerford's *Men of Iron,* a history of the New York Central—which book, incidentally, Ed Samples consulted in gathering material for his novelette, *Vanderbilt Road.* Knowing that Henrietta Carter was a railfanette, the chum asked her for a list of fans to be used in promoting the sale of Hungerford's book. Henrietta supplied the list and expressed a desire to meet Mr. Hungerford, whose works she had been reading for years with lively interest.

A few weeks later she did meet him, being presented by Billy Gaynor, of the Central's advertising staff, at a dinner of the Railway & Locomotive Historical Society. The idea of an attractive lassie being so ardent over railroading must have tickled Hungerford, for he took occasion several times afterward to introduce her as "America's number one railfan."

Just about that time, Ed Hungerford was getting ready to stage *Railroads on Parade* at the New York World's Fair, on an impressive scale, and he decided to divert Henrietta's zeal for the steel highway into practical use. So he put her in the cast of that great pageant for the 1939 and 1940 seasons. This was Miss Carter's first theatrical venture, and she got a big kick out of it.

"It gave me," she admits, "a liberal education. The 1939 season was interesting enough. But in 1940 I had a wide variety of roles. I started out as barmaid in the 1829 scene at Honesdale, Pa., where the *Stourbridge Lion* made the first run of any steam engine on American soil. It was a gala set-up, but a lot of people weren't much enamored of my acting ability. They said that if there had been real ale in our tin cups, the poor customers would have gotten very little.

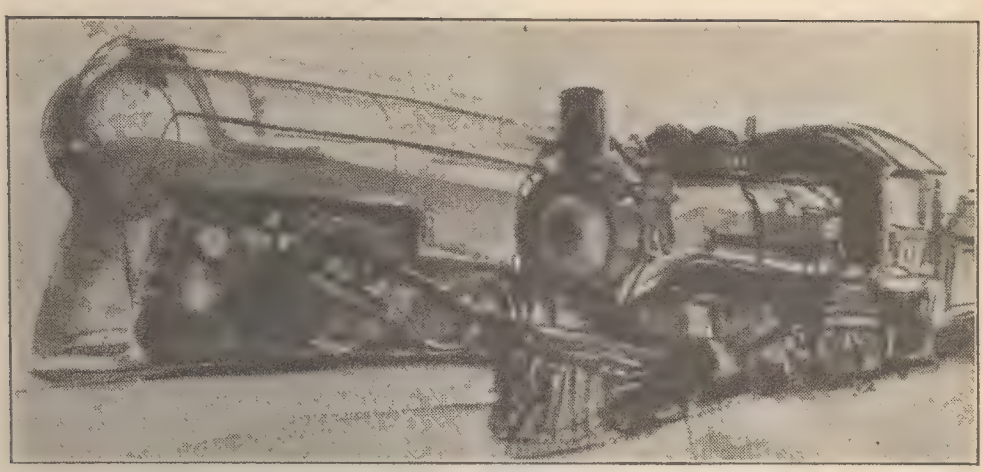
"Following that, I was a milkmaid in the B&O scene at Baltimore Md., in 1830, where the pioneer horse-drawn railway was replaced by the *Tom Thumb,* the *Atlantic,* the *William Galloway,* and other historic steam power. It was quite a task balancing the milkmaid's heavy wooden yoke with the two oaken buckets hanging on either side. I'm glad they weren't filled with milk.

"Next, I took the part of a courtesan in the wild, free, lawless days of the gold rush in early Sacramento, Calif. At the beginning of the scene I was supposed to lean out the second-story window of a frame hotel and throw a rose at a passing dandy, after which I would come downstairs and stroll over with him to the bar. But sometimes, on account of a high wind or a slight miscalculation, I would make a cock-eyed throw; and that would infuriate my partner no end. What he'd say to me when we met was plenty, but I would grin at him sweetly and the dear audience was none the wiser."

After that, Henrietta Carter appeared in the 1870 scene, as the wife of the same man who had played the role of dandy at Sacramento. This time they posed as a respectable couple. All they did was to walk the full length of the long stage—the world's largest stage, we believe—look at the station bulletin board for the Special, and then board one of the coaches.

"Next," says Henrietta, "I changed into a present-day brown suit and brown hat to strut around a modern terminal. Carrying an immense bag in this scene was my idea of toil. It used to get me down. A sore moment for me came when boys playing the part of porters would inquire, 'Porter, lady?' and reluctantly I had to shake my head. If one of them would get funny and ask *sotto voce,* what I had inside the huge suitcase, I replied acidly, 'My dear husband's torso.'

"In the finale of *Railroads on Parade* I portrayed a woman of the future, whatever that is. The great picture hat I wore proved quite a problem in windy weather. All in all, those two summers in the World's Fair pageant was the grandest experience I ever had, and more fun than a barrel of monkeys. Of course, we had our bad moments. Sometimes we played in severe cold, sometimes in pouring rain with damp costumes, often with coal dust



As an Artist, Henrietta Prefers Railroad Subjects. Above Is Reproduced a Watercolor She Painted at the World's Fair, Showing Two NYC Engines: a Streamlined 5400 That Pulls the "Twentieth Century Limited," and the Famous Old "999"

saturating the air—four performances a day, seven days a week. Yes, it was a heck of a grind, make no mistake. But I still say it was two glorious summers.

"I wrote an article about *Railroads on Parade* for *The Railroad Enthusiast* magagine, my first appearance in print. I was sorry when the Fair came to an end. Sorry to see the familiar blue-and-silver World's Fair station of the Long Island Railroad torn down, after more than 25 million passengers had passed through it enroute to and from the Fair."

The cast of *Railroads on Parade* numbered 250 men and women. There were stage hands, electricians, sound engineers, musicians, singers, and some genuine railroad men—engineers, firemen, mechanics —as well as the actors and actresses, not to mention fifty horses, oxen, wagons, coaches, and a dozen or so old-time locomotives operating under their own steam.

Back stage were wardrobes and dressing-rooms for men and women, a lunch wagon —picture Abraham Lincoln wolfing a hot-dog sandwich or throwing away a cigarette just before he entered the arena for a dramatic scene!—stables for the horses and oxen, heaps of coal for the little old engines, and railroad mechanics to keep them in good order.

"Yes, sir," says Henrietta, "we had a whole community behind the great stage."

Lucky were the few spectators who managed to slip in there and view the back-stage life: half-naked fellows and girls sprawled out for sun baths, players frantically putting on their costumes as they climbed aboard trains that would take them out in view of the public, performers in the garb of many periods filing in and out the lunch car, the inevitable cleaners at work, horses and oxen being fed and groomed. You might almost say there was more going on behind the wings than in front of them, intimate touches of life that only a handful of the multitude which occupied the grand-stand were permitted to witness. The grand-stand seated 4000.

The cast, according to Henrietta, was "a great bunch to work with." Her keenest thrill, she confesses, was the day when word went around that Daniel Willard, veteran president of the B&O, was watching the performance. As soon as the show was over, she slipped out of her costume and into slacks and hurried to the grand-stand to look at Mr. Willard at close range. Dan Willard was, and is, her greatest hero. Ed Hungerford noticed the girl standing around wistfully, and beckoned her over. "Want to meet Mr. Willard?" She sure did. The head of the big pageant introduced her to the famous ex-hogger, and

In a Costume Designed by Henrietta Carter, "Miss Vacationer" Greets C. S. Mitchell, Engineer on a New Atlantic Coast Line Train

Dan chivalrously kissed her on the cheek.

"I was so proud," Henrietta admits, "that I felt as if I never wanted to wash that cheek again."

On the same occasion she was presented to Frederick Williamson, the tall president of the New York Central.

"It was quite a field day," she recalls, "for one little railfan like me to meet two top-ranking rail chiefs in one day. The thrill was heightened by the fact that Mr. Hungerford, who introduced me, was the author of both Mr. Willard's biography and *Men of Iron,* a history of the Central. I had read both books."

After the Fair closed, Henrietta Carter returned to textile designing, which she has followed professionally for years. A few months ago she designed a costume for *Miss Vacationer,* so named for a new streamlined train put on by the Atlantic Coast line. The outfit was made of purple satin, with white collar and white cuffs, to match the color of the train itself. Miss Frankie Farrington of Miami, Fla., took the part of *Miss Vacationer* at a gala ceremony last December 2nd which marked the arrival in Miami of the new train, seventeen coaches powered by three Diesel-electric units, on its inaugural run with a load of winter vacationists who had left New York twenty-five hours before.

Just as we were going to press, word came that Henrietta had won second prize of $100 for a textile design in a national contest conducted by the Fairchild Publications, garment trade journals. Inasmuch as 890 contestants from 40 states were represented, with about 5000 designs, we are rather proud of H.V.C.

The versatile Henrietta is, perhaps, America's most popular railfanette. If you read E. S. Dellinger's novelette, *Smoke Orders,* in last October's *Railroad Magazine,* you met her as a fiction character. But Miss Carter is a very real person. You're likely to run into her on almost any railfan excursion out of New York City. Ten to one she'll give you a friendly smile. Sometimes she's clutching a camera, sometimes one of her railroad scrapbooks. On choice occasions, Gypsy-like, she is flaunting a railfan bracelet made from trainmen's uniform buttons, street-car tokens, a switch-key, and heaven knows what else—a fetching little novelty, unique and barbaric as Henrietta herself.

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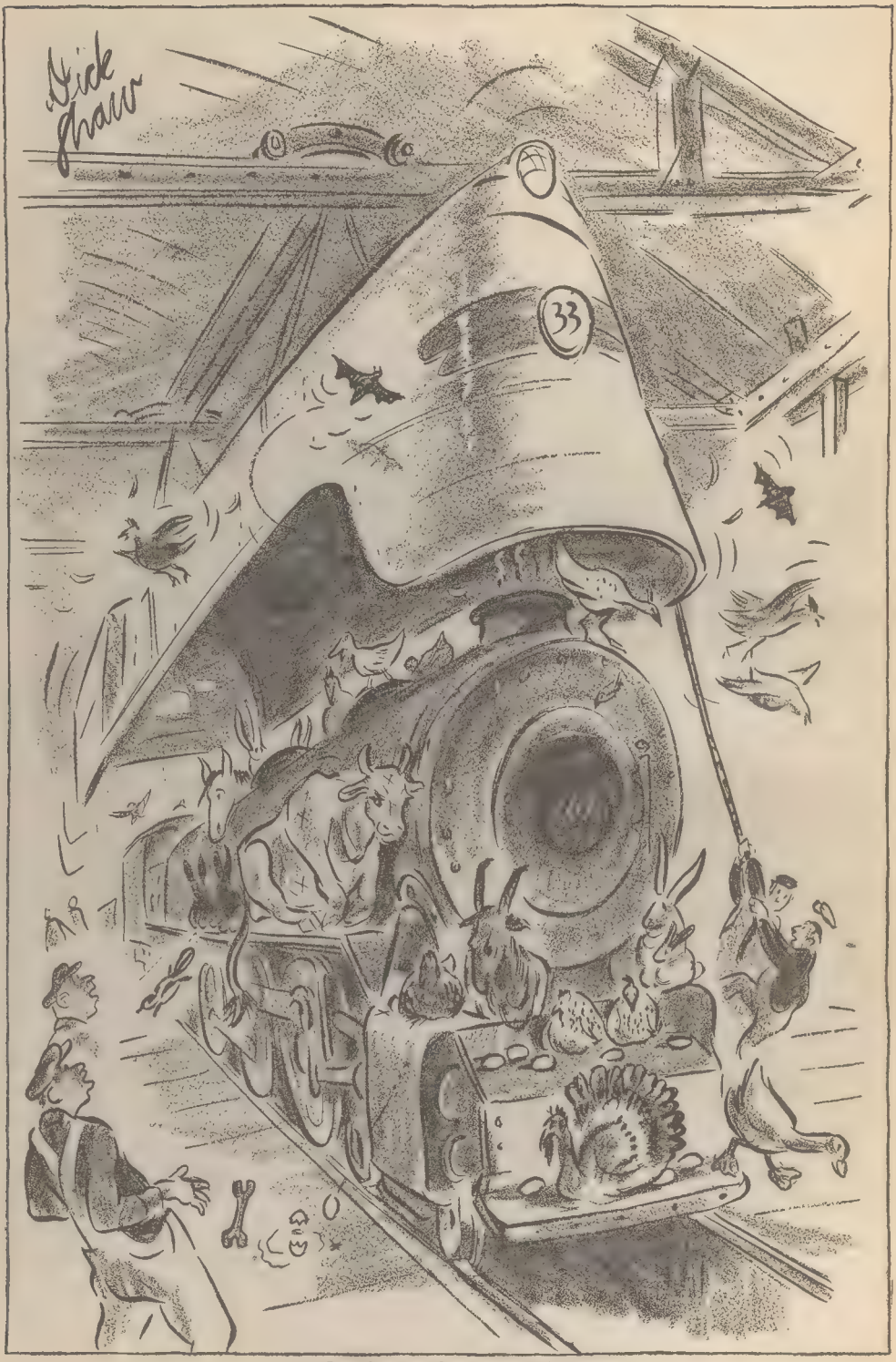
## Early Train

**SHARP gusts of wind and driving rain are hurled**
**Into his face as slow he climbs the heights,**
**Away from darkness in a sleeping world**
**And toward the ever-distant storm-tossed lights.**

**Reluctant night yields to an angry gray**
**While station lamps gleam wet upon the rails;**
**The proud express roars in along the way,**
**Secure against a thousand raging gales.**

***—H. Ford Oglesby***




**The Iowa Cornbelt-Liner**

# TRUE TALES *of the* RAILS

## Actual Happenings Told by Eye Witnesses

# Tug-of-War

By R. F. HOPSON

**Henry Robbs, Retired Missouri Pacific Hogger, 807 E. Main St., DeSoto, Mo., Supplied the Facts for This True Tale**

MIDNIGHT on the old Mississippi River; the warm and sticky midnight of June 23rd, 1901. River jargon mingled with railroad talk, while switching lanterns danced like fireflies along the dark, shapeless stone levee. Train crews, mudhops, "garden" officials and gandy dancers stumbled over the myriad tracks of the St. Louis terminal yards, eager to get ringside seats, so to speak, for the impending drama. Just off the shore, blunt-nosed ferryboats lined with spectators were jockeying for position. Nobody wanted to miss a good view of what was about to happen.

The men of the Iron Mountain Railroad were in a fighting mood. One and all, they were determined to prevent the Wiggins Ferry Company from building a right-of-way up the bare river front from Carroll Street to Choufeau Avenue, for the right to load cars on the ferry at this important crossing of "Old Man River."

Four hundred yards of busy track is a lot of steel to be bisected—a mess of switches and signals to keep tabs on—if a rival transportation company is allowed to cut through them. The Iron Mountain wanted no such problem on its hands. Terminal crews were more than willing to keep their right-of-way intact, because these men were paid five dollars per car for freight equipment switched and loaded onto ferries for river crossing. A ferryboat carrying twenty-two cars, let us say, meant quite a bonanza to the Iron Mountain men.

So the railroaders, one and all, were ready to fight for more than a mere sentimental attachment to the old iron pike.

It was 12:30 on a moonlit Sunday morning when engine No. 665 chugged into the yards, pulling several cars loaded with ties and with 300 husky railroad men. General Roadmaster Potter was in charge. His eyes narrowed when he found that the spur to the ferry landing was blocked by the Wiggins Company—*three* engines and several freight cars, all packed with determined river men!

"It'll take more than three hogs to stop the Iron Mountain!" he snorted; and ordered out an equal number of six-wheeled yard goats, numbered respectively 306, 309 and 503. All three steamed proudly into the fray.

The 306 and 309 were Rogers-built, with 19x22-inch cylinders, steam pressure of 140 pounds to the square inch, and 20,545 pounds of tractive effort. Number 306, built in 1881, had Engineer Wilson at the throttle. The 309, dating back to 1882, was handled by Engineer Ryan. The third switcher, No. 503, with Robbs on the right-hand side, was a powerful Baldwin, built in 1891, having lights in front and back. She had 17x24-inch cylinders, 140 pounds of steam pressure, and was capable of 16,507 pounds of tractive effort.

There wasn't much to be seen from Engineer Robbs' cab: bobbing lanterns, engine lights, the long slim gleam of curving rails. But there were sounds, many of them; and smells. Hot engines, the distinctive reek of lanterns, and the stench of river mud when a warm breeze came in from the east. With a cut of cars in front of the engines, Robbs and the others got a signal for the charge. Steam popped, wheels churned and spun; men yelled, and lanterns gave frantic high-ball signs.

Couplings clashed and grated, and cars lurched, as iron met iron. The Wiggins force maintained its position, matching steam pressure, momentum and tractive effort with the Iron Mountain. Neither side was gaining nor losing. Each held ground with wheels grinding and steam spurting.

Then, on the Iron Mountain tracks, lanterns gave a low half swing. As the Mountain warriors eased off, their "glims" bobbed up and down. Locomotives and cars moved back. But again came the high sign. Wheels slid on hot tracks as the monsters moved forward once more. Again a harsh clash echoed along the river. Both sides were stopped with wheels churning and stacks spitting.

Roadmaster Potter, watching the duel from his engine on a sidetrack, saw that more tonnage was needed to push the intruders from the right-of-way and allow his own crew to lay a track. He ordered out the mighty 599. Built in 1893 by Baldwin, this was a ten-wheel freight engine with 20x24-inch cylinders, 150 pounds of steam pressure, and a tractive effort of 22,254 pounds. Engineer Van Dyke sat commandingly at the throttle.

With this formidable reinforcement, the Iron Mountain men cheered their crew on to another charge. A Wiggins engine was pummeled until she reared and gave way. Slowly she was shoved toward the space where the river flowed, the plunging steeds of the Iron Mountain after her. A quick-thinking switchman threw a switch; and the Wiggins engine, which might have come to a watery and inglorious end, was ditched instead.

A great shout went up. Whistles from engines and boats screamed the news of victory. Roadmaster Potter, with his stout crew and their carloads of ties and rails, lost no time in following up his advantage by laying a track to the coveted objective.

Nearly forty years have passed since then. During that time all of the engines involved in the tug-of-war were scrapped, and the railroad itself has become part of the Missouri Pacific System. Of the engineers who took part, the only known survivor is Henry Robbs, a pleasant, alert and rather stout man of eighty, who furnished some of the facts for this true tale.

Robbs has been through many stirring events in his career of 46 years on the road; but the biggest moment of all, he insists, was the bloodless battle when the Iron Mountain men captured the old ferry landing. He would like to hear from other persons who witnessed this tug-of-war.

# Hoodoo Number

By CHRIST RASMUSSEN

TROUBLE was, back in 1888, the road was known by two different names: East of the Sierras she was called the Central Pacific and west of the big hump, the Southern Pacific.

The use of two names for the same road raised plenty of hob in the paper work, and on at least one occasion real trains got scrambled up on account of it. In fact, a locomotive on that pike gave me the permanent part that I wear in my hair. For all of my eighty-two years, I'd have a pretty fall crop there right now, except for the infernal scalping party arranged by the CP-SP on February 6th, 1888, at a point about one mile west of Gold Run on the California side. Gold Run was a way point on the Espee's Sacramento Division a little more than halfway between Sacramento and Truckee. Truckee was then the division's western terminal; from there on east she was Central Pacific.

The Espee at that time was short of almost everything needed for good railroading—short on engines, short on sidings, just about all out of signals, and plenty low on telegraph stations. As I remember it, the only night offices on the "Sacto" Division were at Truckee, Blue Canyon Summit, Colfax, Rocklin, and Sacramento. About all that the Espee did have enough of was short curves, steep grades, and single track—with too many rocks on top of the rails and not enough underneath them.

I was making my last run as fireman on Central Pacific passenger train No. 4—Mike McNamarra, engineer, and Johnny O'Connor, conductor—when the Cee Pee's paper troubles got tangled with the Espee's, and consequently it was some time before I got my promised promotion to running my own engine.

Westbound No. 4 pulled into Truckee one hour and fifteen minutes off the advertised. Our crew took over, with orders to do our best to make up what time we could. They gave us a "running late" order, which allowed only station-to-station clearance. Because there were so few night offices on the road, that flimsy was little more than an official "smoke order" to run through the blustery, wet night from Truckee to Blue Canyon Summit.

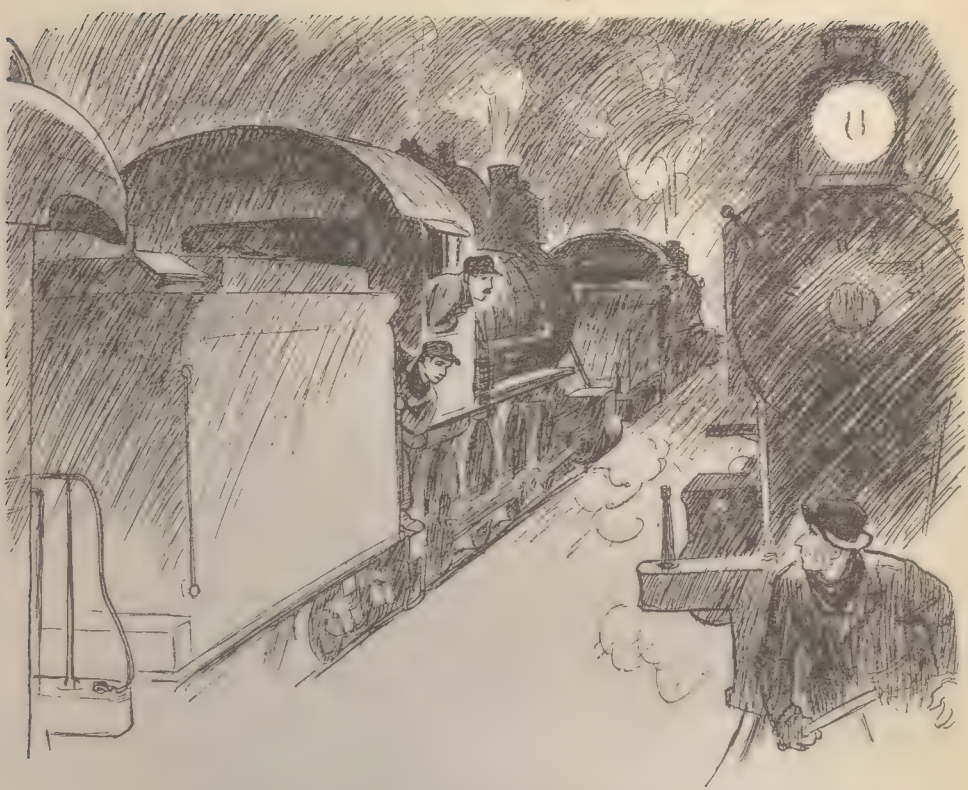
My engine, the C P 225, was coupled on next to the train. Ahead of us was coupled the C P 70, with old George Hoodley pulling the throttle and a young fellow named George Walker as tallowpot.

From Truckee to Blue Canyon it was 'ball the jack ("run to beat hell") all the way, doing our best to make time on the steep grade, while No. 70's oil headlamp bored a hole into the sleet three shades darker than a blackboard.

At Blue Canyon we picked up another order that read, "Meet Twenty-three at Gold Run." So we went on over Blue Canyon Summit and started down the other side—running at a fairly good clip, considering the weather—into a way point called Shady Run. And then our troubles began, for there we saw a headlight at the bottom of the grade!

It gave us the willies, all right. We had no such thing as automatic air in those days, and clubbing down a "string of varnish" on a descending icy track wouldn't be anything you might mistake for a picnic. But as we rolled and kinda slid down on her, we saw that everything was all right. The train was in the hole waiting for us—but we didn't even know what train she was supposed to be.

McNAMARRA eyed her as we pulled alongside and I heard him sing out: "That's Twenty-three! What's she doing here?"



I Spotted Her Number on the Steam Chest, and 23 She Was

Of course, I was giving her a good going-over, too. I spotted her number on the steam chest, and 23 she was. You see, in '88 our locomotives weren't wearing headlight discs—at least, on this division they weren't. Lit-up train numbers were still something to be hoped for, and extras ran without flags. So what we had to do was to look sharp, read the number off the side of an engine, and try to agree on what the number looked like.

It seemed funny to us. We consulted our order again, but it still read the same: "Meet Twenty-three at Gold Run." This place, you remember, was *Shady Run*. But if they wanted to run a railroad that way, there wasn't very much we could do about it except to keep our eyes peeled for another headlight—just in case somebody *had* slipped up.

Between Shady Run and Gold Run we took it easy, all set to hole her if we saw a headlight. Nevertheless, the track was all ours, until we came 'round the bend into Gold Run.

As our passenger rolled into Gold Run we caught sight of another train drifting on down into the siding about three hundred yards on the other side of the station. All of us looked her over and made her out to be No. 23! Just to be real sure, old George Hoodley got off his engine and walked out through the brush to get a good look at the number. Yes, 23 she was! This was our "meet," all right; but on account of the other 23 we had met at Shady Run, old George decided to hike to the rear and confirm the order with the brakeman and Johnny O'Connor.

We know that George went back; because both engine crews were stony broke, and George was pretty anxious to promote a soup card from O'Connor so we could all eat when we got into Sacramento. Well,

when Hoodley came back with the soup ticket, he gave us the good word and said:

"That's Twenty-three, sure enough, and that other one was Twenty-three, too. So I guess we'd better get goin'. Two twenty-threes should be enough for any Pike."

With both trains safely behind us, and our meet made strictly according to orders, we highballed out of Gold Run once more, still an hour and fifteen minutes late.

Out of Gold Run, Hoodley gave us a hand and worked steam to get her rolling at a good clip. You see, they used to doublehead east out of Rocklin over to Truckee; and rather than send a light engine over the single-tracked road, they'd let the helper lay over and go back at the head end of the westbound train, even though she really didn't need help. Thus, with both engines working steam, No. 4 got to stepping around thirty-five miles an hour in less than no time at all.

Another thing we didn't have in those days was auto-lubrication; so after we left Gold Run, I went out over the running board to oil up. I sat for awhile on the steam chest oiling up the valves and I figgered that young Walker, the new fireboy ahead on No. 70, would be doing the same thing along about in there. Well, I came back in and sat down to clean up my pot, when all of a sudden I glimpsed the biggest headlight I ever did see, a-cutting through the sleet toward us! Right then I jumped down on the deck to warn Mike.

But I never got that far. A mail-car came right on in through the cab, scalped me clean as a whistle, and pinned me up against the boiler head.

That damn train, working up grade at about twelve miles per, was *another Number Twenty-three!*

MIKE McNAMARRA was thrown clear out of the window, getting off with a few cuts and head lumps. The fellows in the mailcar that went through our cab were kinda knocked around and bruised. Jim Kelly, the fireman on the third No. 23, was badly scalded; and young George Walker, Hoodley's fireboy, crossed the River Jordan. As I sized up the situation, George must have been out on the steam chest working his tallowpot when we came together.

You ask, "What happened to Hoodley?" Well sir, he was hurt a-plenty in one spot where doctors just aren't any good; his hurt was *pride*. Did you ever see Santa Claus on a rainy, sleety, squally night when the wet had run all the red out of his suit into his white whiskers? Well, that's what Brother Hoodley looked like. He'd been tossed clear into a ditch running with snow-water. And as you may know, up here in the foothill country the earth is a rich cinnabar red. Hoodley ran around as mad as a hornet and wet as an eel, with his great puff of snowy white hair and his long white beard stained by mountain mud.

Pretty soon the Espee sent up a special from Colfax and took us all into Sacramento. I remember somebody chopping me out with an ax and taking me back to the cars for first-aid treatment.

That, I guess, is the whole story, except for the decision of the Board of Inquiry in the case of the *three* Twenty-Threes:

Firstly, they concluded it was "an understandable error" and no one was to blame. We'd followed our orders. We had met at Gold Run and had checked as best we could, considering there wasn't any night office at Gold Run and considering that trains weren't marked as they should have been—even in those days.

So when the board went into a huddle and put us all up for questioning, this is what they found out: The train we had met at Shady Run was CP Number 23; and being Cee Pee, it hadn't been listed on the Espee's train-sheet. The order we had received at Blue Canyon referred to SP 23—and in between the two was the joker that no one had listed. Neither the Cee Pee nor the Espee sheets listed the water-train.

And this joker that we had seen at Gold Run was engine No. 23 of the Virginia & Truckee Railroad. She had been borrowed for snowplow service and shoved into an unlisted short-water hop to make an "un-

derstandable accident" that couldn't happen again in a million years.

Three Twenty-threes all on the same division. Judas Priest, how's that for number trouble?

Well, this winds up my story. I am now living at Loomis, Calif., a few miles from the scene of the wreck. I'm retired now, after many years of Espee freight and passenger service. The incident you have just read was written for me by James D. Hall, 535 Sacramento St., San Francisco, exactly as it happened and exactly as I told it to him. I'm not very good at putting things down on paper myself. If any old-timer can match this rare experience with number trouble, the drinks are on me.

# A Peculiar Accident

By GEORGE L. RAYMOND

SOME thirty years ago, when I was pounding brass for the New Haven at Waterford, Conn., which was then the western end of the New London yards, I made a practice of standing at the window to watch trains entering my block.

In those days one of our crack passenger trains was the *Gilt Edge*, Nos. 25 and 26, running between Boston and New York, due through Waterford at 8.15 p.m. westbound and 8.25 p.m. westbound. On a certain night, after No. 25 had rung in on time, I stood peering out the window as usual. All signals were clear and the tower west of me had been unlocked for the passage of the eastbound 26. Number 25 approached the home signal, about two hundred feet east of the tower. At that point a trailing switch led from the westbound passing siding to the main line, and as the westbound *Gilt Edge* passed that switch I saw a shower of sparks fly from the second car. My ears caught an ominous thump and then a crash of wheels through the planking in front of the tower.

I knew something was wrong and threw back the lever of the starter signal. The train came to a stop half a mile west of the tower; but as she passed the main-line crossover, about a hundred feet west of the tower, I again saw the shower of sparks. Just then the eastbound *Gilt Edge* was rung into the block and I kept the signals against her, not knowing how much havoc had been wrought.

Grabbing up a white lantern, I rushed downstairs and out to the westbound tracks. There I found the planks cut up where the wheels had ground through them. The flagman of 25 was then on his way back. Train 26, finding the distant signal set against her, was creeping slowly toward the home signal and came to a stop.

Seeing that 26 had passed the other train and no damage had been done to the eastbound tracks, I returned to the tower and gave 26 clear signals. The eastbound *Gilt Edge* proceeded on her way. After she got by the tower, I went down again and met the flagman of 25. I told him that part of his train was on the ground, and we started along on the track to see what had caused the derailment.

Meantime, the conductor had walked back far enough to get within speaking distance and I explained what I'd seen.

He laughed. "There's no trouble with my train, Mr. Raymond," he said.

I told him to go back and look the train over, and if everything was all right he could call in his flag and proceed.

Then we continued walking east. Soon the flagman stumbled and fell on the ties. In assisting him to his feet, I found that I also was slipping. Examination of the ties disclosed that they were covered with blood and pieces of flesh. A little further along

we came to the dismembered carcass of a cow, strewn along the track.

Just then the engineer called in his flag. The brakeman left me on the run, and when he reached his train they started off. This move puzzled me, as there was plenty of evidence that at least one car truck had been on the ground.

Returning to the tower, I reported to the dispatcher that the track was damaged and they would have to use single track until it was repaired. Thereupon two section gangs, an electrician, and signal mechanic were sent out to make an inspection and repairs. After looking over the track, the foreman reported that a stray cow had been struck by the train and thrown against a signal pole. It had then rolled back under the train, derailing one or more trucks. The derailed trucks left the rail at a frog, continuing on the ground until they reached the crossover frog, and had then apparently jumped back on the rail.

At New Haven the car inspectors went over the running gear and reported the rear truck of the second car—which was a "blind" express car—and the front truck of the third car were smeared with blood and hair, but otherwise undamaged. Evidently the absence of any person in the car accounted for the fact that none of the crew knew anything about the derailment.

Before going off duty, I made a telegraphic report to headquarters, explaining the delay to trains 25 and 26. I heard nothing of the matter until about two weeks later, when I received a letter, signed by "Secretary to the President," saying it was the desire of the President that I be commended for prompt action in averting serious damage to train 25. I still have that letter among my keepsakes, but was never able to see how I averted any damage to the train.

In all of my forty years of railroading I cannot recall a more peculiar accident.

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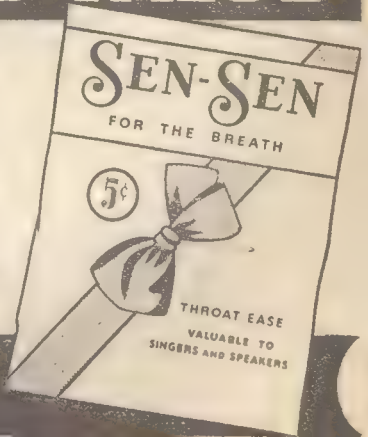



DON'T OFFEND...USE SEN-SEN

# Freak Runaways

By PETER JOSSERAND

"DISPATCHER, Jacksonville!" came the excited voice of a Missouri Pacific operator. "The lead engine on this Extra South is loose with a full head of steam, both injectors working and the firing valve open!" he continued hurriedly, without waiting for the DS to answer.

One hundred and ten volts applied to the seat of the pants would have provided a similar reaction on the part of the dispatcher who, fortunately, had his head set plugged in. But I'll tell you about it later on. First I have a few other comments to make. Although railroad officials take every reasonable precaution to prevent runaways, these nightmares do occur at infrequent intervals. And in nearly every case they are accompanied by some freak conditions that aggravate the condition. In most cases brought to my attention, the runaway engine did not have a full head of steam, had little if any fire, did not have injectors working to supply the boiler with water, and usually would go only a short distance before being stopped by lack of power. Even then, I have known of hair-raising manifestations a-plenty, during my career as dispatcher on the MoP.

I recall the consternation aroused when an engine owned by a lumber concern at Groveton, Texas, got back pressure on the throttle and headed out through a connection onto the Katy main track in the face of an overdue passenger train. This was on the branch of the MK&T commonly known as the "Orphan" because it had no connection anywhere with the mother road.

The engine negotiated a two-mile hill, but had little power when she reached the top where the track leveled off. Fortunately, they met on a straight piece of track and the passenger train had time to stop, drop off a flagman, and start backing up. The flagman discovered that no one was on the engine, after his stop signal went unanswered. He boarded the slow-moving runaway and brought her to a stop.

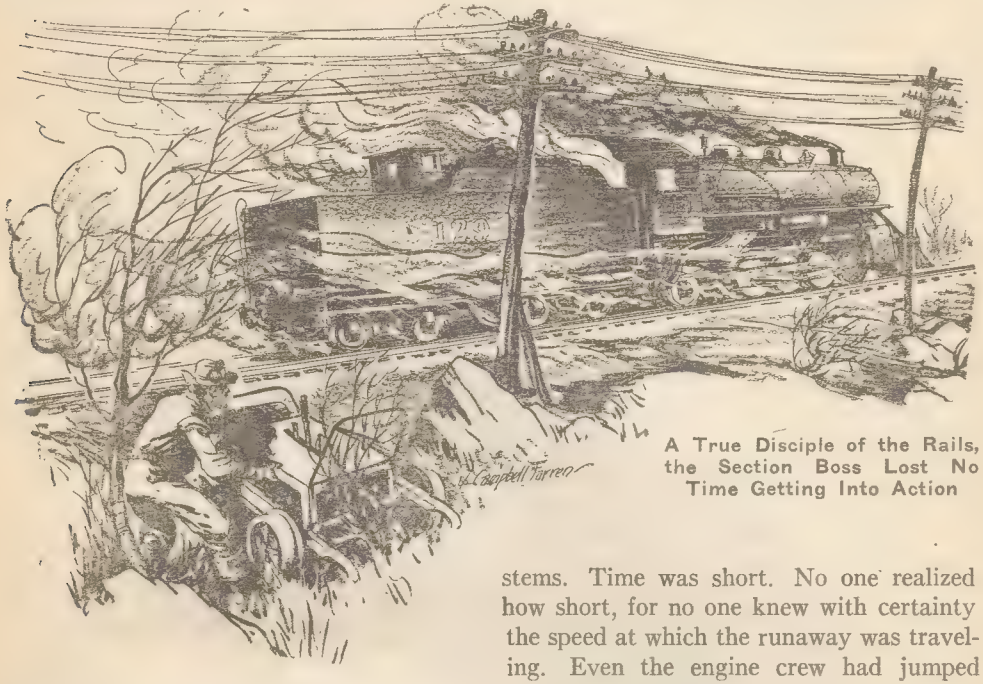
That an engine might escape from a roundhouse stall seems highly improbable, yet that is exactly what happened on the Southern Pacific at Beaumont, Texas. Usually there is only one approach to the turntable and only one stall in the roundhouse that a locomotive can enter without the turntable being moved. To enter any other stall, the engine is run on the turntable, then turned so that the track on the turntable is aligned with the stall track.

In the case at Beaumont, the runaway was in the only stall which could be aligned with the turntable and the track on the opposite side. In addition, the yard switches were so set that the old girl, set in motion by back pressure on the throttle, reached the main track to go gadding. Since Beaumont is an extremely busy yard, it was strange that the tracks were clear of yard engines, trains, or cars at the time. However, because of low steam pressure, little trouble was experienced in herding the maverick back to her stall.

But the MoPac engine that got loose at Jacksonville, Texas, back in 1929, was a different proposition. Here the big hog, lead engine of a double-header with a heavy train, suddenly became loosed from her train. The fireman had deserted without taking time to close the firing valve on the oil-burner and the engineer had jumped without even shutting off the throttle. You might scratch your head for quite some time without hitting upon the odd circumstances of this set-up.

No doubt the dispatcher at Palestine, twenty-seven miles south of Jacksonville, wondered how it had all come about. But he didn't stop to ask questions. Something

had to be done. It would be possible for the big Mike to come roaring into Palestine yard in less than thirty minutes. A glance at the train sheet confirmed what he already knew—there were no trains on the railroad between Palestine and Jacksonville to create an additional hazard. Nevertheless, the picture that flashed through his mind of the heavy freight engine plummeting wildly into Palestine yard was enough.



A True Disciple of the Rails, the Section Boss Lost No Time Getting Into Action

Rushing into the chief dispatcher's office, the DS quickly broke the bad news. Telephones began ringing in quick succession all over the terminal. The chief summoned officials available for a council of war. In a matter of minutes the superintendent and others were discussing ways and means of stopping the hog, which had now assumed the role of a huge black demon.

An interlocking plant at the north end of Palestine yard would be one means of derailing the engine; but this would entail hazard, as the runaway would leave the track in the edge of the business district near a busy thoroughfare.

If the maverick came into town at high speed and was let through the interlocker and yard—provided the yardmaster could get in touch with his engines and keep them out of the way—she would surely turn over on the sharp curves made by both the westbound and southbound main stems. Time was short. No one realized how short, for no one knew with certainty the speed at which the runaway was traveling. Even the engine crew had jumped without ascertaining the amount of damage the old girl had sustained. The parting of the train-line when the locomotive broke away from the train should have thrown the brakes on the engine and tender into emergency—even this was no certainty. The air pump might be able to keep the brakes partially released or the accident might have made a brake application impossible.

A spur track five miles north of Palestine offered a sensible means of derailing the engine with a minimum of danger and damage. But was there time to get there and open the switch?

The super was not long in making his decision. Rushing downstairs, he cut loose the first available yard goat, climbed aboard, and rattled out on the main at top speed—a speed pitifully slow under the

circumstances. Switchers are built for traction, not speed. Even if the little drivers could turn fast enough without stripping the engine—throwing a connecting rod—there were no pony trucks to guide the drivers, and a real danger of jumping the track existed.

The goat was in a precarious position. If the wild engine beat her to the spur track, all they could do, provided they had sufficient notice from the block signals, was stop and start backing up with the certainty of being overhauled by the road hog. It was tense going from one block to the next. If the switcher passed a clear signal just a few seconds before the maverick hit the other end of the block, the two would certainly collide, for the track was crooked and hilly. They were putting up stop signals in advance against any opposing train movement, it is true, but there was no guiding intelligence on the runaway. Red blocks meant nothing to this monster.

The super must have heaved a large and noisy sigh of relief when the spur track was finally reached and the switch opened. Then they waited. No engine! Could she have been derailed on one of the numerous curves?

TO UNDERSTAND what happened at Jacksonville, you should visualize the physical characteristics of the yard there. The Cotton Belt (now SP) main line crosses over the MoPac main two-tenths of a mile south of the depot at Jacksonville. There is a transfer track that runs on a sharp grade from the level of the MoPac tracks to that of the Cotton Belt, it being this grade that was primarily responsible for the accident.

An engine coming down the grade from the Cotton Belt with a cut of cars just as the double-header was pulling down the Missouri Pacific main track was unable to stop on the grade. Either the hoghead misfigured his speed, brakes, or the weight of the cars he was handling.

The throttle-jerker on the leading engine of the double-header, seeing that his engine would be sideswiped, yelled to his fireman and joined the bird gang, followed immediately by the tallowpot. There must have been some error in his figuring, for the switcher only scraped along the side of the lead engine enough to tear away the air piping and tank, coming to rest solidly against the pilot of the second locomotive. The resulting impact broke the coupling between the first and second engines of the double-header, and the first one was off—minus her crew—with the throttle and firing valve open and injectors working.

It is not easy to explain how the air brakes on this old girl went into emergency. Air brakes on a train are applied by reducing the pressure in the train-line. When the brake cylinder is in running position, the piston is approximately halfway between the two ends of the cylinder, with an equal amount of air pressure on either side. On one side of the piston, the cylinder is connected to the train-line. The other side is sealed off by the action of the triple-valve.

Naturally, when the pressure in the train-line is reduced for any reason, the air on the opposite side of the brake piston expands, forcing the piston which jams the brake shoes against the wheels. In this case, the train-line pressure dropped to zero, the line being broken at both ends, and the brakes applied all the pressure of which the mechanism was capable. Since the brake cylinders are not absolutely airtight, it would have been only a matter of minutes until the pressure leaked off and the maverick would have been free to tear out full speed.

As it happened, there was a section foreman working south of Jacksonville. He had set his motor-car off for the Extra South which, according to his "sight", was due out of Jacksonville. Imagine his amazement when, instead of a rattler, a lone engine hove in sight belching flames, steam and smoke. The cab was on fire. Sparks streamed from every brake shoe on both engine and tender. But the tremen-

dous power of the cylinders, with a full head of steam, was able to overcome the braking action. The labored progress of the engine caused flames to leap from the firebox door into the cab with each exhaust, threatening to set the oil supply in the tender on fire.

A true disciple of the rails, the section boss wasted no time getting into action. Throwing the motor-car on the track, he took out in hot pursuit of the runaway. Soon he overtook and boarded the flaming engine, put out the fire, and brought her to a stop, thus becoming the hero of the day.

In the old days before air brakes, it was not unusual for a train to part at night, leaving the conductor and parlor man to do a job of flagging while the engine crew and head brakeman jogged merrily into town. From my description of the action of air brakes, you can see that such an occurrence would be impossible now, technically speaking; for every car in both pieces of train should go into emergency the instant the train line parted. But saying that anything is impossible on a railroad is covering a lot of territory.

An International-Great Northern train running between Palestine and Taylor (before the MoP took it over) broke in two, one night, and the head end actually went into the terminal without missing the rear end. As I recall, the weather was foggy, it being impossible to see the marker lights on the long train from the engine. Why didn't the brakes go into emergency? They did, on the rear portion—but not on the head end.

An examination of the air-hose on the rear car of that portion taken into the terminal revealed that a section of the rubber lining of the hose had broken loose so that it could flap inside the hose; and when the air rushed toward the break, this piece of rubber flapped up to obstruct the opening, acting as a check valve and preventing the brakes going into emergency. It was commonly believed that the brakes did make a slight application, which kept the hogger from noticing the loss of the weight of the rear end. This, of course, was no runaway, in the strictest sense. Still, viewed from the "crummy," it looked like one.

WHEN a hog takes the bits in her teeth and runs away with her driver, that's unusual—and comical, in at least one case. It happened to a fellow named Gregson who was pulling a dinky on a log road. Gregson was a stolid Englishman who devoted his entire energy to whatever task might be at hand, regardless of interference. When the task happened to be hauling more cars than the engine was built to handle, he literally ran the wheels off the dinky to get them over the ruling grade, about two miles out of the mill.

For the benefit of those of you who have never seen such a road as this pike running out of Nelms, Texas, let me say it was laid right on top of the ground with no attempt at building a roadbed. The ties were placed at irregular intervals of from three to five feet apart under the tiny rails scarcely larger than some of our miniature tracks today. The engine was a midget, compared to our present power, but was amply large to put kinks in the flimsy track. On such a road, the main object was to get logs into the sawmill at a minimum expense; therefore, the brass hats hung on all that the teakettle could wiggle with. Riding a train over such a track was no bed of pansies.

One day Gregson was coming into the mill with an unusually heavy train, the Johnson bar in the corner and throttle wide open on the wood-eating piglet—she was too small to be rightly called a hog—trying to get over the hill; and he just made it. With the train safely up, he reached to partially close his throttle, which was wide open. It was stuck. He grabbed it with both hands and heaved as the little engine began picking up speed on the down grade.

"Can't get this gol-durned the-ottle to work," he yelled to his fireman, McCleese, who promptly unloaded.

Down the hill raced the kettle, accelerat-

ing with every turn of the drivers. Then she hit a curve that proved too much, and jumped the track, the whole train following. Two hundred-odd yards down through the woods the engine came to rest astride a huge oak stump, the entire train still on its wheels. Fireman McCleese, who later became an engineer on a real railroad and somewhat of a poet, rushed down to see the extent of the disaster. Let me give you his version of what he found, as later reduced to verse:

*Old Gregson still stood on the wee engine's deck,*
*And heaved on the throttle that was still stuck, by heck!*
*His language was such that I can't here repeat it;*
*But let me assure you, no sailor could beat it.*

*As I climbed on the dinky, now high on a stump,*
*The old man addressed me, not knowing I'd jumped:*
*"To hell with this goat that climbs stumps," he declared,*
*As the muscles stood corded on arms that were bared.*

*"I knew at the start that she'd not take that bend;*
*"And I knew when I hired out, 'twas to no good end!*
*"May the devil himself take this dinky," he smirked*
*"No one else could, by damn, get this throttle to work!"*

To return to more modern times: A peculiar story comes to me from down on the Palestine Division of the MoP, a tale of a passenger train that lost its engineer, ran twenty-five miles without a hogger, and almost drove into the station at Palestine without anyone at the throttle.

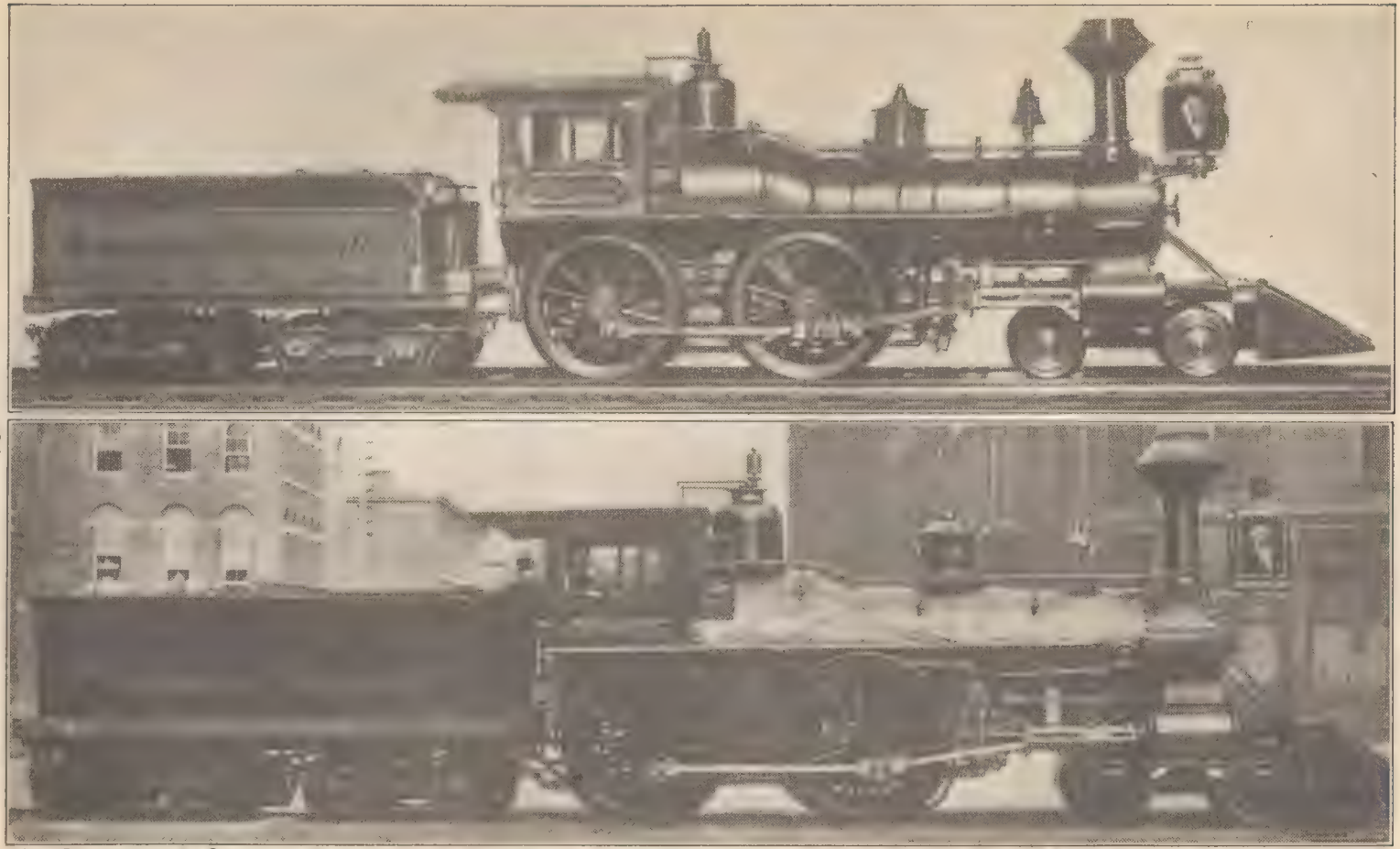
To understand how such a thing could happen, you should know something about the hogger, Guy Dunlap, who had been a boyhood friend of mine. Guy was one of those characters capable of loving a piece of machinery. By his own confession, he would rather run a locomotive than to eat and he sure liked to eat! I never knew how he managed to hire out firing when he was not more than eighteen, for Guy is a little fellow, scarcely more than five feet. He was an extra engineer when I last saw him, but still looked like a kid perched on the engineer's arm rest where he habitually rode in preference to sitting in the seat provided for the engineer. Another habit which contributed to this situation was that of climbing over the engine while it was in motion, checking this and inspecting that, or making some minor repairs; a habit which caused his fireman to think nothing of the fact that he was absent from his perch in the cab window.

After the East Texas oil boom had literally flooded the Missouri Pacific with business, Guy Dunlap caught a job pulling a passenger train between Houston and Palestine, where the accident occurred. That was in about 1932.

Soon after the varnished cars left Elkhart, the fireman noticed that Dunlap was absent from the cab, but took it for granted that the hogger was alongside the boiler, inspecting the running gear or doing some such job. However, when they were approaching Palestine yard with no sign of the throttle-jerker, the fireman became nervous and started to investigate. Dunlap was gone! Mr. Tallowpot took over the engine, bringing the train safely into the station. Then the search began.

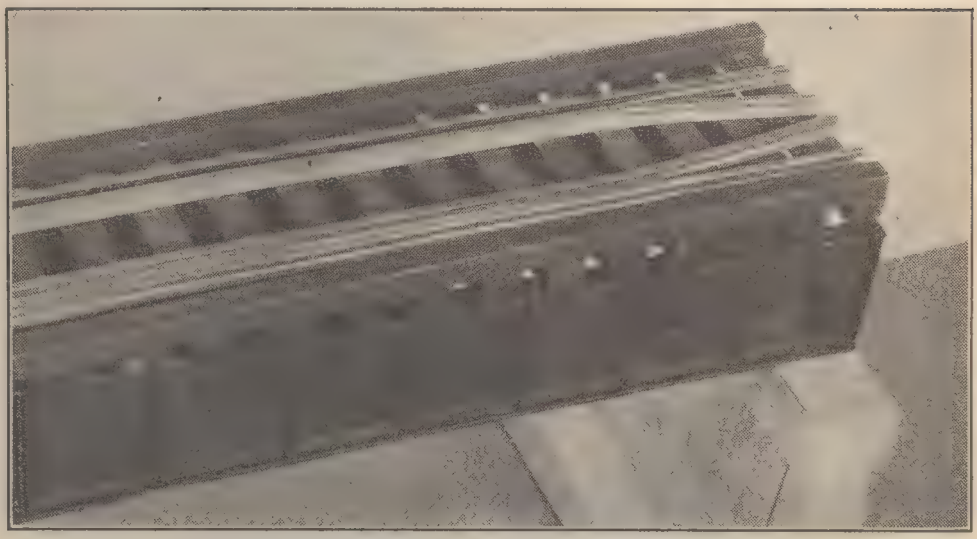
Near Elkhart, twenty-five miles south, they found Dunlap alongside the track where he had fallen when the arm rest had broken. The fireman evidently had been looking elsewhere when Dunlap pitched from the cab. His injuries were not fatal, but at the last report he was still unable to pull a throttle.

Yes, there are many kinds of runaways, but there's something freakish about most of them, as any old-timer will tell you.



The Rensselaer & Saratoga Eight-Wheeler "Commodore Vanderbi t" Was as Much a Work of Art as the Portraits of Her Headlight Sides. Her Clean Design, as Exemplified in an Old Print from the Collection of Joseph Lavelle, Inspired G. A. Vaughan of 7-01 127th St., College Pt., N. Y., to Construct the Beautiful Little Model of Her Shown in Our Upper Picture. It Represents 22 Months of Painstaking Effort

# Model Railroading



Due to the Nature of Its Construction, This Deck-type Girder Bridge Can Be Uprooted on a Moment's Notice, for Relocation at Any Point in an Altered Layout

## Unit Construction Pays Dividends

By RAYMOND F. YATES

IF YOU are starting your first model layout, the chances are that you will either slap it together post-haste—and thereafter think of all the things that you should have done differently; or else that you will make innumerable and unanticipated changes as you go along.

Constructing a model right-of-way is much like building a house; you have to work out two or three of them before arriving at a satisfactory answer to your many-side wishes. It is safe to say that fully one-half of the members of the miniature railroading fraternity have produced more than one layout, apiece, during the course of their spike-driving careers.

All of which argues well for a certain degree of fluidity of construction. In short, unit assembly, wherein buildings, geographical effects, track, etc., can be shifted about quickly, and yet without sacrificing any of the tenets of good model engineering as it involves strength and permanence.

Starting with the base upon which the entire setup will be arranged, we illustrate, in *Figure 1,* a simple form of end-joint which has proven thoroughly satisfactory as a means of aligning table-segments cut to multiples of three feet. (The track-units which we will describe directly are all of that length; hence by attaching them to six- or nine-foot benches, it will be possible to change the latter, at any time, without removing the right-of-way.)

The assembly of the joint is clearly illustrated. The "V" wedge and notch are best cut from 5/8ths-inch plywood, the two pieces being screwed to the undersides of the table boards. A tight fit calls for the apex

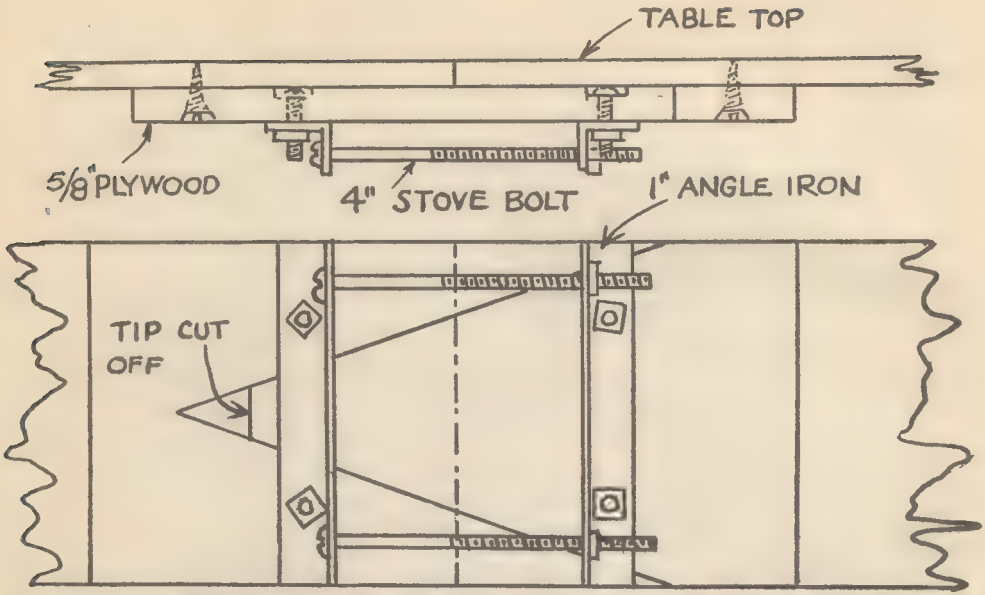



Figure 1. When the Landlord Raises the Rent and the Layout Has to Be Carried to a New Home, the Owner Will Thank His Lucky Stars for the Simple but Practical End-Joint Shown Here and in the Photo on Page 99

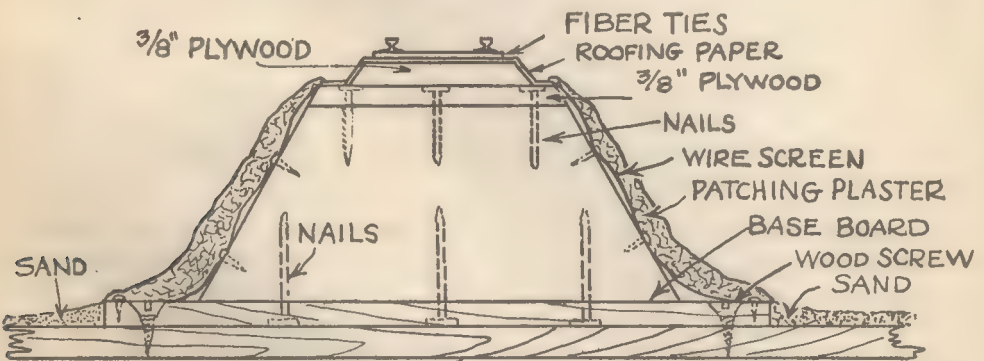



Figure 2. Cross-sectional View of Embankment Construction. Electrical Circuits Can Be Handled by Passing Wires Through the Units and Effecting Unions with Jack-plugs

of the "V" to be sawed off, reducing it to the status of a wedge and permitting of a snug union which will not wabble up or down, or sidewise. Stove-bolts, passed through holes in angle iron cross-members, hold the parts together.

Joints of this kind do not by any means have to be limited to narrow sections of table as indicated in our photograph. When wider pieces are employed, we simply install a series of locked joints separated by intervals of six inches or so. In preference to cutting a corresponding number of angle iron units, however, two continuous lengths will serve our purpose, making for improved strength and rigidity. Obviously, they will have to be heavier than those used for shorter spans.

After the first few nights of track-laying, many a modeler grows to hate the sight of a spike. Yet the chances are ten to one that he has projected his spike in such a manner that its re-orientation means destruction of existing roadbed. Sure, he'll enjoy seeing the operating wrinkles ironed out, but it's no fun driving six thousand

or so track spikes during the process.

A glance at *Figure 2* reveals a simple method of construction that embodies a high degree of plasticity, without ignoring, one whit, the principles of sound design. Here, we have an elevated section of track. Superficially, the construction may appear to hold nothing new. But by its inherent fabrication, whole sections may be removed within a few minutes' time, and in a perfectly intact condition, ready for re-assembling.

A judicious use of nails is immediately apparent. That is to say, while they are employed to assemble the individual units, each of these, in its turn, is attached to the table-top with wood-screws which pass through its base. Sand (if you don't like the ordinary kind, tint the seashore variety with water-dye to suit your taste) permits the piece to be bled into the surrounding landscape without any concessions to realism. Further, it may be brushed away at a moment's notice, exposing the screwheads for removal.

As we have already noted, our track segments are cut to three-foot lengths. No trouble will be encountered in splicing those pieces, which will be attached to a single table section. However, some form of anti-creep device will be found advisable at either end of the table span. A simple scheme is to fashion the last tie from flat brass stock. By screwing this metal sleeper to the roadbed board and soldering the rail ends to it, there will be no shifting of the latter even during moving. Naturally, such ties should be finished with black enamel to avoid a somewhat incongruous effect.

There is really nothing in a layout that cannot be reduced to unit construction. Take a deck-type girder-bridge like that shown in the accompanying photograph, for example. Here it stands with its abutments attached, ready to be worked or "moulded" into the proper piece of scenery.

The girders, themselves, are held together by means of four small woodscrews and two wooden blocks painted black to render them inconspicuous. A vertical screw

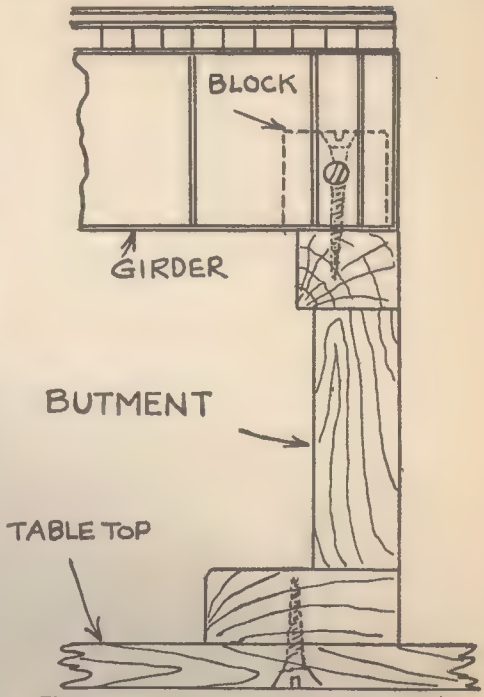
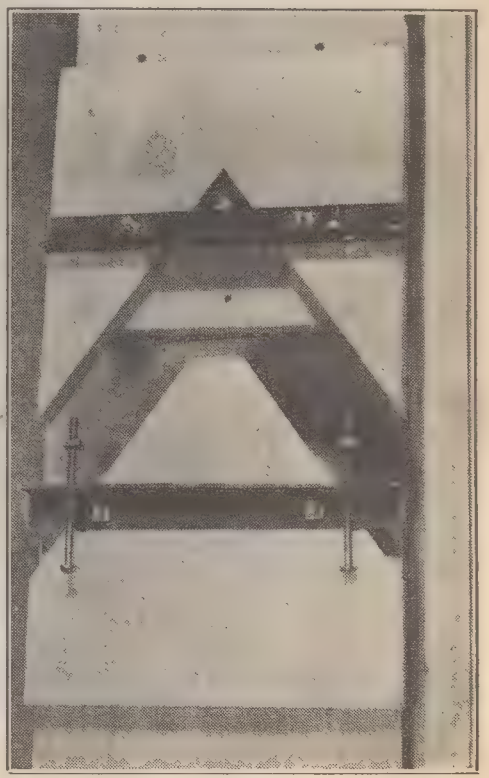



Figure 3. Bridge Butment Construction



passes through the center of the block to anchor the bridge to its supports. Thus the whole structure becomes a compact little unit capable of being incorporated in a lay-out, or withdrawn, as rapidly as the occasion demands. It will be noted that the butment is held to the table top by still another woodscrew.

Dry sand is not the only medium which can be used to conceal unit splices. Ordinary earth, dug up and similarly treated in an oven, to remove moisture which would be disastrous to plyboard construction, is an excellent covering agent, when sifted through a fine screen. And if one lives near a roofing factory, it will be possible to obtain crushed slate and a fine grade of crushed gravel.

Sawdust, too, is ideal for certain effects, especially the simulation of grass. Here, unfortunately, it must be noted that the choice of a proper green stain is seldom made. The packaged stuff on the market is so violently tinted as to make a color-blind cow bilious. A darker hue is recommended, save for sunlit variations here and there.

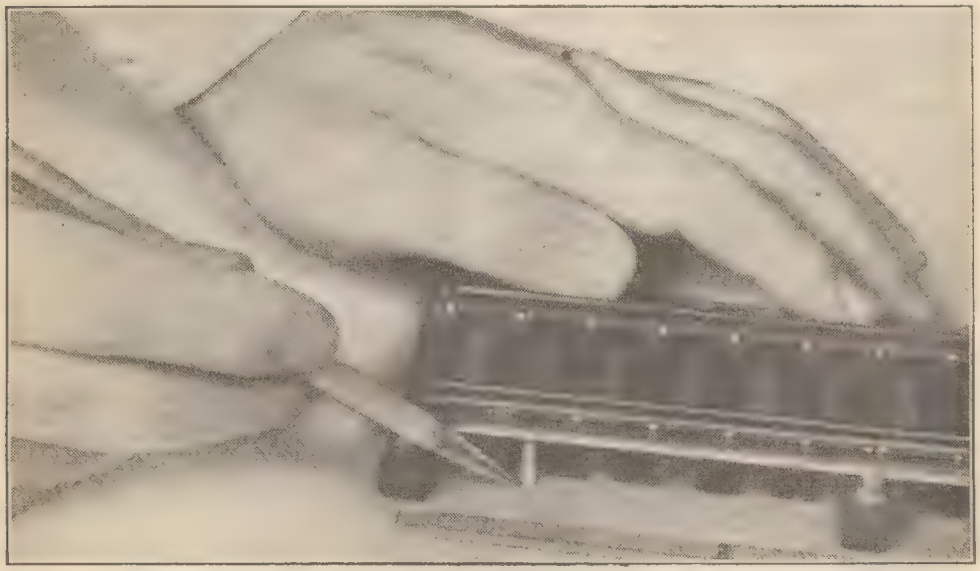
## News of the Clubs

MOHAWK VALLEY MODEL RR. CLUB (Hobart Price, sec., 317 Leah St., Utica, N. Y.) will parade all kinds of models made by club members for the approval of the public at its second annual show, March 26th to 31st. Things will be in full swing every evening at the club room in Utica Union Station. Additional performances will be given Saturday and Sunday afternoons. To help defray expenses, there will be a slight admission charge.

* * *

AMONG the rather numerous model clubs located in railroad depots is the one at Vancouver, B. C., housed in the Great Northern station there. This club has virtually completed the laying of track for its two-rail HO pike and is now at work on scenery. The pike has a low-level loop with reverse loop, a high-level loop with reverse, and, of course, connecting grades at either end. There are some 400 feet of track and 28 switches. All operation is controlled from one panel, except for the yards and coach storage on a separate panel. A ten-stall roundhouse, with turntable and service equipment, is nearing completion.

The club needs additional active members. Visitors may call at club rooms any Tuesday or Wednesday between 8 and 10 p. m. The present members own their rolling stock, including a Consolidation type engine, a Pacific, a GG-1 electric, a streamlined Pacific, a yard goat, and a Diesel-electric switcher, also a streamlined



In Unit Construction, Track Is Laid on Short Lengths of Plyboard. Wood Screws Hold the Units in Alignment on a Sub-base, or Table; Hence, Not an Inch of Right-of-way Need Be Damaged when Changes Are in Order

passenger train and many freight cars. The club's treasurer, Dave Alexander, did a very creditable job in the form of a wrecking crane. Dave is a hound for detail. Address communications to Secretary W. Watt, 1190 Seymour St., Vancouver, B. C., Canada.

* * *

DIRIGO MODEL RR. CLUB (Donald Rockwood, sec., 6 Lawrence St., Waterville, Maine) is now building a new control board to govern operations over its enlarged pike, the Messalonskee Valley & Western. This system recently scrapped a Hudson, two Atlantics and 15 coaches. But a new 4-8-4 type engine has just been purchased, as well as a light Pacific type, four coaches, a baggage car and three scale-model Pullmans.

Owing to several accidents—the worst of which was when the Hudson engine, pride and joy of the M V & W, ran through an open drawbridge recently—a new rule restricts the speed of all trains over the line, and "glory hunters" are strictly taboo. In addition, both draw spans are now automatically protected.

Visitors are always welcome at the club rooms, 60 Western Ave., Waterville, where meetings are held every Monday. Dues are 25c weekly, with $1.00 entrance fee.

* * *

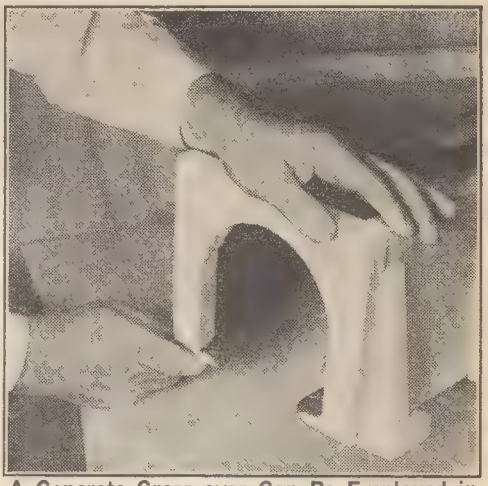
VALLEJO, CALIF., needs a model club. We have this on the authority of Russel Garland, 522½ Kentucky St.; Vernie Cummins, 212½ Pennsylvania St., and George Nelson, Box 644, all of Vallejo. Anyone interested in this project should contact one of the Big Three. Mr. Nelson claims to possess the most peripatetic railroad in America, for he has moved it from Bremerton, Wash., to Boston, Mass., and back again to the West Coast in Vallejo. What about it, fellows, can any of you beat this claim? Line forms at the left.

## *Free Lettering Transfers*

NORFOLK & WESTERN Railway now has available a limited supply of lettering transfers for model railroad equipment, which will be distributed free to model enthusiasts, upon written request from club secretaries or from individual builders in communities where there is no organized group of model fans.

These transfers are not merely printed stickers, but are decalcomanias especially manufactured to scale for use on authentic reproductions of N & W equipment. Sets of lettering may be obtained for locomotives, boxcars, cabin cars, passenger coaches, mail cars, express-baggage cars, and coal hopper cars. The decals are made for two sizes, O gage and HO.

Because of the limited supply of this lettering,



**A Concrete Cross-over Can Be Employed in Any Number of Setups**

it is necessary to restrict to some extent the number of sets of transfers furnished to any one club or individual. For this reason, the N & W requests that model builders do not ask for more sets than actually needed. In this way, a more effective distribution of the lettering can be accomplished. When requesting the transfers, indicate the types of cars you want to letter and the gage of your equipment. Write to R. R. Horner, Managing Editor, Magazine-Advertising-Publicity Department, Norfolk & Western Railway, Roanoke, Va.

## *Model Trading Post*

### Wanted

FOUR sets of AF pass. cars, baggage 1205, Pullman 1206, obs. 1207; must be painted Milwaukee yellow. —T. J. Pelletier, Rt. 3, Box 39, Palouse, Wash.

* * *

AAR frt. car trucks, ⅛ size.—Hector McIntosh, 214 E. 20th St., N. Y. City.

* * *

BUDDY L cars, caboose, track, etc. State cond., lowest cash price.—G. Savage, Box 342, Rt. 1, Pittsburg, Calif.

* * *

OO or HO gage engines, former pref. I offer Lionel 141W outfit, hopper 816, seven AF 8-wheel pass. and baggage cars, 2 prs. AF manual switches, AF whistle unit Lionel and AF track—all O gage.—Homer Hurd, Jr., 2230 Dartmouth Ave., Bessemer, Ala.

* * *

O GAGE LIONEL trucks 800 series (double-trucked) and auto. couplers. I offer Lionel manual switches 022, fair cond.—Andy Glaid, 401 Parkwood Rd., Pittsburgh 10, Pa.

* * *

LIONEL std.-gage power, motor in first-class shape; not fussy about casting. Send details.—Thomas McGuire, 19 Costa Ave., St. Johnsbury, Vt.

* * *

ENGLISH eqpmt., clockwork pref.; Hornby engines, cars, tracks and accessories.—A. McDuffie, 640 Turk St., San Francisco.

* * *

I'LL PAY well for O-gage eqpmt., double-truck frt. and pass. cars, manual switches and track accessories, Lionel or AF. Send price list.—Marvin Schwartz, 131-49 230th St., Laurelton, N. Y.

**LISTINGS in the Model Trading Post, which are free, are limited to 40 words each. Items for June issue, out May 1st, should be sent to us early in March, the earlier the better, accompanied by the latest Reader's Choice coupon (clipped from page 143 or home-made).**

**Enclose a stamped envelope or use a 2c reply postal card when writing to anyone listed here.**

LIONEL flat cars 600 series. I offer *Pop. Science* mags containing article on building HO gage NYC Hudson loco, or cash.—Paul Kalter, 1931 Idaho St., Toledo, O.

* * *

IVES or Amer. Flyer 9½-in. frt. cars. Offers *Boys Life, Baldwin* and *Railway Age* mags. Also wants AF 2-4-0 loco.—R. Shears, School for Deaf, Salem, Ore.

* * *

O-GAGE trains and eqpmt., esp. Lionel crossing posts 068, any cond. In return I offer pix size 116 and 5x7 of over 130 dif. elec. lines. Write first.—Gordon Zahorik, RFD 2, McHenry, Ill.

* * *

WILL buy O gage elec. type locos, Lionel 256, 252E, 251E, 254E, 253E, Ives 1694, 3255, 3253; AF pass. cars 3380, 3381, 3382, 3280, 3281 and 3282. Must be good cond.—R. C. McLaren, 935 N. Hayes Ave., Oak Park, Ill.

* * *

O GAGE eqpmt. or sporting goods wanted in exchange for old issues *Railroad Magazine, Nat'l Geographic,* books, etc.—L. J. Reynolds, 2082 W. 18th St., Cleveland, O.

* * *

LIONEL 022 switcher, cars of 600 series, 2225-EW loco, tender, offered in trade for 1873 Ry. Manual (800 pages), 1928 *Eqpmt. Register,* 1914 Ohio RR. map, 36 old issues *Railroad Magazine.*—Kurt Gallmann, 520 S. Arlington Ave., Springfield, O.

* * *

O GAGE eqpmt., Lionel, wanted in trade for collection of 1500 stamps, Civil War musket, 2 X-ray tubes

"—Valuable Items of Merchandise, to Swap for Live Steamer in Good Condition"

(value $75 ea.), unused Lionel speedboat.—Kenneth Drake, 97 Pond St., Westwood, Mass.

* * *

HO SCALE 2-6-0 loco or what have you in small frt. locos. also 2 frt. cars and AF pass. cars, HO, wanted in trade for O gage eqpmt.—J. R. Marcum, 502 Augusta St., Pittsburgh 11, Pa.

## For Sale or Exchange

MAKE offer for AF Hudson type loco and caboose, HO gage, ready to run.—L. L. Cox, 2108 Scott, Lafayette, Ind.

* * *

AF and Lionel train sets, O and HO. Locos $4 up. Also elec. trains and cars. Send 2c stamp for illus. folder.—M. Frankel, 129 B. 88th St., Rockaway Beach, N. Y.

* * *

LIONEL O-gage outfit with few accessories, loco is 2-4-2 with latest model superstructure. Price $15. Also nearly new Lionel OO-gage 2-rail outfit, $20.—A. F. Clow, in care of Interstate Commerce Commission, Washington, D. C.

* * *

I REPAIR elec. trains in exchange for all types of eqpmt. or HO castings. All letters answered.—Fred Linke, 6814 S. Throop St., Chicago.

* * *

LIONEL std-gage outfit, complete with accessories, 2 trains. I'll accept any reas. price at once.—M. E. Polinger, 782 West End Ave., N. Y. City.

* * *

LIONEL streamliner *City of L. A.,* track, transformer, many acces., all good cond. In return I wish HO-gage AF Hudson or Knapp Mt. type with HO switches and track, good cond.—John Reichenbach, 476 Drexel Ave., Bexley, O.

* * *

O GAGE set AF 305, Lionel trans. 1039, and *Railroad Magazine* 1938-'40, for sale or exchange for HO.—Francis Flynn, Box 333, Ramsey, N. J.

* * *

TROLLEY models, many kinds, O gage, all sizes. Kits, old open or closed cars, interurbans, oper. trailers, rr. boxcars for sale. Send 3c stamped env. for list.—Paul Willis, 910 E. Chelten Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.

* * *

PAIR AF manual switches, HO 212, brand new, cost $5. What offer in HO eqpmt. for pair?—Richard Meade, 91 Elberon Ave., Hawthorne, N. J.

* * *

FIVE 12-in. pass. cars, coal car 516, Lionel caboose 517, three cabooses 217, engines 8E, 10E and 218E, two gons. 512, double lamp-post with lamps No. 63. I'll trade them for other Lionel material, or sell.—Fred Soper, M. D., Dilworth, Minn.

* * *

WILL trade complete courses in loco. engineering and Westinghouse brakes, (train control, continuous and intermittent) with charts, diagrams, all like new. I want std.-gage eqpmt., single wheels, wheels (1¼-in. flange to flange) and trucks, or cash.—H. W. Hempstead, RFD 1, Liberty, N. Y.

* * *

O GAGE H6-4 two-rail direct current motor, good cond. Also, cars, track, other eqpmt. to sell or trade for Lionel std.-gage eqpmt., esp. baggage 332; or other railroadiana. All letters answered.—John Beuttas, 533 Maple Ave., Wilmette, Ill.

* * *

LIONEL elec. loco 408E, comb. car, diner, Pullman and obs. 412-416; std. gage, very good cond. except loco needs rewiring. Reas. cash offer acceptable.—Worden Phillips, Riverside Drive, Ogdensburg, N. Y.

* * *

FRT. CARS, series 500, std. gage to swap for good p. c. size camera, with Compor shutter preferably, or would pay cash for camera. I also want to hear from some railfanettes, age about 17.—Virgil Lovingfoss, 1529 Glendon Way, Rosemead, Calif.

* * *

HO 3-rail eqpmt.: custom-built Pennsy K4 4-6-2, exc. cond., never used. Also baggage, diner, Pullman and obs. cars, all with fine detail. Must sell. Write for details.—Loren Butts, 36 Sherwood St., Mansfield, Pa.

* * *

LIONEL O-gage eqpmt., auto. switches, semaphores, locos, cars, Flex-i-track, many other items. Sell or trade for 2-rail HO eqpmt. Send stamp for details.—Frank Burke, 217 Hawthorne St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

SCALECRAFT NYC Hudson, just built, with chrome main and side rods, $60; Mi-Loco tank car $4.50; Mi-Loco boxcar $5; free lance 2-rail Hudson $45; ten misc. Scale cars $30. Want ¼ or 17/64 scale locos, cars, eqpmt., but no track—cash or trade.—Leonard Blum, 807 Engineers Bldg., Cleveland.

* * *

LIONEL *Hiawatha* loco, tender and pass. cars, slightly used, outside 3rd rail $23 or inside 3rd rail $21; *Hiawatha* frt. set 5 auto. Lionel cars with track, never used, $28. Also O-gage Scale coal tipple, copied from *Mod. Craftsman* cover, dark gray with black roof, $14; frt. house $2.50.—A. L. Mann, 4719 Rockwood Road, Cleveland.

* * *

OLD-TIME TOY cap-stack 4-4-0 engine, 10 in. long, no wheels, 1¾-in. gage; 12½-in. cast-iron open-end coach less wheels. Make good offer in ¼-in. scale eqpmt. or cash.—James Davis, Rt. 60, Morehead, Ky.

* * *

I'LL trade AF loco (CMStP&P type), Ives chair cars 61 and 551, and baggage car 550 for 2 AF cars 3200 series or 2 Lionel frt. cars in 800 line.—Sergt. O. Stoes, Medical Dept. 107th Engineers, A. D. O. 32, Camp Beauregard, La.

* * *

LARGE streamliner 072 with track, 3 Lionel engines, misc. frt. and pass. cars. I want loco 224E or 225E, auto.-coupling cars, r. c. switches and 100-watt transf. Stamp, please.—Harold Williams, 4045 Garfield St., Lincoln, Neb.

* * *

CD gage 3/16-in. scale eqpmt.: 10-wh. loco., A. C., much added detail; 3 deluxe frt. cars, $1.25 per kit, completely assembled with smallest details; over 100 ft. rail, switches, baseboard, etc., perf. cond., run less than 25 hrs. Trade for HO.—Donald Eichorn, 860 E. 15th St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

* * *

O GAGE scale Walthers PFE reefer (sprung trucks), GN express reefer, Scalecraft stock car (auto. couplers), Gulf tank car, unlettered caboose (sprung trucks); all new, exc. details. Sell for best offer or trade for good HO loco.—R. H. Jahns, 1312 Euclid St., N. W., Washington, D. C.

* * *

GILBERT AF detailed Hudson, 7 frt. cars and oval track, $18. Same type loco, 3 pass. cars, $16.75 with track. Both sets new. Pair AF manual switches $2.75.—M. L. Artino, 9711 Kennedy Ave., Cleveland, O.

"I Think No. 9 Is Along About Here"

WHAT offers for excellent 259-E loco and tender, new 657 caboose, Flex-i-track? I want 1089 outfit, 1666 loco and tender, log car, log loader, switches.—Harold Williams, 4045 Garfield St., Lincoln, Neb.

* * *

LIONEL and AF eqpmt., all gages, low cash prices. Send 3c stamp for details; mention your gage.—Daniel Stiteler, Jr., Box 1, Elverson, Pa.

* * *

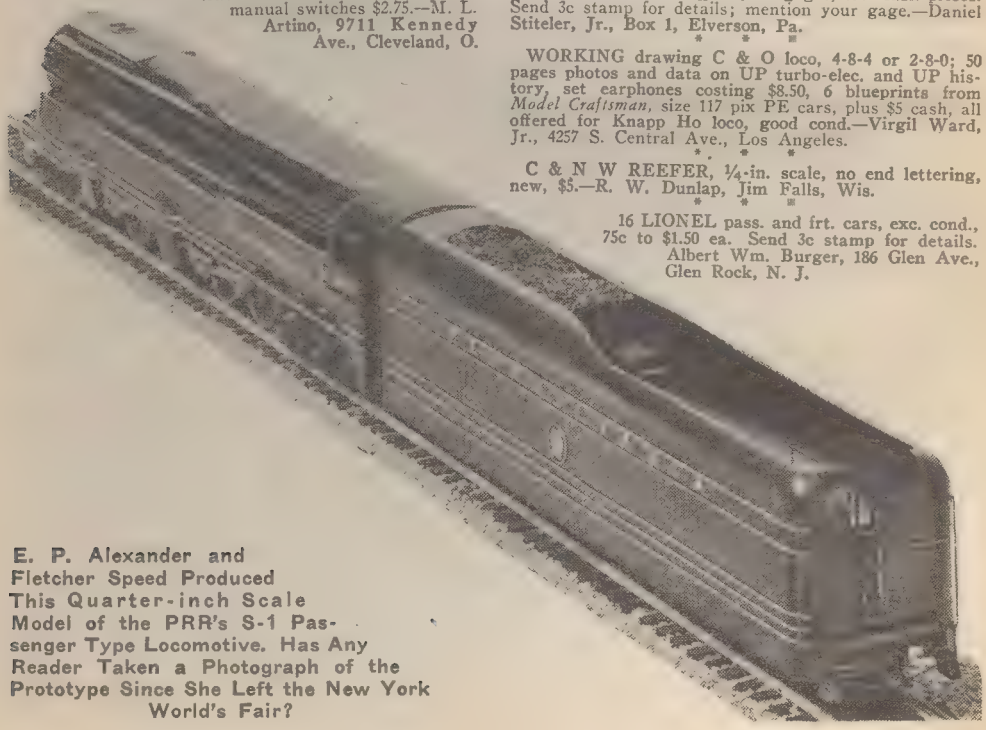
WORKING drawing C & O loco, 4-8-4 or 2-8-0; 50 pages photos and data on UP turbo-elec. and UP history, set earphones costing $8.50, 6 blueprints from *Model Craftsman*, size 117 pix PE cars, plus $5 cash, all offered for Knapp Ho loco, good cond.—Virgil Ward, Jr., 4257 S. Central Ave., Los Angeles.

* * *

C & N W REEFER, ¼-in. scale, no end lettering, new, $5.—R. W. Dunlap, Jim Falls, Wis.

* * *

16 LIONEL pass. and frt. cars, exc. cond., 75c to $1.50 ea. Send 3c stamp for details. Albert Wm. Burger, 186 Glen Ave., Glen Rock, N. J.



**E. P. Alexander and Fletcher Speed Produced This Quarter-inch Scale Model of the PRR's S-1 Passenger Type Locomotive. Has Any Reader Taken a Photograph of the Prototype Since She Left the New York World's Fair?**

# Helper Trouble

By ANDREW GOOBECK

*"Rapper" Kelly Didn't Figure on the Mallets Breaking Down*

THE clock on the brownstone tower of the Rockville depot was just booming eleven as Jimmie Conrad reached the corner of Railroad Avenue and Commercial Street, crossed to the farther side, and shoved open the swinging doors of the Union Central Hotel.

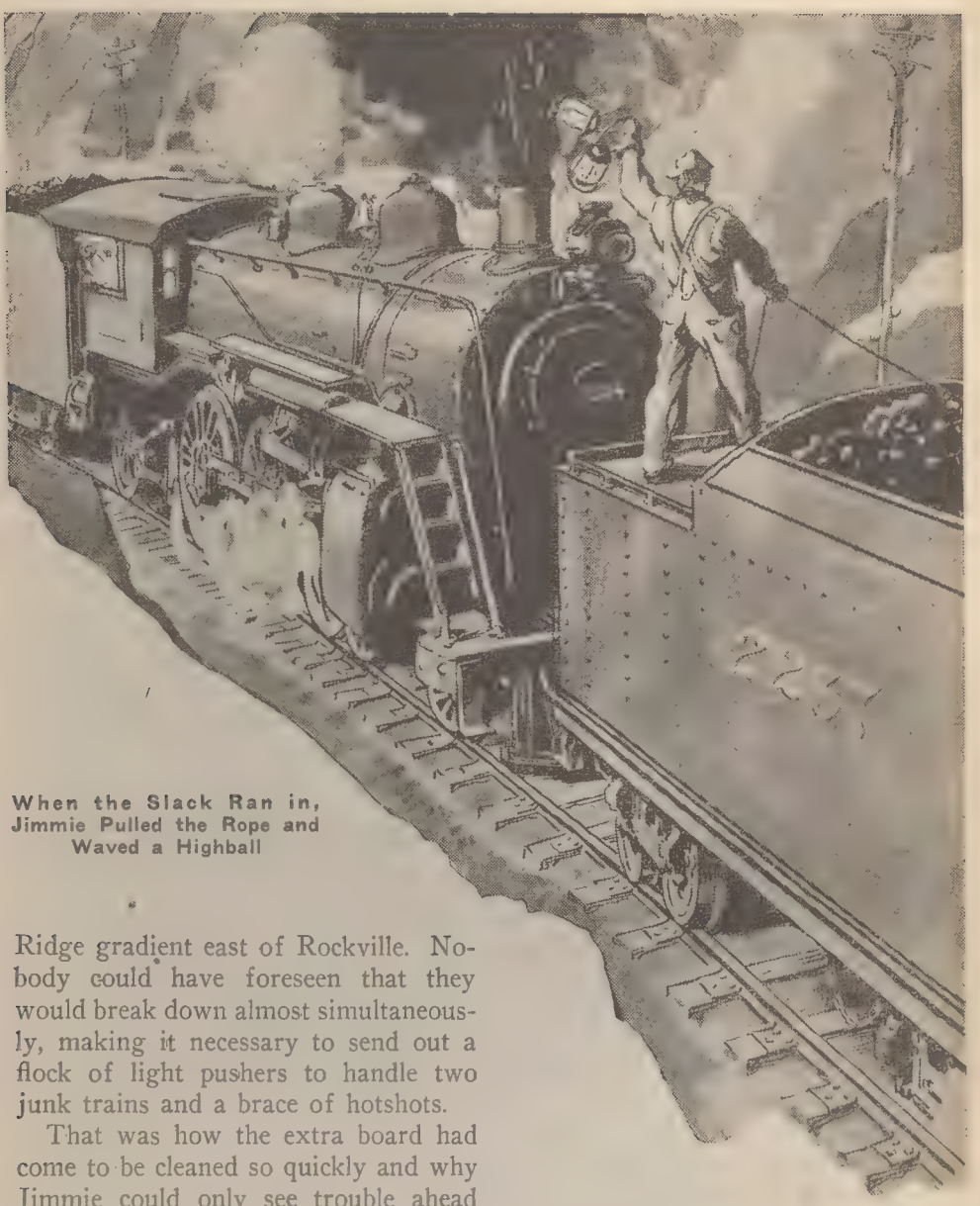
It took the young fireman a moment to adjust his eyes to the blotches of bright light swimming in tobacco smoke above the bar. The usual delegation of rounders sprawled beneath them, bandying war-talk in voices raised to counteract the output of a scratchy gramophone. For it was 1915 and the armies of the Kaiser were on the march.

Over in one corner, Jimmie saw big "Rapper" Kelly, the object of his search, surveying an empty glass with melancholy satisfaction. Plainly, the veteran hogger had eliminated any danger of his crownsheet going dry for many hours to come. Jimmie knew the reason why. You couldn't kick the props out from under an amiable, hell-roaring engineman like Rapper and expect him not to swing the full length of the pendulum.

That deal at Allegheny had hurt—hurt plenty. Sure, Rapper had been at fault; passing a red board to set out a couple of boxcars on a siding, rather than to run the risk of stalling on wet rail a quarter of a mile back. The super might have been right, too, in laying him off for thirty days and stacking a formidable array of brownies against his record. After all, rules weren't made to be broken.

But Rapper had taken it hard. Even his reinstatement two days before, hadn't dulled the edge of his resentment. Because there wasn't a vicious fibre in his makeup, his indignation had taken the form of a devil-may-care attitude and, at that, his bender, begun when he was well back on the call list, should have blown off harmlessly enough. But that was where fate and a couple of Mallets stepped in.

The compounds were being used in helper service on the G&NK'S Bald



**When the Slack Ran in, Jimmie Pulled the Rope and Waved a Highball**

Ridge gradient east of Rockville. Nobody could have foreseen that they would break down almost simultaneously, making it necessary to send out a flock of light pushers to handle two junk trains and a brace of hotshots.

That was how the extra board had come to be cleaned so quickly and why Jimmie could only see trouble ahead as he laid his hand on Kelly's arm.

"Listen, Rapper," he said, "we're in a bad fix, you and me."

Quickly, then, he outlined the setup.

"—and right now," he concluded, "we're first on the list and the chief caller has us down for *13*'s helper. So for the love of Mike, cut out the hard stuff and get a few minutes' rest. They'll be routing us out inside an hour."

Rapper had just enough sense left to register concern.

"Listen, Jimmie," he complained, "I've always been your friend, now, haven't I?"

Jimmie's face flushed. It was hardly the place for this kind of talk, but he said evenly:

"Always, Rapper. It's not likely I'd forget that you were firing for my dad when his engine turned over, and how you got those scars on your hands and arms and face, trying to drag him out. Or—or what you've done for mother and me. I'd not be drawing a fireman's wages, today, but for your coaching."

Rapper beamed in a manner of which he would have been ashamed at any other time.

"Good boy, Jimmie," he said. "And now I'm asking one small favor in return. Go over and give that caller a ring. Tell him I'm sick; understand?"

Jimmie shook his head.

"I've tried it, already," he informed the hogger. "Because I had a pretty good notion where you were. But it didn't work. The Mountain Division can't spare a man, and in three hours we're due to leave the roundhouse."

Rapper groaned.

"Now you listen to me," the tallow-pot went on. "You go upstairs and grab a couple of hours of hay. Meanwhile, I'll change my clothes, skin over to the engine as fast as I can make it, fill the lubricator and rod cups, and oil around. I'll have everything ready when it's time to leave."

"All right," said Rapper solemnly. "You can depend upon me, Jimmie. I'll be there at one-fifty—thirty minutes before train-time."

With a quick look over his shoulder, Jimmie left the Union Central. Whereupon, Rapper wiped his mouth and ordered another drink.

FIRING a coal-burning locomotive in those days was a he-man's job. Automatic stokers were still in their experimental stage. Turbo-generators and electric headlights were being tried out on a few roads but very few enginemen ever dreamed of enjoying the convenience of such luxuries.

Hoggers and firemen had to prepare their own engines. The latter drew all supplies; grease for the rod-cups and valve-oil for the lubricators. The engineer, in his turn, oiled the valve-motion, guides, cross-heads, shoes, wedges, etc.

Jimmie realized what was ahead of him and let no grass grow under his feet while getting home, changing his clothes and reporting at the roundhouse. At 12.20 a. m.—two hours before leaving time—he was busily engaged in filling the lights. He wondered if Rapper had followed his advice and gone to bed. An ominous feeling slowly took possession of him. Something was going to happen before the night was done.

But there was a lot of work to be handled and Jimmie's thoughts necessarily turned to the locomotive he was getting ready. The *2237*, a heavy Pacific, was regularly assigned to the Western Division on *Number 19*, a local milk train east; and *Number 80*, perishable fast freight west.

Jimmie realized why they had drawn this splendid engine. She had been in the roundhouse for several days, undergoing repairs which demanded breaking in, before it was safe to dispatch her on her regular runs. She was a fast-stepper; handled a train well, rated as a free-steamer and was so highly thought of by Bull Johnson and Hank Smiley, her regular crew, that they kept her shining from pilot-beam to rear tank bumper.

After the lights were taken care of, Jimmie fixed up his fire and turned his attention to Rapper's work. The lubri-

cator was empty and half the grease plugs were missing. There were no oil cups on the guides, no swabs on the pistons of the air-compressors—and one of the truck wheels needed a brake-shoe. The roundhouse mechanics had certainly lived up to their customary habits. It was easier to rob an engine undergoing repairs than to drop around to the storehouse for new parts.

At 1.45 the *2237* was ready. Jimmie had gone over her with a fine-tooth comb. The air pumps were turned on. The brakes worked perfectly. Every accessory had been tested. All that was missing, now, were a few tons of coal. Jimmy thought about running the locomotive out to the pockets and filling the tank, but hesitated on account of Rapper's absence. Looking at his watch, he decided to sneak over to the hotel and see how the hogger was making out. It wouldn't take five minutes via the tunnel underneath yards.

In thirty-five minutes they were supposed to leave the water crane. With a quick glance at his fire, then, and another at the water level in the boiler, Jimmie slid down the handrail and walked out through the roundhouse doors into the deep shadows of a starless night.

In a few minutes he was peering through the doors of the Union Central. Luck was with him for the lobby was deserted. Walking into the barroom, he stopped suddenly.

The sight of Rapper, sprawled over a table asleep, was almost too much for the young fireman. It was too late to call for another engineer and according to the chief caller's statement there were no extra men available anyhow.

What could he do? If he reported the situation, it meant that Rapper was done for; discharged without any hope of ever running another locomotive. There seemed no alternative, other than to wake the sleeping man and drag him over to his engine—even at the risk of being seen by someone who would make a report. In that case they were both through.

Without hesitation, Jimmie walked over to Rapper and yanking the chair out from under him, dumped him to the floor. The result fell far short of expectations. Rapper simply gave a short grunt, rolled over on one side and continued to slumber.

A large glass of cold water, dashed into his upturned face, was what finally brought him around.

"All right! All right!" he growled. "Don't worry about me, Jimmie, I'm only tired and sleepy."

ORDERING Rapper to slip into his overalls, Jimmie was pleased to note that there was little indication of staggering. The two enginemen passed out through the back door and walked silently over to the roundhouse. The *2237* was in a stall near a small entrance and, luckily, not a soul stood near her. The big engineer climbed hurriedly into the cab.

"Thanks, Jimmie," he said, "I see you've got her ready."

"Yes; lubricator, rod-cups, airpump, crown-sheet; they're all okay. You get over on my side, now, and keep well out of sight. I'll take her down to the crane and over to the station."

"Hadn't we better fill up with coal?"

Jimmie shook his head as he whistled for the turntable.

"There's plenty within reach," he explained, "for one trip up the mountain."

At that moment the large doors back of the *2237* were swung open, and a circular arc, scribed by the lantern of the table operator, signalled that the

bridge was lined up and the derail thrown. Three short whistle toots split the air as the big Pacific moved slowly to the balancing point, paused briefly; then crawled down the outgoing track to the water crane.

Jimmie filled her up and, while he was scrambling into the cab again, noted that Rapper was dozing in his seat. *Might as well let him sleep,* he thought, as he backed the *2237* over a maze of switches to where *Number 13*'s engine, the *2804*, was standing on the station siding.

In the clear, with fifteen feet separating the two locomotives, the fireman eased the Pacific to a stop. Then, picking up a new bell-rope which he had drawn from the supply room of the roundhouse, he jumped down from the cab and tied one end of it to the lift-lever pin on the coupler of the tender. Mounting the rear tank ladder, he buried the other extremity in the coal.

This done, Jimmie went back into the cab, shut off the injector, added a few scoops of coal to the fire and, leaving the engine for a moment, walked down to the *2804*. There he greeted hogger "Baldy" Davis and Marty Snyder, his fireman.

"How's *13*?" he asked.

"Right on time," grinned Baldy. "Dispatcher say's she's got three extra cars tonight, so you better tell Rapper to widen out with the *2237*."

"Thanks," replied Jimmie. "Rapper don't need no instructions from you and you know it. Better dig a couple of new notches for the throttle on this scrap-heap so he won't pull your front coupler out."

Baldy's face turned pink.

"What do you mean, 'scrap heap'?" he exploded. "The *2804* is the best engine on the Mountain Division."

Jimmy chuckled.

"You've got a chance to prove it, tonight," he said.

Two long and two short sonorous blasts from a deep-toned chime whistle warned them, directly, that *Number 13* was whistling for the crossing about a half a mile west of the station.

Back in his own engine, Jimmie glanced at Rapper, reached over to shake him, and changed his mind. Instead, he turned on the injector, seated himself on the right-hand side and prepared to follow *2804*, when she backed into the train.

THE engineers who surveyed and laid out the right-of-way for the Mountain Division had been given no alternative in their selection of a route to the east of Rockville. Bald Range presented an impediment to broad to tunnel and for fifteen miles the double-tracked line made a daring frontal attack on its canyon-scarred slopes, employing a gradient that increased from one percent, as it left the canyon floor, to nearly two percent at the wind-torn summit.

Although automatic signals had been installed on most of the GLW lines, the Mountain Division was still being operated under the manual block system. There were only three towers on the grade. The first of these, *RS*, stood just outside the yard limits; the second, *MO*, halfway up the mountain, where a siding was located for the convenience of freight trains in danger of stabbing a limited; and the third, *ST*, at the top of the hill.

Maintenance crews had been busy for some time, recently, laying new and heavier rails on both the east- and west-bound tracks. Already, they'd reached the top and were working on the other side of the mountain. Lengths were bebonded as fast as they were spiked in

place, and automatic signals were to be installed as soon as the track work was completed.

The interlocking plant at *ST* controlled crossover movements, and eastbound passing siding and what was known as a pusher switch. The latter was a short stretch of track laid at a twenty degree angle to the right of the main, with the ends of the rails protruding over the edge of a thirty-five foot embankment. For the past two weeks, the maintenance department had been using the siding to park four camp cars housing extra section crews engaged in laying the new rail. Engines in helper service were always switched into this track after being uncoupled from the heads of trains.

This operation, necessitated by state laws which forbade the pushing of passenger trains, was carried out in a rapid and simple manner. Just before the summit was reached, the helper's fireman went back to the rear of the tender and, upon receiving a whistle signal from the regular engine, cut off his own locomotive by pulling the rope tied to the lift-lever pin on the coupler. The engineer of the helper had to cooperate at the right moment by shutting off the throttle to furnish slack. Then he'd race at top speed to the summit, where the switches were all lined up for the siding. If everything clicked as it usually did, the green block would be waiting for the passenger train when it reached *ST*, a few moments after the helper was in the clear.

Because the uncoupling procedure generally took place in a deep cut, the fireman was required to stay on the back of the tender, ready to flag the train behind him in the event of a red ball at the tower. Naturally, the speed of the helper engine had to be reduced to about fifteen miles per hour while taking the crossover leaving the main. In the night it was a thrilling experience to stand on the back of a jouncing tender, giving the cut-off signal with both red and white lanterns, watching the reflections of light from a half-latched firebox door play on the walls of the notch, and listening to the rapidly increasing staccato of the helper as it raced away from the laboring exhaust of the regular engine.

WITH brakes squealing, *Number 13* pulled into Rockville right on the advertised. Jimmie watched while the *2888* was being cut from the train; noted the marker lamps on the rear car seemed an unusual distance away. *Looks like we've got a tough job ahead of us,* he muttered to himself, as he followed the *2804* over the crossover and coupled up to her pilot drawbar.

While the air was being tested, the tallowpot shut off the injector and covered the fire, with half a dozen extra scoopfuls for each back corner. Then he sat down behind the throttle, just in time to hear two harsh peeps from the rear engine's cab whistle, which were echoed immediately by two mightier blasts—orders from Baldy Davis to hit the ball.

Easing out the throttle gently, Jimmie could see the advance signal of *RS,* over a mile away. It was green.

Fanned by a medium exhaust, the fire in *2237* quickly raised the boiler-pressure to the blow-off point. Turning on the injector and setting the water valve to boiler-feed-minimum, Jimmie noticed that they had passed the last green indication within the yard limits. By that time Baldy had the *2804* barking like a cannon and his repeated two shorts meant that he expected Rapper to follow suit.

It meant, too, getting down on the

deck and heaving the old bituminous. At the same time, Jimmie would have to keep an eye on the rails for a possible emergency flag. Aside from this there was nothing to worry about, except whistling for a couple of grade crossings, until they reached *MO Tower,* half-way up the hill.

In spite of the heavy train—there were fourteen cars— the *2237* and the *2804* had no trouble in maintaining scheduled speed. Both engines were being patted on the backs in no uncertain manner. The helper was steaming well and after increasing the boiler feed to compensate for a slight loss in water-level, Jimmie stole a quick glance from the cab window.

By this time the clouds had shifted slightly and about a mile ahead he could see the green home-signal of the tower. To the right of it were two more green lights—the turned marker lamps on the rear pusher of a freight in the siding. From past experience, Jimmie figured that the pusher crews would be somewhere on the track in the near vicinity of their engines, ready to wave a cheery greeting as the passenger train throbbed by. The light from the tower always made it possible to distinguish, for one brief instant, the crew of a helper as it passed.

"Got to get Rapper over to the right-hand side," concluded Jimmie.

Stepping across to the tank-box, he grabbed the drinking can and for the second time that night, dashed water into the hogger's face.

"Come on, Rapper," he snapped, "pull yourself together. We're on the head-end of *13*—and almost to *MO*. Climb in behind the throttle and give us the old eagle-eye effect."

"Sure—sure," growled the other, as he wiped the water from his face.

In a little over a minute they had thundered past the tower, and in another, Rapper was asleep again.

By this time *Number 13* had reached the steepest part of the grade. Baldy was having a little trouble with slipping drivers and as the speed decreased to about twenty miles an hour Jimmie jumped over to the right-hand side, dropped the Johnson bar another notch and adjusted the throttle.

Three miles from the summit, he woke Rapper again. This time he told him he'd have to stay awake.

"In a few minutes," he said, "I've got to go back and cut away from *13*. I've done your work all night. Now for the love of Pete, get yourself in the clear and give me a lift."

Rapper yawned, smiled a little, and once more replied, "All right, Jimmie."

He got up slowly, made a pretense of looking at the lubricator, tried the gage cocks, glanced at the pressure gages and sat down again, in a position which Jimmie felt was just a mite too comfortable.

DIRECTLY, two sonorous blasts of the *2804*'s whistle signalled that Baldy figured he could pull his train over the summit without further aid from the helper. With a quick glance at Rapper to make sure that he was awake, the fireman grabbed his red and white lanterns and scrambled over the coal to the rear of the tender. Getting a firm hold on the rope tied to the lift-lever pin, he held the lanterns high above his head. Rapper eased the throttle shut and when the slack ran in, Jimmie pulled the rope and waved a highball. At once the pace of the *2237* quickened and she went racing towards the summit at ever-increasing speed.

Jimmie set the lanterns down on the manhole-cover plate and leaned back

against the coal. By the aid of the light coming from the slightly opened butterfly door, he noted that Rapper was seated and apparently had his head out of the cab window. In the distance could be seen the red eye of the *ST* home signal and the green of the dwarf semaphore which indicated that Marty Foley, the operator, had the iron lined up for the pusher switch.

The *2237* was now making over forty miles per hour and her speed was increasing with every turn of the drivers. As they drew closer and closer to the signal, Jimmie began to wonder why Rapper did not begin to slow down for the crossover.

"Good God!" he gasped. "Has he fallen asleep again?"

The exhaust of the *2237* reverberated through the narrow cut. Everything that might happen flashed through Jimmie's mind in a fraction of a second. The picture of their engine lying on its side or, if they made the crossover, the collision of the camp cars; the prospect of Rapper and himself pinned under the wreckage—no, he wouldn't jump.

Instead, he made a wild dive down the coal pile, scrambling on hands and knees over the deck-plates to the boiler-head. With a sweep of his left hand he put the automatic brake over the big hole and opened the sand-valve, just as the *2237* hit the crossover. The engine lurched—swayed dangerously for one second—then settled back on the rails.

The tallowpot breathed a prayer of thanksgiving as he scrambled to his feet and shut off the throttle. At the same time he braced himself for an expected crash with the camp-cars. But it didn't come. Instead, after what seemed in interminable interval, the wheels ground to a shuddering stop.

With hardly a glance at Rapper, who still sprawled with his head upon his right arm, sleeping on the cushion of the window ledge, Jimmie grabbed a torch and lit it in the firebox. Sliding down the handrails, he walked to the front of the engine. There he halted in amazement. The *2237*'s pilot was only two feet from the end of the rails, on the edge of the embankment.

It was incredulous—a miracle. For sometime during the previous twenty-four hours, the camp-cars had been moved—probably to the sawmill siding a couple of miles beyond.

Thoughtfully, Jimmie walked to the back of the tank and climbed the hand ladder to get his lanterns. The white one was lying on its side, the other had disappeared.

*Number 13* broke over the hill. Baldy Davis acknowledged his appreciation of the assistance up the mountain by a couple of short toots of the whistle. Jimmie waved his torch, slid down the coal to the deck, and shut off the injector. Stepping to the right side, he kicked Rapper's legs out of the way of the reverse lever and backed the *2237* to within ten feet of the dwarf semaphore. It was evident that *Number 8,* the westbound limited, was on time, and he'd have to wait until she passed, before backing down the mountain.

Grabbing the white lantern and torch he again hit the cinders. The former would have to serve as a tender back-up lamp. He thought of walking to the crossover and looking for its mate, but that might involve a conversation with the tower operator. Marty Foley was an old crab who would have a lot to say about the speed at which they had gone into the siding. So he went around to the head end of the engine, lit the lamps on the pilot, and sat down on a pile of ties for a few minutes of well-deserved rest. He had repaid in part, his debt to Rapper Kelly.

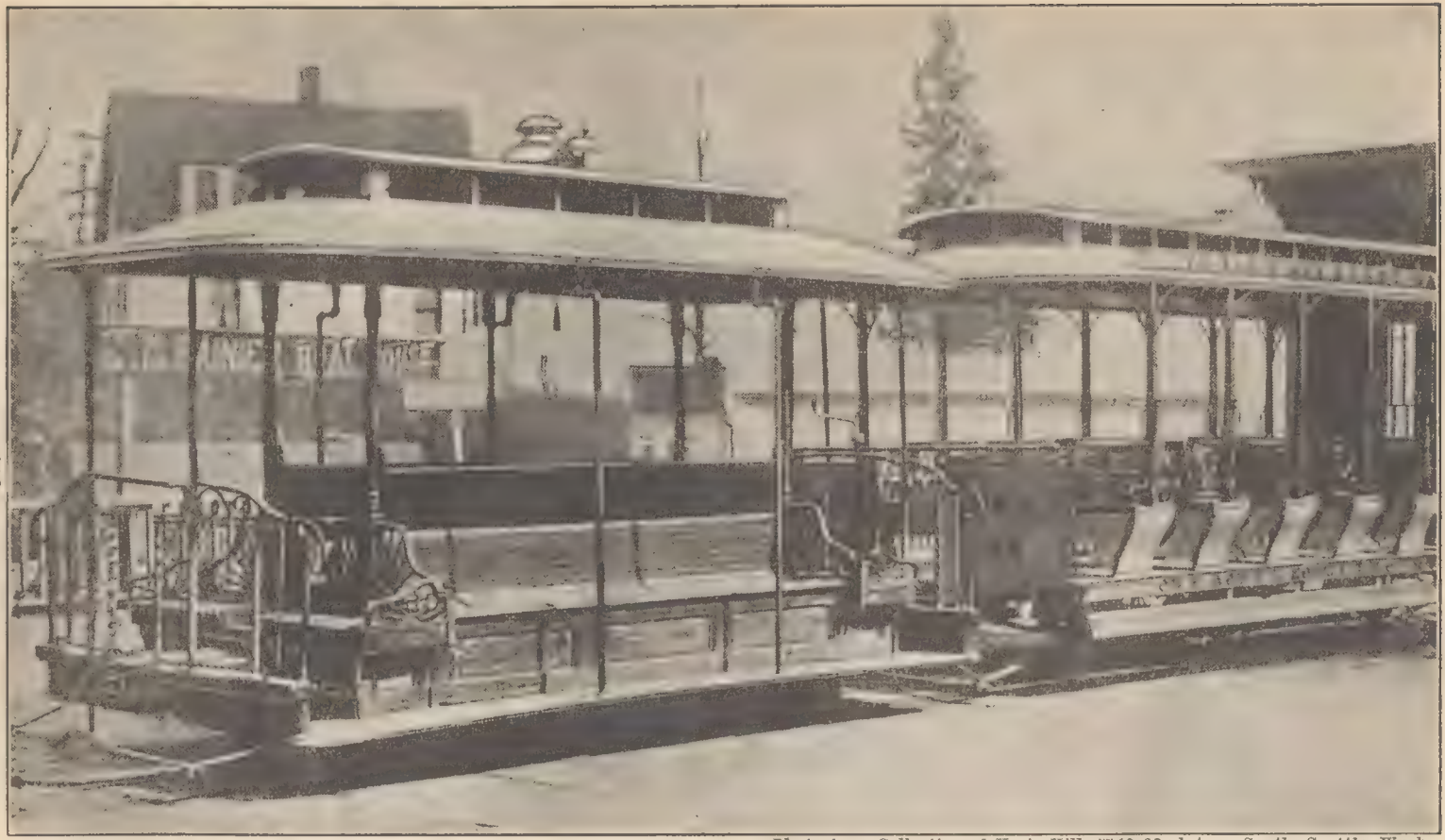


*Photo from Collection of H. A. Hill, 4719 32nd Ave., South, Seattle, Wash.*

These Open Cable Cars of the Seattle Electric Company—Yesler Way & Lake Washington—Which Operated Around the Turn of the Century, Now Repose in the Smithsonian Institution, Washington, D. C., as National Relics. The 36-Inch-Gage Line in Seattle Was Abandoned a Few Months Ago

*Photo by Addison Lake, 2719 Granville St., Vancouver, B. C., Canada*

**Number 27 (4-6-0), Photographed at Edmonton, Is the Only Passenger Engine on Northern Alberta Railways, 914.6 Miles. All Other NA Locomotive Types Are 0-6-0, 2-6-0, 2-8-0, and 2-10-0**

# Railfans

ALTHOUGH railfans in the States are occasionally picked up as suspicious characters for photographing engines or even interurban cars without trespassing on company property, a Canadian named Jimmie Samson reports having no difficulty in taking pictures of equipment in and about Montreal yards.

"In fact," he says, "some employes have been quite helpful. But maybe this is because I am only a boy of fourteen."

Leave off the "maybe," Jimmie. As a nation at war, Canada can't afford the risk of having unauthorized persons wander around its railway yards. You've been lucky so far. Our suggestion is that you confine your picture-taking jaunts to non-railway property. Ordinarily we would back your hobby to the limit, Jimmie; but with world democracy at stake, the least you can do is cooperate by remaining outside of railway yards until the British Empire wins its "all-out" war against totalitarianism. Even aside from patriotic motives, you don't want to bring trouble upon yourself or upon the railwaymen who permit you to violate the rules.

Apropos of this, Fred Stock, Route 7, Saginaw, Mich., tells of an adventure he had while taking photos at a Pere Marquette yard. Closing his camera as he walked to his car, Fred turned around and noticed a switchman taking his license number.

"Probably a railroader who collects auto numbers, just like some of us railfans jot down boxcar numbers," thought Fred.

But he guessed wrong. Two miles from the yards a car drove alongside Fred's and ordered him to stop. A deputy sheriff stepped out, asked for the photographer's name and address, and said he would be investigated. Next day, sure enough, two city detectives knocked on his door, wanting to know what he was doing with the photographs he had taken. After looking over his collection and getting him to explain what the classification numbers on the reverse of the pix meant, they left with the advice that hereafter Fred seek official permission before taking rail shots. "Seek" is the right word. Fred Stock applied for such permission, but was turned down.

"Guess I'll have to wait till the war is over to make pictures of PM power," he says, philosophically. It looks that way, Fred, but what's to stop you from trading or buying PM photos from other collectors?

"Later," he goes on, "I had a similar jolt at the Detroit & Mackinac yards in Bay City. But more encouraging was my experience with the Ann Arbor. When I was haled before an AA official, he generously took nearly an hour of his time to draw up a release and a special permit authorizing me to photograph AA power. In gratitude for this treatment, I never lose an opportunity to encourage people to ship and travel by the Ann Arbor."

Arthur S. Ellis, 34 Institute Rd., Worcester, Mass., was picked up last summer in Anderson, Ind., on the complaint of someone who had seen him photograph a northbound Indiana Railroad car on a city street.

"I have no complaint against the treatment accorded me by Anderson police," he writes. "I was taken to headquarters for questioning, but

**FBI Men Developed This Shot of a Freight Motor on the Mason City & Clear Lakes Railroad. The Picture Was Taken at Emery, Iowa, by Thomas Gutman, 34 S. Parkside Ave., Chicago, Who, as Explained in our Dec. Issue, Was Unjustly Detained on Charges of "Fifth Column" Activities**

when they found I was no Fifth Columnist the police apologized for having detained me. All were courteous in the performance of duty."

Our next case is that of Henry Ralph, 2704 Randolph St., Huntington Park, Calif.

"In 1938," Henry writes, "I was a soldier in the 11th Cavalry, stationed at Monterey, Calif. A friend and I were on a furlough in Los Angeles. Being a railfan—in army uniform—I went to the Union Pacific's east yard to take a few pictures. After I'd been there about half an hour I was accosted by a tough railroad bull, who asked, 'What yuh doin' here?' I replied, 'Taking pictures.' Then he asked, 'Didja have permission?' I admitted that I hadn't. And he said, 'Yuh better highball'—which I did."

An intelligent attitude in this controversy is taken by Stephen P. Davidson, 1213 17th St., N. W., Washington, D. C. Stephen points out, rightly, that the restrictions on rail photography are aimed at protecting our transportation system.

"I'm an ardent railfan myself," he says, "but I don't take the hobby so seriously as some of my friends do. They are almost ill about the restrictions. In your February issue you mentioned three incidents. I agree that these were unfortunate; but you will note that the fellow who cooperated, A. L. Darragh, had the least trouble.

"In the latter instance, you may know that the Wheeling-Pittsburgh line of the B & O is operated entirely by remote control from a tower at Washington, Pa., and it wouldn't be difficult to tie up the whole division by a little work on the wiring around that tower or even along the line. That division supplies plenty of coal to the Pittsburgh steel mills. It is not a good spot for an outsider to be found in, yet Mr. Darragh got out of it by answering the officers courteously.

"On the other hand, Harold Hargrave acted commendably in writing to officials after he was picked up for photographing the Boston el. But why was it necessary for him to antagonize the policemen? In the past year I've met G-men, U. S. marshals, state police, railroad bulls and city cops while I was taking pictures. By giving them the information they wanted, I have never had to spend time in the cooler."

Stephen is right. A good handbook for railcamerists is Dale Carnegie's volume, *How to Win Friends and Influence People.* Mr. Carnegie points out much more can be accomplished by tact than by blunt antagonism.

If you are ever stopped while photographing trains, remember that no matter how much you are boiling inwardly, a courteous and patient explanation of your aims will win you gentler treatment, even if it doesn't give such spontaneous satisfaction as asking, "What's it to yuh?"

* * *

"NEWSPAPER photographers have been around to my home several times to take pictures in my rail collection for their papers," writes Sam F. Rains of Corpus Christi, Texas. "I have a beautiful lot of framed enlargements of such trains as the *20th Century Limited,* the *Broadway Limited,* the *Silver Meteor,* the *Orange Blossom Special,* the *Green Diamond,* the Burlington's *Texas Rocket,* and the entire roster of Santa Fe streamliners from the *Super Chief* on down. These dramatic photographs of trains leaping out from the wall really make a sight to behold. I would not part with them for a large amount of money."

EXACTLY 4458 miles were covered by the nine fantrips sponsored by the Railroad Enthusiasts, New York Division, during 1940, according to statistics compiled by Edward A. Hansen, trip chairman. On these trips 1909 passengers were carried and fares totaling $7,-564.35 were paid to the railroads.

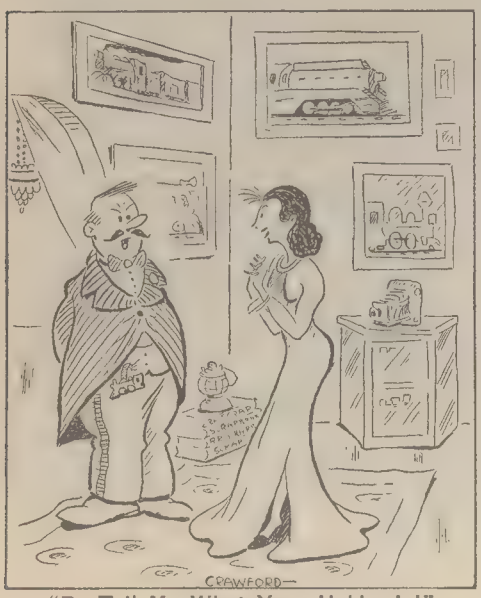
The highlight of the program, as well as the longest fan excursion ever run in the East, was the Labor Day week-end trip to Buffalo and Niagara Falls, over the New York Central, as described by Freeman H. Hubbard, Editor of *Railroad Magazine*, in the December issue.

Lionel M. Rodgers, the 1940 secretary and New York Division chairman for 1941, states that an aggregate of 1241 members and guests attended the twelve monthly Enthusiast meetings and that 59 reels of film were shown to entertain them.

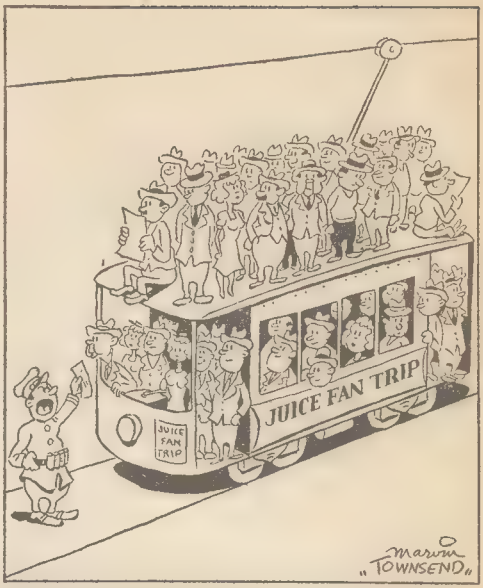
* * *

FANTRIPS are now being planned. Among the first in the season will be a visit to the LIRR engine graveyard, April 27th, on the second excursion of the recently formed Long Island Railroaders Club. For details consult Herbert Du Russel, president of the club, R. F. D. 1, Broadway, Bayshore, Long Island, N. Y.

This group warmly invites all railfans to attend their meetings, held the first Friday of each month at 8 p. m. in Y. M. C. A. Hall, LIRR station at Jamaica. The club fosters all railroading interests, but its main aim is to boost the LIRR, study its history and collect photos of its equipment. Two divisions of the organization are picture collectors and modelers. The latter are making plans to construct an HO gage layout.




"Do Tell Me What Your Hobby Is!"




"We Will Not Proceed Until I Find Out Who Gave Me This Phoney Transfer"

A NEW 2-8-2 type locomotive will haul a fantrip of the Eastern Ohio Chapter of the National Railway Historical Society over the Akron, Canton & Youngstown early in the spring, as soon as the engine is received from Lima Locomotive Works. A special train, composed of the A C & Y's two open-platform coaches (only equipment of the kind in the Buckeye State) is expected to journey from Akron to New London, with side trips to Mogadore and through the shops at Brittain. For definite information write to Robert Richardson, president of the chapter, 40 W. Long St., Columbus, O.

This trip will have to be good to measure up to one which the chapter sponsored some months ago over the lines of the Co-operative Transit Co. of West Virginia. This outfit, owned by its employes and using cars built and remodeled by the workers themselves, showed its co-operative spirit fully by distributing generous picnic lunches to the astonished excursionists.

* * *

WITH appropriate ceremony, the Railway & Locomotive Historical Society's New York Division unveiled a bronze tablet on the Parcel Post Bldg. at 30th Street, New York City, on February 19th, commemorating the 80th anniversary of Abraham Lincoln's arrival at the Hudson River Railroad station (formerly occupying the same site) on his way to Washington for his first inaugural. Prominent city officials and R & L H S officers joined in paying tribute to the President who fostered the idea of a transcontinental railroad.

**Both Hold Transportation Jobs. Sylvia Is an Airline Stewardess; Her Dad, Samuel Van Antwerp, Has Been a C&NW Engineman Nearly 13 Years**

LOUISVILLE RAILFANS CLUB (George Yater, sec., 337 Kenwood Way, Louisville, Ky.) has moved to more ample quarters in Central Station of the Illinois Central Railroad, and plans are being made for a model layout to utilize some of the additional space.

This club recently operated two fantrips—unfortunately on notice too short for us to give you advance information. One was a journey through the South Louisville shop, where they saw the Louisville & Nashville's experimental three-cylinder 4-6-2 engine No. 295, which had just undergone streamlining and conversion to two cylinders for service on the *South Wind*. The other event was a five-hour trolley ride over the lines of the Louisville Ry. Co., including traveling on special car over a section that had been abandoned to buses the day before.

* * *

CAPT. FREDERIC SHAW, chairman, and Douglas S. Richter, secretary, were unanimously re-elected at the 1941 annual meeting of the San Francisco branch, Railroadians of America, which was held in a restaurant decorated with locomotive and car models, railroad photos, etc.

The branch's "Photo Album" is proving both profitable and popular. Members bring small offerings of engine pictures, which are sold to those present, proceeds going to the local treasury. A door prize of a dozen selected photos is awarded to some lucky winner at each meeting. Visitors are invited. Sessions are held the second and fourth evenings of each month at 1011 Gough St., San Francisco. For details contact Secretary Richter, 1412 6th Avenue.

* * *

A BANQUET held in a Wabash dining-car started off a recent meeting of the Michigan Railroad Club at these officers were elected: Ray W. Smith, pres.; Cary Brace, first vice pres.; William Miller, 2nd vice pres.; George Kuschel, sec., and Everett Brant, treas. The club has a regular meeting room in Michigan Central Terminal, Detroit.

* * *

IF YOUR club is not represented in this department, fire your publicity chairman and get a more active one.

Railfan items should be received by the Editor of *Railroad Magazine* before the 13th of each month, for the issue to appear on the news-stands six weeks later. The kind of material we prefer, aside from advance news of fan trips, is information that is likely to be of general interest. Routine reports of ordinary meetings do not make good reading matter.

* * *

C. L. TERROUX, 48 Rutland Road, St. Lambert, Que., Canada, has been elected president of Canadian Railroad Historical Ass'n, succeeding John Loye. Mr. Terroux is known

**Interurban Car of San Francisco & Napa Valley Railroad, Snapped by W. C. Whittaker, Army-Navy YMCA, San Francisco**

*Photo by Warren Miller, 306 Jerome Ave., Piedmont, Calif. (Thanks to Richard W. Biermann)*

**This Trolley Car Used to Run on Line M of the San Francisco Municipal Railways**

to our readers, having contributed photos to *Railroad Magazine* over a period of years. The same applies to Vice President W. G. Cole. Other newly elected (or re-elected) officers are: Treasurer, Mrs. M. E. Bevington; secretary, W. E. Foster, 4117 Beaconsfield Ave., Montreal; chairman of editorial committee, Dr. R. V. V. Nicholls; marine dept., R. W. Shepherd; and advisory council, John Loye, Donald Angus, F. J. McClure, Chas. Viau.

Ex-secretary T. C. H. Smith reports 1940 was a successful year for the Association, with encouraging additions to both membership and historic material. He adds: "Canadian items in *Railroad Magazine* are looked for eagerly by our members and are often brought up at our meetings."

* * *

RAILROAD ENTHUSIASTS, N. Y. Div., opened the season Jan. 26th with a PRR jaunt to Harrisburg, Pa. Trips are planned for March 2nd via NYC to Albany, N. Y.; March 30th in and around Westchester, N. Y., and some time in April over the Erie. Edward A. Hansen, trip chairman, P. O. Box 63, Packanack Lake, N. J., will supply details.

* * *

A RAILCAMERA trip over the B&O from Detroit to Washington, D. C., will be sponsored by Detroit Model Railroad Club on the week-end of the National Model Railroad Ass'n regional convention, March 7th to 9th. A special train will leave Detroit at 7 p. m. Friday the 7th, stopping at Toledo, Willard and Akron, O., and Pittsburgh, Pa. Returning, it will leave Washington at 5:30 p. m. Sunday. For reservations, information on special rates, etc., contact E. H. "Pop" Beck, 921 Fox Theatre Bldg., Detroit, Mich. Reservations must be made by March 3rd.

* * *

MICHIGAN RAILROAD CLUB is planning a Decoration Day week-end trip. Leave Detroit union station Thurs., May 29th, 8:30 p. m., via the Wabash. Arrive Decatur, Ill., Fri., 4:55 a. m. CST. Visit Wabash shops and Ill. Term. Ry. Leave 7:29 p. m. Arrive St. Louis, Friday 9:45 p. m. Inspect city's rail facilities. Leave 4:25 p. m. Sat. Arrive Chicago 9:35 p. m. Sat. Inspect rail facilities. Leave 4:15 p. m. Sunday. Arrive Detroit 10 p. m. EST. Train fare for entire 1069-mile trip, approx. $16; plus meals, special hotel rates, street-car fare, etc. Questions about the trip will be answered by Geo. F. Kuschel, sec., 4050 Joe Avenue, Detroit, Mich.

Michigan Railroad Club so far has traveled over 2700 miles on 7 fantrips since its organization in Oct. '37. Ray Smith is pres., Cary E. Brace is 1st v.p. in charge of publicity, and Bill Miller is 2nd v.p.

* * *

A FAREWELL trip over remaining 35 miles of the Androscoggin & Kennebec Ry., Lewiston, Maine, will be sponsored by Southern New England Chapter, National Ry. Historical Society, Inc., as soon as an abandonment date is announced by the courts, possibly in March. Fare, approx. $1.75. The A&K once operated 170 miles of interurban rails. It abandoned freight service some time ago, and will soon turn all its passengers over to the tender mercy of busses. For fantrip details, send a stamped envelope to Wm. R. Riccitelli, Jr., editor, *The Southern New Englander,* 19 Westfield St., Providence, R. I.

High Bridge near Georgetown, Colo., on a Famous Loop of the Narrow-Gage Colorado Central

Which Was Later Taken over by the Union Pacific, Then Colorado & Southern, Now Abandoned

*Photo by J. P. Ahrens, 508 Warren St., Brooklyn, N. Y.*

**New Haven Local Freight, Pulled by No. 392, a Mile East of Hawleyville, Conn.**

# On *the* Spot

**Alice Bagley**

OUR congratulations to the Erie Railroad on its decision to improve passenger service! We realize, as do Erie officials, that such betterment is badly needed. As a freight road, the Erie has been cooperating closely with shippers; but its passenger business is hampered by failure to provide modern equipment and twentieth century service.

Even the *Erie Limited*, formerly among the country's swankiest trains, has been slumping to a pathetic degree. Last month we commented that this famous Limited was "now pretty much of a milk train with coach service." What the Erie needs is one good streamliner, to convince a skeptical public that the management is sincere in its announced intention to step up passenger service.

We haven't read the confidential reports of Miss Alice Bagley, that competent investigator whom the company hired to ride Erie trains, inspect depots, and check up on Erie facilities, especially those affecting women travelers; but from our recent experience in traveling by Erie, we could give some fairly accurate guesses as to what those reports contain.

We are Erie boosters. In fact, boosters of all railroads. We are eager to see the roads give service worth bragging about. Naturally, we are proud of the Erie's freight record. Our enthusiasm for Erie passenger service, however, will be governed by the extent to which the company puts into effect the recommendations presumably made in Miss Bagley's reports.

Erie management is now moving in the right direction. We hope its new program will not stop with petty details such as shining up faucets in the women's rooms of stations and trains.

* * *

INFORMATION WANTED: William F. Knapke, an old-time trainman and occasional writer for *Railroad Magazine*, is assembling material for a comprehensive article on the origin and development of the caboose. He welcomes cooperation from everyone who can shed light on the earliest types of cabooses, or give any facts about the red "chariot" that are not generally known, or supply suitable anecdotes.

This will cover the evolution of the caboose from its original primitive state into the modern, efficient railroad equipment of today. Besides that, Brother Knapke will depict the human side, the pride that some trainmen have in their "crummies," the kinds of meals cooked in them, odd uses to which cabooses have been put, freak wrecks, "believe it or not" facts, famous cabooses of history, and the dramatic role played by the little old "palace" in railroad lore. Material such as this Mr. Knapke is seeking. Also unusual pictures.

Donations of caboose facts and photos may be sent to William F. Knapke, c/o Freeman H. Hubbard, Editor of *Railroad Magazine*, 280 Broadway, New York City. They should *not* be mailed direct to Knapke's home, because *Railroad Magazine* is acting as a clearing-house for this material, and to work at cross purposes would entail duplication and confusion. Full credit will be given in the magazine for all material used. Photos will be handled carefully and returned, whether published or not. Brother Knapke is hoping the old-timers will rally 'round, so to speak, and

help him to make this caboose feature a contribution of real value to railroad history.

* * *

THE Sydney & Louisburg in Nova Scotia is not the only road using whistle posts marked to indicate the number of toots required, as Robt. R. Brown pointed out in Easley's picture page, *Along the Iron Pike,* Feb. issue. The Southern and the Atlantic Coast Line have somewhat similar posts. we learn from O. K. McKnight, New York Central agent, Saranac Inn., N. Y., and Fred O. Tyson, Gasport, N. Y.

* * *

FORTY-ONE persons are known to possess complete files of *Railroad Magazine* from December, 1929, to date, the latest addition being E. Milo Turner, Box 74, Buckfield, Maine. Names of the other 40 were published previously.

* * *

BESIDES painting an occasional front cover for us, including the one on our current issue, A. Sheldon Pennoyer of 114 E. 66th St., N. Y. City, a member of the Railroadians of America, has been giving us some interesting items about overseas railways in relation to the war situation. Most of these are newspaper clippings he receives from his brother Richard in England. For instance, an editorial in the London *Sunday Express* bitterly attacks British railways for their "resolute and calculated indifference" to wartime passengers and shippers.

"Railways," it says, "let down the nation by their parrot cry, 'Don't you know there is a war on?' as an excuse for ten thousand instances of avoidable inefficiency."

A summary of the editorial follows: The train pulled out at 9:45 a. m., due in London at 1:50 p. m. At one point that train stood still for more than an hour. Then it went backward for several miles. It eventually reached London at 8 p. m.—six hours late on a 4-hour journey! The train was packed, but it stopped to pick up still more passengers. Although word could have been telephoned down the line that women and children were herded like cattle in the corridors, no attempt was made to provide additional coaches. Those rich enough to pay for the meal could get lunch. But after lunch, the restaurant car went out of business. You could not buy a bath bun, a sausage, or even a stick of chocolate.

When the train finally reached London, a night air-raid was in full blast. No arrangements had been made to direct passengers to the nearest hotel or shelter. The platform, of course, was dark. There were no taxis, no porters. This kind of indifference, says the *Sunday Express,* prevails on all British railways.

* * *

ONCE again we're calling on train crews, shop foremen, brass-pounders, agents, section bosses, and all other rails and fans to send us their work reports. By this we mean information as to which stories, features, and departments you enjoyed most in the current issue. For your convenience we print a "Reader's Choice" coupon on page 143. Many of the boys prefer not to clip their magazines; they send in their reports by postcard or letter.

Every month we announce results. We list the titles in order of popularity. Here is the way February issue stacked up in the estimation of Mr. Composite Reader:

1. True Tales of the Rails
2. Snow on the Iron, *E. S. Dellinger*
3. Smoke Deflectors, *Herbert G. Monroe*
4. He Built Narrow-Gage Roads, *J. Osborn*
5. Blind Crossing, *Carl Lane*
6. On the Spot
7. By the Light of the Lantern
8. Hunches
9. Railroad Camera Club
10. Model Railroading
11. First Railway Troop Movement, *E. Pugsley*
12. Southern Pacific of Mexico Locomotives
13. Railfans
14. Along the Iron Pike, *Joe Easley*
15. Cordwood and Cabbage-Head Stacks

"Illini," One of Two Rail-Motor Cars Used in Fast Passenger Service on the Illinois Central. Both Were Designed and Built by American Car & Foundry. This One Runs Between Chicago and Champaign, Ill., 126.4 Miles, in 155 Minutes, Including 15 Station Stops, an Average Speed of 49.1 M.P.H.

# The Reader's Viewpoint

LAST July, you may recall, Joe Easley's *Along the Iron Pike* pictured Engineer Burrel A. Richards of the Atlanta, Birmingham & Coast as a "railroad Santa Claus." I am sorry to report that Mr. Richards was killed Dec. 28th, 1940, when his engine, No. 229, was derailed and overturned near Manchester, Ga. An appreciation of him was written by Rezora Thompson, journalism student at Wacona High School, as follows:

"During the past few years Engineer Richards —or 'Wild Bill,' as he was called—would slow down his train when approaching Wacona School, and throw off candy, cakes, and doughnuts; and then, with a short blast of his whistle, would be on his way again. Mr. Richards' hobby was raising homing pigeons and he had a pigeon club. Often he would give presents of birds to children who visited his home or attended one of his parties."—C. H. PARKER, Supt., Wacona School, Waycross, Ga.

* * *

HERE amid the bombs I have a pretty busy time as second officer in charge of a rescue, demolition and gas decontamination squad, as well as my usual profession of civil engineer on national service. Many a time I enjoy *Railroad Magazine* in my dugout while bombs are falling round about.

I am interested in American railroads because I spent 11 years in Australia, where American practice is followed in Victoria, South Australia and New South Wales. I love the smooth harmonious outlines of English locomotives, but there is something really impressive in American power.

In my garden I have been constructing an HO gage railroad and have made two engines. One, an 0-6-0 pusher, is based on the Canadian National 0-6-0, while the other is a wee 0-4-0 yard tank engine. When peace comes—soon, I hope!—I shall send you photos. My next loco, a Southern Pacific 4-6-2, is taking shape nicely on the drawing board. Oh, yes, I do full working drawings, thus avoiding endless snags and resulting in a well-balanced model.—NICHOLAS BACK, *The Cottage*, Mancroft Towers, Oulton Broad, Suffolk, England.

* * *

ARIZONA wreck of 1903 spotlighted by LeRoy Palmer in *Desert Memories* in Jan. issue is an old story to me. I was the dispatcher's operator on duty at the time. I cleared the eastbound varnish that figured in the collision at Esmond.

Still telegraphing at 67, I have one great ambition: to finish my studies in Persian and learn more about the Trans-Persian Railroad. What is the boomer brass-pounder record? I have worked on 16 roads, 19 newspapers, a wheat pit, a cotton exchange, and a cable office, in two languages and under two flags.—J. B. LECOMPTE, 2537 Aontoinette Ave., Detroit.

* * *

TO JUDGE from *Pocatello Night Yardmaster* and *Helper Town*, in Dec. and Jan. issues, "Haywire Mac" must have worked on quite a few pikes. My history was somewhat similar: Tallowpot in the World War period, Railway Express terminal worker, boomer, and *genus* hobo. Now I'm a home guard with a motor company, but during vacation I go on the loose as a combined camera fan and "air-conditioned tourist." Between 1938 and 1940 I made N. Dakota and the Northwest, New Orleans and the Mississippi Valley, Kentucky and N. Y. State, and had a swell time.

My father, a construction man, took his family to Fargo, N. D., in 1914. Do old-timers remember P. J. Ferguson, a Great Northern hogger who was a whistle artist? He would play a regular tune when he rolled through town with the *Oriental Limited* (now named the *Empire Builder*). Firemen certainly earned their money on those old coffee pots during blizzards; and being sent to fire the yard goat at Devil's Lake during a freeze was like being exiled to Siberia.

When Easterners spy three or four 'bos on a 100-car hotshot they talk about it for a week, but I've counted 200 to 300 on Jim Hill freights. Gumshoes are lenient toward the "brothers" who make the harvest or take the northern route to the West Coast, but you'd have to be Houdini to ride one of their varnish trains. East of Chicago I used to stay under cover; so imagine my embarrassment one day when I unloaded from a redball freight in Minot, N. D., at 1 a. m. and came face-to-face with two burly-boys checking seals. They never even spoke to me.—DICK THOMPSON, Box 274, Ypsilanti, Mich.

* * *

BACK in the days (*circa* 1912) when my brother Rudy Vallee was called Hubert, he was a rail. Rudy worked without salary as a callboy for the Grand Trunk at Island Point, Vt. He helped out in the roundhouse, prepared grease in rod form, and relished his position as mascot. Once he had a minor *contretemps* with a locomotive. Playing hogger, he managed to start a big engine that was sitting

on a track leading to a turntable that was not set for her. Rudy tried to throw on the brakes, but they were out of whack; he pulled at the big Johnson bar, but he couldn't get her in reverse—the lever was too heavy. It looked as if that engine would land in the turntable pit with a sickening *plunk;* but an engineman appeared in time to stop her. Rudy kept his unofficial job.

"I loved to stand on the bridge over the tracks at Island Pond, reveling in the sulphurated smoke that poured from the stack and enveloped me," he said once, "and I derived a great deal of happiness from hanging around the roundhouse and listening to stories of wrecks and the lives of railroad men."

Grandfather Vallee, employed by the Great Northwestern Telegraph (Canada) always rode in the cab as "boiler-header" when hunting for lines that were down. George Vallee was a brass pounder and Charles Vallee, our father, is an ex-callboy. My namesake, William Vallee, was a tallowpot and a traveling hogger for the Wisconsin Central (Soo Line). I'm a railfan from 'way back. I ride as boiler-header every chance I get, last time being on the N. Y. Central's hotshot, *The Merchandiser,* with Engineer Dick Bloum up.—Wm. Lynch Vallee, 230 E. 51st St., N. Y. City.

* * *

RAILROADING, like all other industries, has its share of "brass hats" whose occasional lapses into boneheadedness make the man in overalls wonder how his superiors ever got that way. For instance:

A water line was laid across the yard for the purpose of drenching hogs during hot weather. Not having been properly drained in the fall, it froze and burst a pipe in the winter. With the return of warm weather again, the yardmaster spoke to the assistant superintendent about having it repaired. The assistant super told the yardmaster to have the bridge and building man to attend to it at once, which he did.

A few days after the superintendent of B&B arrived and noticed the fresh earth where the line had been dug up. He asked his man who had authorized the repair of this line; and when the man said the Y. M. had given the order, the super dismissed him on the spot. The yardmaster took up his case and had the man re-instated, but with loss of pay for the day he was off.

On another occasion, the dynamo of a locomotive failed at a terminal point and would take some time to repair. Rather than delay his passenger train, the engineer volunteered to run without a headlight, as it was only about an hour until daylight. When they arrived at the next terminal, the superintendent,

who had been on the train, went to the engine, shook hands with the engineer, and thanked him for running without a light, thus saving delay to the train. Imagine the engineers' surprise on reaching his home terminal to find a letter from the same superintendent, assessing him five demerit marks for not inspecting his coal when he got off his engine at the end of the much-appreciated run. Talk about gratitude!

Let's take another case. There happened to be a gas leak on a gas-lighted coach. The car foreman struck a match to see if he could find the leak. He did. Luckily, a little paint was all it took to repair the damage.

And this one: A section foreman, driving home by automobile, was held up at a double-track level crossing by a slow freight train. When the drag was only just clear, he "stepped on it" and crashed into a locomotive on the other track. No one in the car was seriously injured, but the car itself was badly wrecked. The next pay check of the employee was short approximately $5 to cover cost of repairs to the locomotive. Another willing booster for the company!

Possibly in the far distant future, brass hats will come to understand that a little common sense mixed with human understanding will create more respect for their positions and good will for the company.—W. E. Colter, Swift Current, Sask., Canada.

* * *

DOES anyone know of a station with a queerer name than Looney, Ky., on the C&O?—James W. Holden, 1659 E. 66th St., Los Angeles.

D&RGW boxcar No. 22222 got the "spotlight" in December issue. I have seen Wabash 77777 and C&NW 123456, but stranger than either of those was a number I found in 1917 when I was mudhopping for the Southern Railway at St. Louis. I had three tracks to check, and as I wanted to avoid finishing at the far end of the yard, I checked between a cut for the Big Four and one for the Wabash.

Strange to say, I noticed "Wabash 67112" on both rackets. Thinking I had absent-mindedly put down the same number twice, I walked back. But there, almost opposite each other, stood two Wabash cars bearing the same number—67112. Waybills showed that one was loaded with corn for the Wabash, its twin with lumber for the Big Four.—S. M. ESKEW, 1116 N. Eighth St., East St. Louis, Ill.

(EDITOR'S NOTE: *Even stranger than that, in our opinion, is the situation described by Christ Rasmussen in his true tale,* Hoodoo Number, *in this issue.)*

* * *

ODD-NUMBERED trains ran east in the summer of 1898 when I was called to fire an Espee passenger, No. 3, up the mighty Sierras to Truckee. We left Sacramento on time about 10 p. m. and pulled out of Rocklin, Calif., about 11 with a helper engine in front. Tom Newton was engineer of the helper, Chas. Deming fireman.

As we plodded along at 15 m.p.h. between Loomis and Penryn and were making the curve at Bates fill—*bingo!* Something whammed into us like a white-hot meteor. We stopped with a terrific jolt. Shivering, both locomotives flopped partway over. I found myself in the dark at the base of the fill, not injured, and stumbled back to the engine where my eagle-eye, Charles Brown, was groaning in the cab with a broken collarbone. Tom Newton was down the bank with a cracked arm, while his fireman was completely buried in the coal but not much hurt. Two head-end cars were telescoped, injuring the baggage man, and the passengers were shaken. Everywhere on the ground you could see ice and peaches.

What hit us was five runaway boxcars—two loads of peaches and three of ice—which had broken away seven miles uphill at New Castle and had rammed us at about 75 miles an hour. Those boxcars were demolished. By early morning the "big hook" had put us together and we were on our way, thankful that the wreck had taken place on a curve.—FRED E. HOBART *(SP engineer, retired),* Box 308, Pacific Grove, Calif.

* * *

I CAN match Joe Easley's picture *(Jan. issue)* of a down-curving highway that crosses the Boston & Maine right in front of a tunnel at Bellows Falls, Vt. At East Dubuque,

*Photo from collection of Vernon L. Ardiff, 4037 Roscoe St., Chicago*

**No, the Interstate Commerce Commission Hasn't Taken to Running Its Own Engines. The Old Girl You See Here Is No. 543 of the Isthmian Canal Commission, the Federal Agency Which Superintended the Building of the Panama Canal. She Was Built by Raismes in France in 1887 for the Old French Canal Company, Was Shipped to Panama; and in 1904 Was Acquired by the U. S. A. and Put to Work Again. Photo Made in 1910**

Ia., there is a crossing which looks almost exactly like the one he drew.—L. R. E. Sisk, Box 306, Mason City, Ia.

* * *

APRIL is being observed by the Railway Express Agency and other transportation mediums as "Perfect Shipping and Careful Handling Month."—Stanley W. Todd, *The Express Messenger,* 230 Park Ave., N. Y. City.

(Editor's note: *Why only April?)*

* * *

MOUNTAIN floods have wrecked most of the Linville River narrow-gage line between Cranberry and Boone, N. C. Luckily the water did not tear out the rails till after the daily train from Boone had gone through. On its return the local was halted by a washout, and when it tried to back up there was a landslide in the way, so they took the passengers out by motor truck. Directors of the East Tennessee & Western North Carolina say they won't restore this track.

That was the highest railroad east of the Rockies, reaching 4242 feet at Linville Gap. Most of the abandoned iron was full of curves, and grades of four per cent were many. Last year the railway post office, "Boone & Johnson City," was dropped; but 3-foot-gage trains still ply between Cranberry and Johnson City.

Another narrow-gage casualty: The D&RGW has dropped their Salida-Gunnison (Colo.) train over snow-capped Marshall Pass, a varnish that boasted a parlor car, but still has daily freight service. The D&RGW has also applied to abandon its trackage between Antonio, Colo., and Sante Fe, N. M., over which travel daily mixed trains; but the strategic location of this route for military supplies (oil and ore) may keep it running.—Robt. W. Richardson, *President, Eastern Ohio Chapter, National Railway Historical Society,* 40 W. Long St., Columbus, O.

(Editor's note: *Probably the death blow has been struck at the little old Bridgton & Harrison, 15.8-mile pike in Maine, by a recent ICC decision recommending abandonment. This is the last but one of America's 2-foot-gage lines, the other being the Monson, 6.16 miles, freight only, also in Maine. The Monson is likewise in tottering financial condition but manages to struggle along as a feeder line for the prosperous Bangor & Aroostook. Often described and pictured in this magazine, the B & H had made a gallant fight to survive. It even tried to help meet expenses by renting trains to railfans. Linwood W. Moody, a former narrow-gage railroader of Union, Maine, is writing an article and assembling photos for us on the present status of narrow-gage railroads in North America. We will publish it as soon as the material is ready.)*

AFTER serving the public for 68 years and 10 months, the 26.28-mile Port Isabel & Rio Grande Valley was taken over by the Missouri Pacific at 12.01 a. m., Wed., Jan. 1st, 1941. The PI&RGV was America's southernmost complete railway and the oldest operating line in South Texas.

On the second of January, 100 MoP workmen accomplished the switchover of the PI&RGV, severing track 17 miles from Brownsville and connecting Post Isabel with the San Benito spiderweb. The MoP has torn up track between the Port of Brownsville cutoff and the Abney cutoff, but is maintaining a direct connection with Brownsville port. It has taken on many of the small road's employes.

L. S. Bourne, retiring General Manager of the PI&RGV, who began his rail career in 1900, told a reporter on *The Brownsville Herald:* "I'm going to retire and hire me a callboy to wake me up at 3 a. m. every day and tell me there's a derailment or a string of tank cars burning up, so I won't miss my railroad job."

The PI&RGV was sold to the MoP by the Sugarland Industries. Its freight business was good, but road hogs had cut heavily into passenger traffic.—W. H. Post, Raymondville, Texas.

* * *

FLORIDA EAST COAST LINE owns 12 side-door cabooses exactly like the Minneapolis & St. Louis buggy pictured on page 130, Jan. issue. Every locomotive on the FEC burns oil, even old No. 148.—Arthur Altstadt, 4121 N. Long Ave., Chicago.

* * *

THE new movie *Santa Fe Trail* should have been called *John Brown,* as he is easily the outstanding character. The few rail shots in it are good; but the right-of-way fence should have been removed, as they were unheard-of when the Santa Fe was in diapers.—C. R. Wentland, c/o Wheeling & Lake Erie Ry., Robertsville, O.

* * *

GO WEST, the Marx Bros. movie, was filmed several months ago on the 57-mile Sierra Railroad. Most of the scenes were taken on the right-of-way just out of Jamestown, Calif., and at a station known to old-timers as Chinese Jct. A friend and I watched the cameramen at work.—E. D. Joslyn, Box 1212, Stockton, Calif.

* * *

BEFORE the ice melted, James McLean was sculling across the wide Frazer River in western Canada with his dog, *Alaska,* a malemute weighing 92 pounds. McLean is a CNR special investigator. Without warning, a

giant half-submerged log stove in the rowboat, throwing the railway man and his dog into the ice-cold water. Before McLean could swim to shore, his leg stiffened in a cramp. This put him in a spot which called for rapid thinking. McLean whistled for his dog, which paddled toward him. Then he hooked an arm around *Alaska's* neck and got himself towed to shore. You couldn't buy that dog for any amount of money.—JOE FOUNTAIN, Canadian National Rys., 673 Fifth Ave., N. Y. City.

ADD to your list of rail-dog heroes the name of *Bum*, a small mongrel, who wandered to the home of Mr. and Mrs. Lavere Wright at Leith, Nevada, some time ago, was adopted by them, and showed his gratitude the other day by grabbing the snowsuit of their 5-year-old daughter and pulling her to safety from in front of a Union Pacific train. *Bum* is now assured of a good comfortable home for the rest of his life.—MRS. LOIS M. DRUEKE, 5112 Oakton, Skokie, Ill.

## Covered Bridges

**Covered Bridge on the Reading near Pine Grove, Pa.; Drawn from a photo by Lawrence Woolston, Jr.**

WHEN Joe Easly drew a picture of an old-style covered bridge for our February issue, *Along the Iron Pike,* and asked innocently, "Is this Burlington structure near Rockport, Ill., the only covered railroad bridge in North America?" he touched off an avalanche.

"Indeed not!" write numerous readers, who tell of sheathed timber bridges in the North, South, East and the West. Haunt of the boxed-in bridge is really New England, especially the Boston & Maine's New Hampshire lines. Such a bridge spans the Saco River just outside Conway, N.H., according to Reuben Gleason, 7 Eliot Circle, Milton, Mass., and Hugh Mason, 36 College Ave., West Somerville, Mass.

"Despite its age," pens Mr. Gleason, "the bridge is used by *The Mountaineer,* famous summer streamlined train."

A pretty photo of the B&M covered bridge near Henniker, N.H., was submitted by S. G. Morely, 2635 Etna St., Berkeley, Calif., but arrived too late to be used here. Same applies to photo of B&M span at Goffstown, from Eugene W. Herman, 86 Harborview Ave., Bridgeport, Conn.

"There are two B&M covered bridges within five miles of this town," appends Dean L. Wilkins who lives in Claremont (8 Maple Ave.) Service on the Claremont line, says Henry St. Jean, 520 Granite St., Manchester, N.H., consists of a gas-motorcar and trailer. A fourth B&M relic has wooden trestle approaches and stands on the "rather ancient" Nashua-Wilton (N.H.) cutoff, now used for freight. It was spotted by Richard H. Jahns, U. S. Geological Survey, 1312 Euclid St., N.W., Washington, D. C. A fifth is just north of Bennington, N.H., on a B&M freight branch, escending to E. E. Holt, 421 Pine St., Providence, R.I.; Ralph Alvarez, 138 Woerd Ave., Waltham, Mass.; and Joseph Bolster, 351 N. Warren Ave., Brockton, Mass., and one between Contoocook and Elmwood on the same branch (perhaps the same bridge) is reported by Harry Worcester of West Swanzey, N.H. To these is added a structure at Goffstown (still New Hampshire) on the North Weare Branch. This is mentioned by John F. Mitchell, 2A Marble St., Worcester, Mass., who says the bridge at Contoocook is made entirely of timbers put together

with wooden pins, and was hurled down in the flood of 1936. Photos show it hanging by the toenails on the edges of abutments.

"The bridge was returned to its foundations only to be thrown down by floods in exactly the same manner two years later," Mr. Mitchell reports. "Again it was moved back, and now four scheduled trains and several extras pass over it each day. A steel structure could never have gone through this; the girders would be bent."

A thrifty people, these New Englanders. The little Monpelier & Wells River Railroad at the top of Vermont (38.2 miles long) has a covered bridge at Barre Transfer, we hear from Elwin K. Heath, Box 15, Barre. In days of yore there used to be another, but it shared the fate of many a timber structure—it burned.

Before 1927's flood there were half a dozen roofed wooden bridges on the St. Johnsbury & Lake Champlain, also far up in Vermont; one remains in use at Swanton, writes Llewellyn M. Jones, who ought to know as he lives there (89 Grand Ave.). Erected in about 1876, it stretches 170 feet and is entirely of wood, except for a few iron reinforcements stuck on later.

"We claim it is the longest and oldest wooden covered railroad bridge in North America," says Mr. Jones. "Two granite piers down in the Missisquoi River show the scars of many a long year. Every spring they are battered by ice jams, later by debris thrown down by floods. A cyclone threatened to rip off the roof, but only a small part was damaged. Large barrels of water at each end take care of the fires."

He urges that railfans get in touch with John S. Kendall, St. Johnsbury, Vt., an official who has written a history of the St.J&LC and its bridges.

To make life more complicated, Mr. Heath mentions two more St.J&LC timber spans; one just east of Hardwick, the other between Hardwick and Morrisville. W. E. Robertson of 521 Central Ave., Wilmette, Ill., refers to another St.J&LC covered span over the La-Moille River at Cambridge Jct., Vt.; and John Gay writes about St.J&LC structures.

"This line," comments O. K. McKnight, "is 'The Route of the Covered Bridges'."

M. J. Case of Rockville, Conn., says he has photos of two such spans on the B&M in Massachusetts and four on the St.J&LC.

In Pennsylvania, there stood an enclosed timber bridge not far from Pine Grove on the Schuylkill & Susquehanna Branch of the Reading. So reports Lawrence Woolston, Jr., Box 1, Stony Creek Mills, Pa. "I am not sure whether or not this bridge is still here," Mr. Woolston admits, "but presumably there would be no need to replace it, as the branch carries only a little freight."

A mountain line, if ever there was one is the East Tennessee & Western North Carolina. This pike has a boxed-over timber bridge on its main line near Hampton, Tenn., to span the Doe River. Our authority is Joseph H. Price, R.F.D. 4, Norristown, Pa., who says a second bridge with clapboard sides adorns this railroad near the celebrated Gorge of the Doe—but probably this doesn't count; the rails run on top of the closed trusses.

"The ET&WNC used to have three bridges of this type," writes Frank T. Williams, a

**(Upper) St.J&LC Bridge near Hardwick, Vt., Photographed by Wm. Higginbotham, 113 S. 2nd St., Champaign, Ill. (Lower) B&M Structure near Elmwood, N. H., Snapped by Harry Worcester**

*Photo by Ed. Smith, 582 S. Main St., Woonsocket, R. I.*

**Combination Rail and Foot Bridge, Approximately 100 Feet Long, over Blackstone River at Woonsocket, Used for NYNH&H Freight Service**

Southern Ry. brakeman of 107 W. Maple St., Johnson City, Tenn. "My dad has been employed by this company for 28 years."

"I saw some covered bridges on the Southern when I rode from Harrisonburg, Va., to Washington," declares E. M. Neff, 1802 Lexington Ave., Springfield, O.

And even the West Coast has its quaint wooden spans. There's one on the Great Northern at Pateros, Wash., 40 miles north of Wenatchee, according to H. H. Knapp, 2612 Seventh St., Meridian, Miss. Another is reported by Mr. Jahns, quoted earlier, who writes: "If memory serves, there was a covered bridge as late as 1933 on the Northern Pacific not far from Snoqualmie, Wash." And on the Eugene-Powers branch of the Southern Pacific there are several such structures between Myrtle Point and Powers, Ore., we learn from Carl Weber, Bat. F, 249 C.A., Camp Clatsop, Ore., and Geo. Swinney, 108 N. Moulton, Coquille, Ore.

Fred W. Moulder, 2531 Amherst Ave., Butte, Mont., says there's a covered railroad bridge on the Three Forks-Gallatin Gateway branch of the CMStP&P, over the Gallatin River.

"I know of six such structures in the State of Washington," comments Lawrence S. Griffin, engine watchman living on Rte. 2, Everett, Wash. "Five of them are on the Milwaukee Road. One is located half a mile east of Raymond on the Raymond branch line. Three are on the Everett line; one of these is at Carnation (P.O. Tolt), another is about a mile east of Monroe, and the other one is at Snohomish. The Snohomish bridge is no longer in service, as Milwaukee trains now run over the GN from Monroe to Everett. At Helsing Jct. you can see another. The last one is one mile south of Chehalis on the Chehalis Western, a logging road. This bridge was built by the Milwaukee as part of the Raymond line. Later a portion of this line was abandoned and the logging company took it over."

Wm. H. Wanzer, 25 Bay View St., Burlington, Vt., sums up the situation thus: "An incomplete list of covered railroad bridges which appeared a couple of years ago gave 21 then in use, but did not mention the one pictured by Joe Easley. Four were on the Pacific Coast, one in Tennessee (two, if we include one with track on top), ten in New Hampshire on the B&M, five in Vermont on the StJ&LC, and one on the M&WR. Except the last, the New England bridges are the Towne or lattice truss type."

Perhaps we will hear from additional readers, who, like Edward Hungerford, historian and producer of *Railroads on Parade* at the N. Y. World's Fair, make a hobby of "collecting" covered bridges. By the way, are there any such structures in Canada?

# 50,000 Passenger Stations

YOUR article, *50,000 Passenger Stations,* in March issue scores a point in describing a condition which needlessly has been permitted to become a sore spot in railroad progress—namely, the run-down condition of so many depots. In very many cases the use of a brush and bucket of paint and a few other inexpensive items would make the small-town railroad station an inviting place, in contrast to the Yellow Dog Bus Lines' stop at Jack's hamburger joint or Harry's gas station. The neglect has been shameful, and the fact that passengers do not spend so much time in and about the depots now as was done years ago, is no excuse for it. As your article points out depots are the "front."

I hope that the notable exceptions will, within the next few years, become the rule. The union depots at Cincinnati and Los Angeles, the C&O's station at Williamsburg, the Q's at LaCrosse, the UP's at LasVegas, and others, are symbols of an aggressive industry. But an overwhelming majority of depots and structures that pass for depots suggest decadence.

Here in Chicago are six central depots, all within a 1½-mile circle. Three of these are worthy of modern railroading. The union depot, completed in 1925, in the shadow of the Loop, with 24 tracks handling the traffic of the Milwaukee, Pennsy, Q, and Alton, is a magnificent edifice, with every up-to-date convenience. Two short blocks away is the almost equally impressive Northwestern depot, a quarter of a century old, yet quite modern, with 16 tracks used by C&NW trains. Tracks of the Northwestern depot are above street level. Those of the union depot are below street level, on the west bank of the Chicago River.

Near the heart of the Loop, the small but otherwise excellent LaSalle St. depot has borne its thirty-seven years very well. Trains of the New York Central, Rock Island and Nickel Plate share the 12 tracks, all above street level. A large volume of mail and express is handled under these tracks. Needless to say, depot tracks are not used for storage purposes. The trainshed was rebuilt a few years ago, and the station boasts of personal or individual dressing rooms. Incoming or outgoing passengers may put a dime in a slot and open a door to a small room for washing, shaving, or changing clothes. Outwardly, the LaSalle St. Depot has the appearance of an office building.

Farther south, on the river's east bank, stands the Grand Central or B&O depot, built during the late nineties. Eight street-level tracks accommodate trains of the B&O, Pere Marquette, Soo Line, and the Chicago Great Western. This structure is small and antiquated, but fairly well maintained. The Illinois Central depot, on the lake front, mentioned in the article, used by the IC, Michigan Central, and Big Four, needs more than a face-lifting. It needs a man like Otto Kuhler to get to work on its interior.

Dearborn station, on the south fringe of the Loop, is now in its golden anniversary. Owned by the Chicago & Western Indiana, a terminal road, this depot is used by the Chicago & Eastern Illinois, Grand Trunk, Erie, Monon, Wabash, and Santa Fe. The building is small, squalid, and has a run-down appearance. Some of the street-level platforms are planked instead of paved. The trainshed is little protection against inclement weather. Ironically enough, some of the most luxurious trains out of Chicago use this old dump of a station.

The same C&WI owns a union depot in Englewood, a district in Chicago seven miles from the Loop but well within the city limits. It serves as an outlying stop for trains of four of the six roads using the C&WI's Dearborn station—the Santa Fe and the Grand Trunk leave C&WI rails before getting out that far. The Englewood building is the type you find in small cities.

Somewhat larger and better, but still nothing to brag about, is the Englewood union depot, three blocks to the east. There trains of the Pennsy, New York Central, Nickel Plate, and Rock Island make outlying stops while entering and leaving Chicago.

Most of the through trains using the IC depot make outlying stops at the IC stations of Hyde Park, Woodlawn, and Kensington, all within city limits. These structures are built under the tracks. The B&O has an outlying station at 63rd St. So has the Grand Trunk, which also operates one at Halsted St., near the Union Stockyards.

With few exceptions, through trains of the Milwaukee Road stop at Western Ave., three miles west of the Loop—a small-town type depot. Trains of the C&NW Galena Div. stop at a similar station on Kedzie Ave., four miles west of the Loop. And on the C&NW's Milwaukee and Wisconsin divisions, trains stop at a fairly respectable depot at Clybourn, three miles north of the Loop, where the terminal tracks diverge to form the two divisions.

Where the Q main line crosses over Western Ave., an old boxcar is perched perilously on the edge of the fill, and there all suburban and some through trains stop. A large sign invites the public to board trains here for the Zoological Garden, in Brookfield suburb, but the rickety stairway and the boxcar depot are anything but inviting.

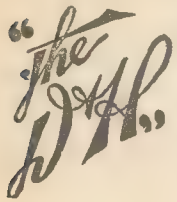
In addition to the four IC buildings I have

mentioned, the IC has 34 stations within city limits for its electrified suburban service. The electrified trains are Chicago's best urban and suburban transit facilities, but the depots are nothing but ticket cubbyholes and wooden platforms, at coach floor-level.

The Rock Island has 18 suburban depots in Chicago city limits, the Northwestern has 12, and the Milwaukee 11. These latter two roads pass through the west, northwest, and north sections of the city—which, while densely populated, are not so large territorially as the south side, served by the IC and Rock Island. The Q, crossing the city where it is only six miles wide, has but one suburban station within the limits. The Q's service is for the densely populated western suburbs as far as Aurora, 38 miles out.

There are more depots in Chicago, in addition to the 94 I have enumerated. Unique among railroad stations in this area is the Q depot in Riverside, a suburb, which was built for the railroad by the village. Beautiful Riverside, nine miles west of Chicago, with picturesque, narrow, winding drives, discourages all but local automobile traffic, says "no" to highway bandits and busses, and erects a station for its railroad! JAMES B. CAIN, 942 N. Washtenaw Ave., Chicago.

## New England Heard From




*SMOKE DEFLECTORS* in Feb. issue represents the kind of article I would like to see more often in *Railroad Magazine*. But I was disappointed because the author, Herbert G. Monroe, failed to mention the Delaware & Hudson's 600 class Pacifics, of which Nos. 604, 605, 651 and 653 use smoke deflectors similar to those of the Canadian National picture on page 21. The 608 has a different type, more like the CNR 1570 class smoke lifters.

No D&H freight hogs are equipped with deflectors, probably because the tunnels between Whitehall and Rouses Point, N. Y., are not very long. I've ridden the smoky end of those D&H freights as a student brakeman (I'm now a yard clerk) and the tunnels despite all precautions, seem like a trip through hell. The usual trick is to close the cab windows, open the firebox doors, and stick your nose into a glove. If you get your lungs full of fresh air before the hog hits the hole, you may be able to hold your breath till you reach the other side. If not, your lungs will be full of sulphur and soot.—EDWARD BAUMGARDNER, Castleton, Vt.

* * *

UNDER photo of a Lehigh Valley freight engine you say *(page 57, Jan. issue)*: "From the standpoint of composition, we might wish the semaphore had been pointing in, but they just aren't erected that way in American practice."

If John D. Nicholson had snapped his picture along the New Haven's Shore Line, Providence Div., the composition would be perfect—automatic block semaphores along this route are all "left-handed." They point toward the tracks. This seems to be New Haven practice with upper-quadrant signals, but their lower-quadrant semaphores point outward.

Left-hand signals guard three-fourths of the Providence-Boston main line with its 35-40 daily limited trains, including the streamlined *Comet*. —H. B. CHASE, JR., 18 Beech St., Mansfield, Mass.

* * *

I'M 83 now. Started railroading in April, 1881, as tallowpot for the New London Northern (Central Vt.) at Brattleboro, Vt., in the days when nearly every engine burned wood. They made me spare engineer on all trains. Your story *The Blizzard of '88* in March issue, reminds me that I was then shepherd of a hard-working snowplow. We were four whole days fighting our way from Brattleboro to Amherst, Mass., a bare 35 miles. Since then I've railroaded in North Carolina and have run engines for the B&O and for the Wheeling & Lake Erie. Now in the grain and feed business.—A. H. GATES, Ludlow, Mass.

* * *

TRAINS may be slow between Portland and Bangor, Maine, as you hint in *Annual Speed Survey* in Jan issue, but they are faster than they were ten years ago. Under present track conditions, service can't be speeded much without cutting out stops.

Concerning freights running as second section of varnish jobs: A hotshot ran Section II of the Boston & Maine Diesel-powered *Flying Yankee* (known around here as the *"Toothpaste Tube"*) a year ago.—EARL STIMPSON, 64 Pleasant St., Brunswick, Maine.

* * *

ONLY one electric line in Vermont and New Hampshire? So writes Mr. Stearns in February *On the Spot* but he overlooks the Claremont Ry. in Claremont, N. H., which has hauled only freight since about 1930. Two steeple-cab engines do the work.

Where did old express Car No. 38 of the Springfield Terminal Railway come from?—KINSLEY M. GOODRICH, 885 W. Hoosatonic St., Pittsfield, Mass.

# Information Booth

ANYONE who owns prints or negatives of the Northern Pacific's Fargo & SW branch, please write. I am most interested in snowfighting scenes made in severe winters, but will buy any photos of that branch or pay for the privilege of copying prints.—WALTER ADAMS, Verona, N. D.

* * *

YOU'VE listed the fast trains—what about the slowest? I suggest No. 60 on the Pere Marquette, which plods the 134 miles from Saginaw to Port Huron, Mich., in 11 hours, averaging 12 miles per hour.

Who can give information on the steam roads that used to go to Coney Island, N. Y.? They later became part of the BMT subway.—WM. B. SCHALLEK, 144 W 86th St., N. Y. City.

(EDITOR'S NOTE: *One Coney Island line carried the strangest steam train ever created, the Boynton Bicycle Train, four feet wide, which ran on one rail and was expected to clear a similar "fish" on the other.)*

* * *

LAST summer at the Agricultural Fair here, I saw the placing of a copper container in a stone column, to be opened in 2,000 A. D. Inside are pictures and news clippings—to which I added the June issue of *Railroad Magazine* containing the article, *"Operating a Mountain Division,"* by W. L. Hack, an SP division superintendent. Auburn is on the mountain haul described in his story.

Lately I have seen N.Y. Central boxcars with the Santa Fe emblem but no lettering. How is this?—G. H. KNEPPLER, P. O. Box 621, Auburn, Calif.

* * *

REGARDING houses close to tracks: Just north of the NYC station at Niagara Falls two dwellings almost touch the theoretical main line of the Michigan Central. No bride and groom come to Niagara from any direction, by train, without skimming past these homes—not to mention Lehigh Valley and NYC freights by the mile.—WM. C. KESSEL, 92 E. Depew Ave., Buffalo. N. Y.

* * *

SHORTLY after you published my photo *(Feb. issue)* of buildings close to the Montpelier & Wells River track at Barre, Vt., carpenters began to wreck the structure which had its corner sliced off. Now the brick building in which I work is the nearest.—ELWIN K. HEATH, Box 15, Barre, Vt.

* * *

CORRECTION: I enjoyed *He Built Narrow-Gage Roads* in Feb. issue. However, the author said the Silverton Northern had only one loop left in Colorado. The Laramie, North Park & Western has a loop at Coalmont, Colo.—C. J. OWNBY, Walden, Colo.

* * *

MEMORY takes me back to a little pike in northeastern Tennessee, the Beaver Dam, long since abandoned. Its 16 miles of track rambled through the picturesque foothills of the Blue Ridge Mts., from Crandull, Tenn., to Damascus, Va. They used Climax-geared engines for hauling logs to the Tennessee Lumber & Mfg. Co. mill at Sutherland. My father, Bob Stovall, worked 13 years for that pike in track repair and the shops.

A wreck occurred right in front of our house. The noon local was setting out a flat car by the "flying switch" method. It struck a faulty switch frog, and the flat, with Sam Buschell, aboard ran off the rails. Clumsily the car turned over, pinning Sam to the ground, crushing him. Sam's grave can be seen on The Neelys' Ridge just above the old right-of-way. Old-timers who remember this railroad, please write. I have not been there for 26 years.—JAS. W. STOVALL, 915 S. Main St., Roseburg, Ore.

* * *

IN 1875 a man was drowned in the Upper Mississippi and they buried him between the river bank and the Milwaukee iron near Dresbach, Minn. As long as Wm. Parsons was section boss, the stranger's grave had the best of care. You see, I know—I was a boy then, working for Mr. Parsons while I went to school. Now I am eighty.—F. S. PARKER, 4620 43rd Ave., Seattle, Wash.

* * *

CORRECTION: Troop-train photo in Feb. issue, page 26, came from *The Spokesman-Review* of Spokane, *not* Seattle. I was with the staff photographer, Frank Parker, when he took the picture, which shows the CMStP&P train headed west out of Spokane. A Great Northern bridge is faintly discernible in the background. At the extreme right you see part of the Union Pacific roundhouse. Your caption erred in saying the train made "a non-stop run from Seattle to Othello (Camp Murray.)" It didn't begin at Seattle. Besides, Camp Murray is located about 120 miles west of Othello.—KEN NASH, 1304 College Ave., Spokane.

(EDITOR'S NOTE: *We are advised by C. Hutchinson, Rte. 2, Box 714, Tacoma, Wash., that the run in question was made from Spokane to Othello by steam power, and thence to Tacoma by juice. He says Camp Murray is located "more than 200 miles west of Othello.")*

# A Section for Juice Fans

Lackawanna Railroad

LACKAWANNA multiple-unit suburban trains on the road's Montclair (N. J.) branch were as much as three hours late in a January sleet storm. Ice formations on the overhead wires and pantagraphs prevented sufficient power from reaching the trains.

Who said electrics were replacing steam? Steam locomotives coupled to the MU electrics were used during the night until the ice melted in time for early morning commuter trains. Commuters usually arriving at six o'clock arrived under steam power at 10 p. m. Some passengers were stalled in trains for hours.—BILL BETTS, JR., 24 Molter Place, Bloomfield, N. J.

(EDITOR'S NOTE: *The same storm, by ice-coating the hills at Norwich, N. Y., caused a week's postponement of the DL&W Ski-Camera Safari originally scheduled for Jan. 17th, co-sponsored by Railroad Magazine.)*

* * *

COACHES are soon needed by the London & Port Stanley line in Canada, due to a wartime spurt in traffic, but the Utilities Commission of London, Ont., can't afford to buy new cars. No railroad in Canada is discarding these jobs; are they available in the U.S.A.? Equipment needed includes: Four wooden type vestibuled steam railroad coaches, four to six electric motor cars, 1500-volt DC, pantagraph overhead wiring, or four to six motorcars of the Sacramento Northern type *(page 133 Dec. issue)*, without trucks, as these can be bought in New York.

Since our city street-cars gave way to buses, the L&PS has been the only electric line in western Ontario.—WILF. MORRIS, 229 Queens Ave., London, Ont., Canada.

* * *

WHY aren't there any more trolley movies? Back in 1923 somebody produced *Conductor 1492*, starring Johnny Hines, a scream from beginning to end, which had many fine trolley shots, Hal Roach made *Off the Trolley* and Harold Lloyd got some good street-car scenes in *Safety Last.*—PAUL WILLIS, 910 E. Chelten Ave., Philadelphia.

(EDITOR'S NOTE: *A ready-made answer to Mr. Willis's question follows.)*

* * *

STREET-CAR history was made here with the preview of *Comrade X*, a screen comedy based on the life of a trolley operatrix (Hedy LeMarr) in Moscow. First showing was in a blacked-out trolley lent by Capital Transit, parked on a siding. Is this the first movie filmed in a street-car?—RICHARD I. HAXTON, 8914 Flower Ave., Silver Spring, Md.

(EDITOR'S NOTE: *As it happens, Mr. Haxton's query was answered by Mr. Willis.)*

* * *

ELECTRIC sweeper pictured on page 132 of Feb. issue is a duplicate of the one used here until 1927, when the Montpelier & Barre Traction & Power Co. was literally wrecked by the Great Flood.—E. K. H., Barre, Vt.

* * *

SAN FRANCISCO'S cable lines are about to go. As soon as General Motors sends more coaches, the Castro Cable and the Fillmore Hill Counterbalance will suspend. Soon they will

*Photo by R. W. Schoiz, 125 N. Humphrey Ave., Oak Park, Ill.*

**This Car on the Salt Lake, Garfield & Western Shuttles Between Salt Lake City and Saltair, Utah, a Suburban Amusement Park. On Very Busy Days an Open Car Is Coupled to It**

Number 14 of the Mississippi Valley Public Service Company; Built by St. Louis Car Company; Photographed at Winona, Minn., in August, 1937, by Myles A. Jarrow, 1317 East 52nd Street, Chicago

pull out the 24 Divisadero line—only cable route which runs cars singly—next the 16-35 electric line, 10 miles long, and the 40 electric line which serves Burlingame and San Mateo, a 25-mile trolley route.—ARTHUR LLOYD, 1270 Plymouth St., San Francisco.

* * *

INDIANA Railroad has substituted busses and trucks for its interurbans on the Indianapolis-Ft. Wayne and Muncie-New Castle divisions. These were all that remained on the Union Traction Co., called by some the "world's largest." Indiana had 2,000 miles of traction lines in those days, all centering at Indianapolis, but that city is left today with only a single electric line, the Indianapolis-Seymour Branch of the Indiana Public Service Corp.—GEO. PEARCE, 2523 N. Purdum St., Kokomo, Ind.

* * *

OUT here they frequently double-head Pacific Electric juice freight engines with steam locomotives. Is this fair?—A. M. CLEAVER, 1160½ N. Madison Ave., Los Angeles.

* * *

UNIQUE feature of Sacramento Northern cars was their three types of collectors on each motor. I mention this in answer to Wm. Wanzer's item in Feb. *On the Spot*. There were two slide-pole trolleys, a pantograph about one-third back, and four third-rail shoe cradles. Pantograph is used on Key System trackage. Trolley poles are employed on the line to Pittsburgh, Calif. Formerly third-rail shoes were inserted at Sacramento for travel north of there, and were removed there from southbound trains. The shoe brackets are now taken off altogether. No trolley frogs are used at sidings.—DAVID H. MERRILL, 2016 Prince St., Berkeley, Calif.

* * *

ADD to list of interurbans using both third rail and overhead wire: Atlantic City & Shore (N. J.), Lackawanna & Wyoming Valley (Pa.) and Liberty Bell Route of the Lehigh Valley Transit (also Pa.).—W. B. S.

* * *

TWENTY cars have been bought by the Virginia Electric & Power Co. in the past two years. Here at Norfolk the company is double-tracking three miles of the Ocean View Park line (for a second time), as new homes make better service necessary. Norfolk's population has jumped from 140,000 to almost 200,000 in a year and includes 50,000 sailors.—JOHN H. SLAUGHTER *(car operator, VE&P)*, 2611 Waverly Way, Norfolk, Va.

* * *

STREWN about a field in West Alexandria, O., on U. S. Highway 35, are abandoned, truckless box and baggage cars of the Cincinnati & Lake Erie, while on a rise in back stands a yellow street-car much like those now operating on the Dayton City Railway. Who can supply facts on these relics—*i.e.*, how and when they got there?

Also: Is there any other operating section of the C&LE at present other than in Dayton? The existing trackage here extends from the old depot, now remodelled for stink-buggies, out through town about three miles to a nearby suburb, Southern Hills. Regular street-car service on this section is carried on. From Southern Hills the line runs downhill about 1½ miles to a spot where the shops, abandoned car yards, and depot are located. Adjacent is the Frigidaire Corp. In early mornings, late afternoons, and early evenings six cars run for the benefit of Frigidaire workers. No service is carried on during the day. No freight is handled. Even now, wires for trackless trolleys are being strung up to take the place of the cars, the last remains of a great interurban system.—GEO. HOUCK, JR., 51 Harmon Terrace, Dayton. O.

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***Next Month:*** **Another Pacific Electric Novelet by Harry Bedwell**

**In the Hole for a Highliner**

# Railroad Camera Club

## Red Board!

ALTHOUGH we have often warned photo collectors against Earl Farmer of North Carolina and "Daniel" (D.G.), of New York City, several recent complaints from readers indicate the necessity for repeating these warnings.

Earl Farmer makes a practice of writing to Railroad Camera Club members, offering to sell them old magazines or relics he does not own. Sometimes they send him money and never hear from him again. A short time ago Farmer served a Federal prison term for misuse of the mails, but apparently even that hasn't stopped him. Note: He may have moved to another state and adopted a different name.

"Daniel" G., using the name of "Ingram" or some other alias, with an address in or near New York City, contacts owners of railroad photos whose addresses are published in this magazine, requesting the "loan" of pictures so he can copy them, or offering to swap for material in his own huge collection. In many cases his transactions are honest. However, we have a large file of letters from reputable organizations and private collectors who claim to have been victimized by "Daniel"—i.e., they say he took photos, negatives, etc., without giving anything in return. Numerous individuals, railroad companies, locomotive builders, railfan clubs, libraries., etc., refuse to have dealings with D. G. for that reason, or admit him to their premises.

Both Earl Farmer and D. G. usually typewrite their requests, including the signature, on postalcards or letters. Frequently such appeals consist of hard-luck stories.

We advise all persons to scrutinize carefully requests where even the signature is typewritten. In case of doubt, submit the correspondence to the Editor of *Railroad Magazine*. Readers who entrust money, rare photos, negatives, or anything else to Farmer or D. G. do so at their own risk.

Beware of anyone who sends you a completely typewritten card or letter asking you to remit several dollars for old issues of *Railroad Magazine* or *Baldwin Locomotives*.

## The Switch List

YOUR editor would like to get unusual photos of cabooses and of locomotive headlights—pictures that show details very clearly and distinctly—to illustrate feature articles on those two subjects that will be published in RAILROAD MAGAZINE in the near future.

Anecdotes about cabooses, bits of caboose history, etc., also are wanted for use in the caboose article.

Charles E. Fisher, President of the Railway & Locomotive Historical Society, Inc., is writing the feature for us on the origin and development of the locomotive headlight, while W. F. Knapke, an old-time trainman and occasional contributor to RAILROAD MAGAZINE, is gathering material for a treatise on the origin and development of the "crummy."

Information and photos should be sent to Freeman H. Hubbard, Editor of RAILROAD MAGAZINE, 280 Broadway, New York City.

* * *

LOCOMOTIVE CHART, 15x22 inches, containing six detailed diagrams keyed to show 308 parts of steam engines, reprinted from the hard-to-get *Locomotive Cyclopedia*, may be obtained at 15c each from E. W. Shimmons, manager, Book Dept., Simmons-Boardman Publishing Corp., 30 Church St., N. Y. City. This chart is entitled *Names of Parts of Steam Locomotives*. It sells at the same price as the *Locomotive Defect Chart* and the *Steel Frame Boxcar Chart*, issued by the same company.

FREE listing in this department is subject to a few simple conditions:

(1) Submit your item on a separate sheet or card containing your name and address. Don't bury it in a long letter. Write plainly.

(2) Briefly include all essential details. Some entries are too vague to get good results.

(3) *Redball* handling is given to items received in our office the first ten days of every month, especially if accompanied by Reader's Choice coupon (clipped from page 143 or homemade). All other entries are run as *drag freight*,

*Photo by Jim Hope, Box 494, Armstrong, B. C., Canada*

Speed Shot of Canadian Pacific No. 5913, a 2-10-4 Type, Wheeling Redball Freight Through the Settlement of Sturdy, British Columbia, Westbound About Twelve Miles East of the Connaught Tunnel. This Photo Has a Fine Pictorial Quality That Sets It Apart from the Average Amateur Job

*Photo by William J. Miller, 2239 Cortland, Detroit, Mich.*

**Number 1710 of the Former Lake Shore Electric Railway Is Now 170 of the Des Moines & Central Iowa. The Photo Was Made in Des Moines a Few Months Ago**

depending upon date of going to press and amount of space available.

(4) Use these abbreviations: *Pix*, photos; *cond.*, condition; *ea.*, each; *elec.*, electric; *env.*, envelope; *eqpmt.*, equipment; *esp.*, especially; *incl.*, including; *info.*, information; *mag.*, magazine; *n-g.*, narrow-gage; *negs.*, negatives; *p. c.*, postcard; *pref.*, preferably; *tr.*, train.

And these photo sizes: Size 127—1⅝x2½ inches; Size 117—2¼x2¼; Size 130—2⅞x4⅞; Size 118 or 124—3¼x4¼; Sizes 122 or pc.—3¼x5½; Size 116—2½x4¼; Size 616 same as 116, on thin spool; Size 120—2¼x3¼ inches.

The term "tts." always refers to public timetables, unless preceded by "emp.", in which case it means employes' or operating timetables.

R. T. ALBEE, North Troy, Vt., interested in history and pix of South Eastern Ry. (now part of CP).

ALTHUR ALSTADT, 4121 N. Long Ave., Chicago, offers 50c for any picture of C&EI yard goat, and 75c for any 200 series loco, C&EI, size 116 pref.

RALPH ALVAREZ, 138 Woerd Ave., Waltham, Mass., trades B&M emp. tts. for L&NE, Reading, LV and Erie. Write first.

J. H. ANDERT, RFD 1, Box 157B, Chula Vista, Calif., has several San Diego, Cuyamaca & Eastern tts. dated Oct. 1, 1907; and many SDC&E emp. tts. of April 2, 1911, and Jan. 21, 1912, all good cond. Will swap for SDC&E tts. before Oct. 1, 1907, AT&SF or SP tts., *RR. Blue Book* or *Off. Guides* before 1912.

SAM APPLEBY, Arcadia, Fla., buys good pix size 116 of SAL locos,. esp. Q-1, I-12, F-5, L-5's with Walschaert gear v. g., L-3, M, etc. Trades SAL info., pub. tts., colored postcards and streamliner pix for same of other lines.

HARRY ARNOLD, Raymond, N. H., sells 5x7 pix of old-timers. Send 3c stamp for circular.

* * *

WILEY BAKER, Rt. 4, Box 271, Atlanta, Ga., trades 5 loco pix, steam or Diesel, for emp. tt. from any road. Send tt. and he'll send photo list to choose. Fans in South and West, write.

C. W. BALCH, 7030 Stewart Ave., Chicago, exchanges clear 35 mm. Kodachrome transparencies of streamliners. Has CRI&P *Rockets*, C&EI new *Dixie Flagler*, Pennsy new *South Wind* and CMStP&P *Morning Hiawatha*.

ELDON BEHR, 2633 29th Ave. S., Minneapolis, Minn., selling *Railroad Magazine* issues of Mar., Sep., No. '36; Jan.-May, Sep. '37; Jan.-April, June, July, Sep.-Nov. '38; Feb., March, May-Oct., Dec. '39; Jan.-April, Sep.-Dec. '40; at 10c each plus postage.

WM. BENNER, 107 Rosary Ave., Lackawanna, N. Y., wants emp. tts. of Santa Fe's Chicago-Ft. Madison div. Also rulebooks, any road.

JOHN BEUTTAS, 533 Maple Ave., Wilmette, Ill., collects all rr. pix, esp. action shots, all sizes but 116 or 620 pref. Also wants tr. orders, pub. and emp. tts., relics of aband. lines. Has MoP, C&NW, CNS&M (elec.), Texas Elec., IC, MKT, SP and others.

O. H. BORSUM, 177 7th Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y., pays reas. price for clear natural color negs., size 120, of U. S. streamliners. Also has album of 1000 stamps, 150 pub. tts., many photos size 3½x5, and rr. clippings to sell or trade for diner menus, negatives, tickets, photos.

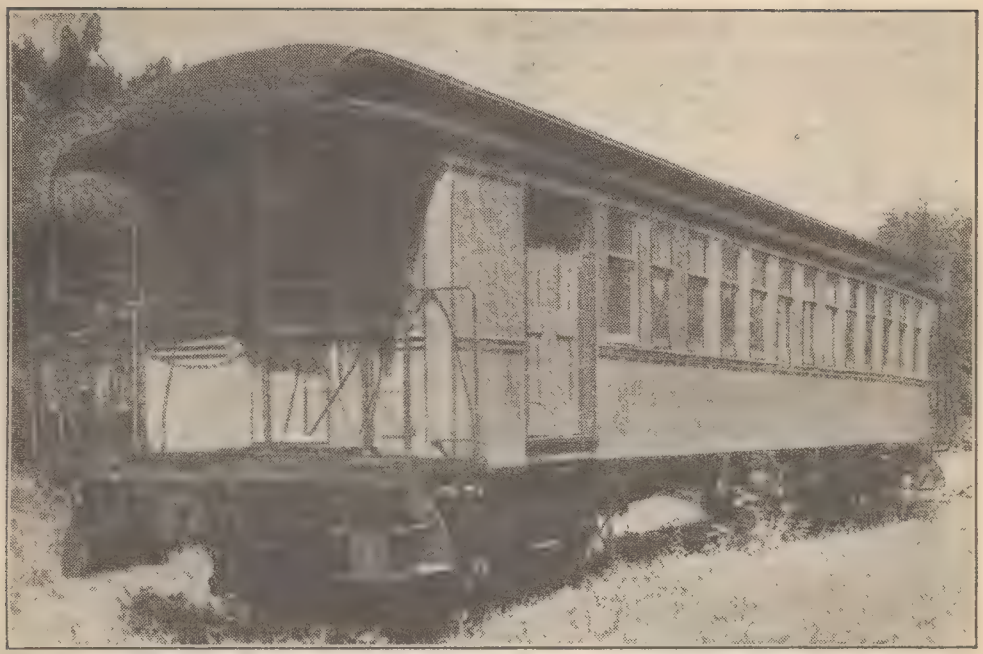
**MEMBERSHIP in the Railroad Camera Club is open to all who collect pictures of engines, trains, cars, stations, etc., or other railroadiana such as books, timetables, tickets, train orders, passes, trolley transfers, etc. There are no fees, no dues. Names are published in good faith, without guarantee.**

**Membership card and pin are given free to anyone sending us the latest Reader's Choice coupon (page 143) and self-addressed stamped envelope. If you don't want to clip the magazine, make your own R. C. coupon. Canadian and foreign readers, enclose loose stamp from your own country, instead of stamped envelope.**

**Address Railroading Magazine at 280 Broadway, New York City. Tell us what you want or offer. Unless you do so, your name will not be printed here.**

*Photo by Roy Gries, 544 Liberty Street, Schenectady, N. Y.*

"Pageant of Progress" Celebration Marked the Centenary of Fort Edward, N. Y., August 3rd, 1927. The Horse-Car Is Shown with John Laughlin at One End of the Reins and "Jack" and "Dan" at the Other. As No. 24 of the United Traction Co. It Operated in the Albany, N. Y., Lumber District until the 1921 Trolley Strike, When Rioters Tore Up a Section of Its Track and the Company Forfeited Its Franchise. No. 71 (Conductor Roy Vaille, Motorman Bill Nichols) Was an Interurban Car of the Hudson Valley Railway. A Year after the Celebration, This Car, with Other Passenger Equipment, Was Burned When the HV Went Out of Business



**Old Passenger Coach on the Manchester & Oneida Railway (See Page 6), Previously in Illinois Central Suburban Service, Now Used for M&O Work Crews**

W. K. BRAY, Box 75, South Hamilton, Mass., trades B&M tr. orders, hat checks, pub. tts., condr. and trainmen's buttons, used and precancelled U. S. stamps for uniform buttons from steam or elec. roads.

STAN BULSIEWICZ, 425 S. Jay St., Rome, N. Y., will buy or trade old tts., esp. aband. and predecessor roads. Will also buy any size pix of old-time NYO&W power and an *Official Guide* around 1920. Send lists.

* * *

JAMES CAIN, 942 N. Washtenaw Ave., Chicago, wants to borrow good, sharp negs., size 116, 118 or 120, of heavy frt. or dual-service locos at work or under steam. Will return neg. plus 2 prints free, making only one print for his own collection, not for resale or trade. Wants info on interurban between LaPorte and Mich. City, Ind.

EARL CLARK, 2108 Howell St., Covington, Ky., sends free elec. ry. photo and selection of prints on approval, for postage.

EDWARD COUTERMARSH, 87 Mechanic St., Lebanon, N. H., has good copy *Pocket List of RR. Officials*, first quarter 1938, to swap for Sullivan County and Vt. Val. good quality loco pix, size 120x620, 116-616 and postcard. Wants to hear from anyone in his vicinity with old *Loco. Engr. Journals* to loan or give away.

EDWARD COYNE, 2416 Newkirk Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y., asks trainmen and fans to send him emp. tts. to start collection. Offers in return recent pub. tts. of all big and some small roads and copies of *Nat'l Geographic* article *Trains of Today and Tomorrow.*

* * *

FRANK DE LARM, 25 Longmont St., Providence, R. I., will send 3 unused Connecticut Co. (New London div.) trolley transfers to everyone sending stamped env., as long as supply lasts.

CARL DIETCH, Hawkeye, Iowa, will sell June and Dec. 1929 *Railroad Magazine*, in good cond., minus covers, at 75c. Wants Feb., Mar. and April '36 issues.

C. O. DIGGS, commercial photographer, Greenfield, O., will buy good negs of B&O, DT&I, N&W, C&O eqpmt. Has 8 mm. railfan movies to loan in exchange for other rr. movies 8 or 16 mm.

R. O. DINGLEY, 4140 Indiana Ave., Ft. Wayne, Ind., pays cash for Nickel Plate photos size 116 or larger of rolling stock, wayside scenery, etc. Write first or send list.

R. C. DODT, 23 W. Norman Ave., Dayton, O., has markers, lanterns, rulebooks, air gages, whistles, etc., from aband. Dayton & Xenia. Write for prices.

FRANCIS DORNEY, 15 West St., Bellows Falls, Vt., selling 7 dif. pix, size 5x7, Rutland St. Ry. 2 open, 2 closed eight-wheel cars, snowplow-sweeper combination, elec. frt. and four-wheeler: 48c each. Open car at Fair Haven and closed North Belt 4-wheeler, p. c. size, 15c ea. 4 dif. views aband. Bellows Falls & SR St. Ry., size 6¼x4½, 25c ea. Rut. and B&M negs. 10c ea. or trade for trolley pix.

JACK DOWLING, 1324 Paloma Ave., Burlingame, Calif., buys good pix, size 120 or larger, of SPdeMex, Angels Flight Ry. and Red River Lumber.

* * *

RICHARD FERRARO, 1924 W. Ave. 30, Los Angeles, buys and sells SP engine pix and negs. size 620 and 616.

RICHARD FLAHERTY, 18 School St., Medway, Mass., buys emp. tts. of all New England rrs., esp. B&M and MC.

* * *

LOWELL GAMBLE, 510 5th St., Rawlins, Wyo., buys *Off. Guides*, emp. tts., travel literature and city maps showing rrs. of Eastern states, esp. NYC material. Has *Railroad Magazine* from March '38 on to swap.

JACK GARCIA, Rivulet, Mont., will buy frt. wreck pix, size 130, 118, 116, at Del Mar, Cal.; Salt Lake (UP); Rome, Ia.; Charleston, Ill. (Nickel Plate); and pass. wrecks Little Falls (NYC) and Marion, Ia. (Milw.)

EDWARD GIBBS, 729a Macon St., Brooklyn, N. Y., wants info. and pix of BMT trolleys before 1938.

L. W. GOODWIN, Lock Box 3, Northfield, Conn., buys or trades for tts. Of aband. interurbans and aband. or merged steam roads.

PAUL GRIMBERG, 99 Grandview Ave., Mt. Vernon, N. Y., wants emp. tts. of small elec. and steam roads, esp. old Central div. of Minn. & St. Louis; NYC and Pennsy divs. no longer issued; NKP Indpls. div., and any div. of WMd. Many emp. tts. large and small roads to trade or sell.

FRANK GUERNSEY, 2000 N. E. 58th Ave., Portland, Ore., will pay 25c for May '33 *Railroad Stories.* Will also trade SP&S and CMStP&P tr. orders for others. Will buy any emp. tts.

ROBT. HADLEY, 6342 14th St., Detroit, Mich., offers 569 rail pix for $10 postpaid: 21 size 8x10, two 4x10, 130

size 5x7, 131 size 120 and 265 pix size 116. Also, 519 pix all sizes mounted in wood-covered album, $12. Write.

L. E. HAMPEL, West Montrose, Ont., Canada, offers new list of size 116 loco pix, with over 100 additions, for 5c; or with 2 samples, 10c. (U. S. members, send coins, not stamps.) Pix for sale or trade. Will print 6 glossy veloxes from your own negs. for ea. good size 116 loco neg. received.

GRAHAME HARDY, 4657 Park Blvd., Oakland, Calif., buys all kinds of rr. material, single pieces or collections, esp. old passes, tts., catalogs of car, loco and eqpmt.; builders, books, pix, advertising, tickets, stocks, letters, etc.

H. C. HARNER, Muhlenberg College, Allentown, Pa., wants negs. of B&O, CB&Q, WP, SF, DRG&W and D&SL; pix and negs. of elec. rys., L&YF St. Ry., AC&S, PE, Niagara Gorge and IRC, emp. tts. of Reading, PRR, Wmd. and B&O. Has size 116, 120 and p. c. size pix of 50 dif. steam and elec. rds. for sale or trade for above; also PRR, WP&Y 1939 rosters for sale or trade for above. Enclose stamped env. for details.

HERB HARRIS, 640 3rd Ave., San Francisco, trades S. F. transfers for transfers from any other trolley line. All letters answered.

LESLIE HAYWORTH, 927 W. 11th St., Port Angeles, Wash., will trade 30-yr. old IRC negs. (fine cond.) showing a head-on collision and one of a private logging train with one tree cut in flatcar lengths: for a used enlarger.

M. C. HERSHFELD, 110 E. Madison St., Goshen, Ind., wants to trade sixteen UP "19" orders.

C. E. HILTON, 21 Chamber St., E., Smiths Falls, Ont., Canada, has Sept., Nov. and Dec. '37 *Railroad Magazine*, all '38 and '39, and '40 to Sept., except Feb. All good cond. Make offer.

R. J. HICKEY, Humbermouth, Newfoundland, has pix of Nfd. engines and stations, also tr. orders. What have you to swap? *(Editor asks: What size pix?)*

RONALD HIRST, 624 Hamilton St., Wausau, Wis., buys and trades pub. tts., tr. orders, pix, rr. literature and lists of names pass. trains in 1937 and '39.

LOUIS HOBMEIER, 351 W. Ridge St., Marquette, Mich., buys pix size 116 or p.c., blueprints and info. on n.-g. roads, esp. 3-ft. gage, active or aband. Also, tank locos and former Elevated steam engines. No trades.

JOHN HORAN, Jr., 270 Harrison Ave., Jersey City, N. J., will buy loco negs. size 116 of western and Canadian roads, pref. Santa Fe and D&RGW. Write first.

ROY HUBBARD, 105-12 Jamaica Ave., Richmond Hill, N. Y., prints stationery for rr. clubs. Write for prices and pictures available for illustration. Also mimeographs pix lists. Will sell 1938, '40 and '41 PRR calendars, $1 ea., postpaid.

* * *

HAL JACKSON, 2582 Manistique Ave., Detroit, Mich., buys or trades engine pix size 616, any road, esp. 2-8-2 and 2-8-0. Has AC&Y, B&O, CN, CP, C&O, GTW, WMo, Ind., NYC, Wab, etc., some action, to trade or sell, 5c ea., 25 for $1. No lists.

DICK JENEVEIN, 566 Montclair Ave., Oakland, Calif., offers 15 pix size 3¼x4½ of rr. eqpmt. used in Calif. World Fair pageant for $1. Also, 12 frt car pix size 5x7 for $1.50.

HAROLD JENKINS, Windsor, Nova Scotia, Canada, sells pix size 130 of DAR No. 999 at 15c; many others same price. First ten persons ordering 999 get free a 5x7 print of No. 32.

WILSON JONES, 405 E. 2nd St., Lima, O., wants train negs., esp. Erie, size 616, buy or trade. Erie fans, esp. those interested in trains, write.

EDW. JUDD, 661 Platt St., Toledo, O., has 18 bound vols. *B. of L. E. Mag.*, 1888-'05; also 100 astrology books. Best offer takes them.

* * *

KENNETH KANDER, 18 North Baker Hall, Cornell University, Ithaca, N. Y., has many emp. tts. of large and small roads to trade for same. Esp. wants emp. tts. of GB&W, Ga&Fla, SP Portland div. Wants to hear from other students majoring transportation.

WAYNE KENDRICK, 302 Braddock St., Alexandria, Va., wants to trade SR loco negs. and pix size 116-616 with SR fans. Has SR, RF&P and N&W.

F. R. KERN, 5615 N. 2nd St., Philadelphia, Pa., wants negs. size 616 of U. S. or Canadian Atlantic types (4-4-2), (esp. Pennsy E3sd, E5s and E7s); pix size 616 of steam locos numbers 1561 and 8208, any road, any type. Trades Pennsy, Rdg. and B&O for above, or pays cash.

WARREN KIEFER, 378 Cleveland Ave., Salt Lake City, Utah, will sell complete file 1940 *Railway Age* for best offer, plus freight.

R. D. KIMMEL, 2121 Harding Rd., Des Moines, Ia., making winter negs. size 122 (with 3A Graflex) on Rock Is., Milw., Wab., C&NW and other roads around Des Moines. Juice negs. with 616 camera. Parties interested are invited to write.

ROBT. KORACH, 2472 Derbyshire Rd., Cleveland Heights, O., wants pix and info on Phoenix, Ariz.; Ft. Collins and Pueblo, Colo.; and Marion, Ind., trolley systems. Offers Cleve. or New York TARS pix. Sells Cleve. pix size 120 at 4c ea.

JACK KROLL, 1039 N. Cass St., Milwaukee, Wis., trades and sells emp. tts., mostly Milw. Rd. Wants rr. pencils. Has trolley transfers, weekly passes and Mil-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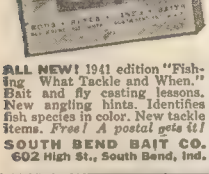

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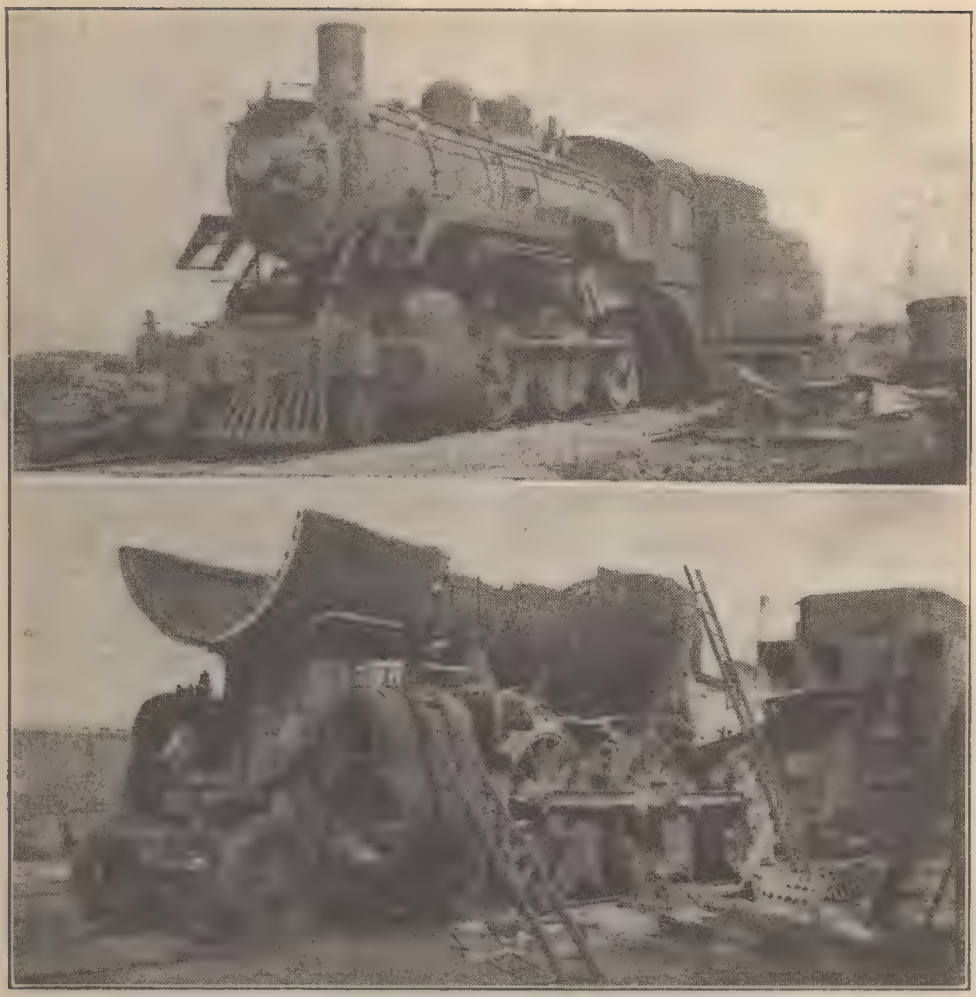

**Engine 736 Goes to the Boneyard at Winnipeg to Be Dismantled after a Long Record of Faithful Service on the Canadian Pacific Railway. The Photos Were Made in April, 1940, by M. Gregory, 627 Lorette Ave., Winnipeg, Canada**

waukee city map showing trolley and bus routes. Collects RPO cancellations.

P. F. LANING, 1109 Campbell St., Sandusky, O., wants Pennsy emp. tts. from Renovo, Bflo. and Indpls divs.; also D&RGW, WP, ACL and SAL.

R. E. LEE, 130 W. Euclid Ave., Detroit, Mich., trades Detroit trolleys, size 116, for other city cars only. Has old Brill 4-wheeler, 3 unit-artic. surface cars and all present types; also few of other cities.

IRVING LEVY, 2075 Walton Ave., Bronx, N. Y. City, sells emp. and pub. tts., transfers, old trolley buttons, ry. histories and other material. Wants steam and elec. emp. tts. Send stamped env. for list. N. Y. City fans interested in joining fan club, write.

WILLIS LEWIS, Jasper, Tenn., buys 616-116 and p.c. prints of Sou. locos, esp. heavy 4-6-2s, 2-8-2s and 4-8-2s. Also AGS 6606-6611 series 2-8-2s.

ARTHUR LLOYD, 1270 Plymouth Ave., San Francisco, wants to correspond with juice fans, esp. in Bay Area, collecting emp. tts. and wall tts. Offers NWP wall tt. or S.F. trolley and interurban roster for any other emp. or wall tt., pref. Calif. and juice roads.

VINSON LUWE, 32nd Sch. Sq., Chanute Field, Rantoul, Ill., has size 616 local Midwest roads to trade for heavy power and short lines. Wants steam and streamliners. Has few negs., and some DM&IR short line pix.

J. F. MALLOY, Jr., 1308 Alton St., Pittsburgh, Pa., offers size 116 pix of CNR, CPR, CB&Q, NP, SP, UP, ACL, SAL, etc., 6 for 25c, 30 for $1. Will trade 4 size 116 pix for one 116 neg.; action or close-up of any Class I road, U. S. or Canada.

H. J. McCORD, 289 Blaine St., Batavia, Ill., will trade or buy size 616 or 116 negs. of Milw. locos. with new numbers. Also has pix of over 400 Milw. locos. size 616 at 5c ea. plus postage.

WARREN McDONALD, 3107 Polk St., Chicago, offers many back issues *Railroad Magazine*, reasonable. Send for list. Also offers 6 dif. 116 size pix of recently aband. Nashville trolley sys., 25c; also prints of int. parlor car *John Marshall* of Nashville-Franklin Ry., 5c. Wants Ill. Tract. tts. and tickets.

HAROLD McMICHAEL, Waterford, Ont., Canada, offers many issues of *Railroad Magazine* from May 1932 on, 15c ea. postpaid. Americanadian loco. postcards, 10 for 40c. List and sample 10c. Wants N. Y. World's Fair track exhibit catalogs.

FELIX MIKOLS, 105 Cross St., Harrison, N. J., wants any size negs. of all roads, esp. New York and N. England. Trades 3 pix size 116 for one sharp, clear

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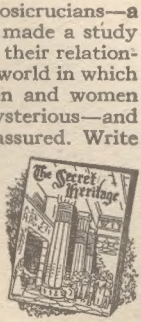


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neg. Also offers *Railroad Magazine,* Jan. 1937-Oct. '40 for negs. Send offers and price lists.

HOWARD MOULTON, 25 Valley St., Medford, Mass., wants pix of cars and bldgs. of Portsmouth, Kittery & York St. Ry. in Maine; also when it was called Atl. Shore Line. Has 15 views already to swap for others.

* * *

R. E. NORTON, 4750 Park Ave., Ashtabula, O., has 90 exchange passes from various roads, all over 40 years old, issued to a Lake Shore Ry. lost car finder. Write for info.

* * *

IRVIN OSCARSON, 1106 Neilson St., Albany, Calif., beginner, wants advice on picture taking. Has many SP tr. orders to trade for other roads. Answers all mail.

* * *

KEITH PREGLER, 1596 Auburn St., Dubuque, Ia., wants negs. of lines under 300 miles long, Erie triplex engines, Forneys, O-4-Os, O-10-Os, 4-12-2s, two-drive wheel engines and esp. Maine 2-ft. gage lines. Will pay well for pix of Manchester & Oneida 1, 2, 3 and 4.

* * *

JOHN RAINEY, 20 Preston St., Bogota, N. J., has negs. size 120-620 of NYC ten-wheelers, Pacifics, Hudsons, 999, Mohawks' diesel-elec. switchers, Mikados, pass. cars, and Pennsy Pacifics, Mtns., Moguls and elecs. Will trade for CP and CN steam engines, any size.

CHAS. RANDALL, 466 Milverton Blvd., Toronto, Ont., Canada, wants pix size 116 CN classes B26a, E7a, H6g, Slab, Sld, Slf, T2a, O18a, b, c, P4a, P5n, J7a, U2a, b, c, d. Also *Railroad Magazine,* Mar., April, Nov. and Dec. 1937.

GEO. RAYMOND, Kingston, Mass., double-wt. Velox prints size 5x7 of Bost. & Prov. wood-burner *Daniel Nason,* and prints of old 1856 coach loaded on flatcar for shipment to rr. museum at LaFayette, Ind., 15c ea. Also, 14x18 bldrs. photo of Eastern RR. 38, *George Peabody* (later B&M 138, *Cape Ann).* Built 1866, scrapped 1886. Swap for model eqpmt.

PAUL C. REPPARD, 311 W. Central Ave., Fitzgerald, Ga., sells pix size 616 of AB&C streamlined loco 79 used on *Dixie Flagler;* also emp. and pub. tts.; 10c an item plus postage.

JAMES ROBISON, 467 Pacific St., Brooklyn, N. Y., wants any size prints of 4-wheel Birney trolleys, with name of company known.

H. ROSOVE, 74 Van Cortlandt Pk. So., Bronx, N. Y. City, wants PRR, Rdg, NYC, NYNH&H, B&O, CNJ, D&H, Erie and G&W loco pix. Send lists. Will return postage even if he doesn't buy.

EDW. ROSS, Gen. Del., Houghton, Mich., offers June 1938-March '40 *Railroad Magazine* issues at 15c ea., postpaid. Also *Model Railroader,* Dec. '39 to date, 20c ea.

CHAS. ROWE, 218 W. Terrace St., East Syracuse, N. Y., sells NYC, HBL, DL&W, New Haven, CofV, Rdg, SP, Sou, MoP, B&O, SAL, KCS, Soo, NYO&W, CC&O, DT&I, CP, CN, MKT, L&N, D&H, NdeT, N. Y. World's Fair, Frisco, Vgn, N&W, C&NW, CmStP&P, Solvay, TH&B, GMC, Erie Santa Fe, PRR and NGN pix size 116-616 at 5c ea. or trade for others same size. Swap lists.

WM. RUSSELL, 404 N. Broom St., Wilmington, Del., selling *Railroad Magazine* copies, Jan. '34-Apr. '36, July '36-Dec. '40; *Off. Guides* Aug. '34, July '37; Pennsy calendars '39 and '40, all good cond. Make offers.

* * *

JAMES SAMSON, 3515 Van Horne Ave., Montreal, Que., Canada, trades CN and CP loco pix size 116. Trades tram transfers for pix or tts. Wants copies of *Railroad Magazine* before Sep. '39. Send lists.

W. M. SHACKFORD, Box 105, Far Hills, N. J., wants IC's new *City of Miami,* size 616 or larger, and CofGa emp. tt. showing its schedule. Also wants current AT&SF emp. timecard, Albuquerque div. Cash, nothing to trade.

RALPH SHEARS, School for the Deaf, Salem, Ore., sells train orders and clearance cars: Ore. Elec., 20 for 25c; clearance cards, 25 for 20c. Interurban pix wanted, any size.

WALD SIEVERS (Chmn., Activities Committee, Northern Calif. R.R. Club), Box 47, Mill Valley, Calif., offers limited number of back issues of publication, *Western Railroader:* Mar. '39, Hist. of Baypoint & Clayton RR and So. Div. of SNRy., 10c; Aug. '38, roster of Mich.-Cal. Lbr. Co. and CP&LT RR, 10c; Mar. '40, Hist. of Yakima Valley Transit, 15c; Apr. '40, Histo. of Mt. Tamalpais & Muir Woods RR, 25c; Feb. '40, Hist. of Sonoma Valley Prismoidal RR, 15c; Nov. '38,

roster of WP RR, 15c; Sept.-Oct. '40, roster of Sac. Nor. Ry., 25c; July '40, roster of Peninsular Ry. and Red River Lbr. Co., 25c.

GEO. SILCOTT, 44 W. New England Ave., Worthington, O., wants *Railroad Magazine*, Feb.-July '37.

L. C. SKINNER, 36 Chaplin St., Pawtucket, R. I., has many old *Railroad Man's Magazine, Ry. Age, Ry. Gazettes, Pathfinders, Off. Guide* 1928, etc. Wants certain baseball books, dime novels, street directories of Northeast cities, or will sell. Make offer.

FRANK SMARS, Zeigler, Ill., will trade 36 back issues of *Railroad Magazine* for 2 negs. ea. size 616, 75 8x10 pix, 2 negs. ea. Lots or single. Has coal mine locos. and cars. Wants to hear from H. E. Seigel, formerly Chicago.

JIM SMITH, 13100 Forest Hill Ave., E. Cleveland, has size 616 trolley negs. and pix for sale and wants size 116 or 616 of Ohio Elec. Ry. and Victoria Park Ry. Co. int. cars.

RUSSELL SMITH, 205 Locust Lane, Alexandria, Va., has negs. size 120-620 and 616 of Sou, RF&P, N&W, Pennsy, B&O, etc. Buys *Off. Guides* before 1934, old Sou, N&W and RF&P and tts.

EUGENE SOLTNER, 7125 Rutland St., Philadelphia, Pa., sells negs. size 116 of Pennsy, Rdg. and B&O for 5c ea. Trades negs. for Rdg., CNJ and LV negs. same size. Send for list and sample.

SAM SPENCER, Gen. Del., Richmond, Ill., wants B&A, LV, C&O, NW, Pennsy, CN and UP heavy frt. locos. in action, 5x7 or 8x10. Send price list.

ARTHUR STENSVAD, Box 634, North Platte, Neb., wants pix of streamline trains and locos, all roads.

EARL STIMPSON, 64 Pleasant St., Brunswick, Me., buys New Haven class A3a American types and G3 ten-wheelers, and all U3 except 2530. Has pix size 616 for sale; list and sample 5c.

DAN STONE, 4950 California St., San Francisco, has emp. tts. 18 and 60 of NW. Pac. RR. and wall tts. dated Jane 1, 1940. Trades for other U. S. emp. tts.

GEO. STRECKERT, RFD 4, Box 36a, Chilton, Wis., wants NP, GN, Soo, C&NW, Milw. NYC, PM and other depot negs., size 116; also engines of B&H, D&MtM, G&W, Soo, GB&W, C&NW and Milw.

DONALD SULLIVAN, 34 Potters Ave., Providence, R. I., has Jan. 1908 and Aug. '18 *Railroad Man's Magazine*. Make offer. Also many other old mags.

S. S. SUTTON, 7401 N. Ridge, Chicago, wants negs. of old CS&StL; Rutland, Toluca & N.; Kans. & Sidell and any other lines under 300 miles, operating or aband., size 116-616 pref. Trades negs. size 616 for same or buys. Name prices first.

JAMES SWEENEY, 615 Otisco St., Syracuse, N. Y., wants Irish, English and European power; also RW&O, West Shore and Fall Brook power and cars before acquisition by NYC.

*(Concluded on next page)*

**RAILROAD MAGAZINE** Reader's Choice

**280 Broadway, New York City**

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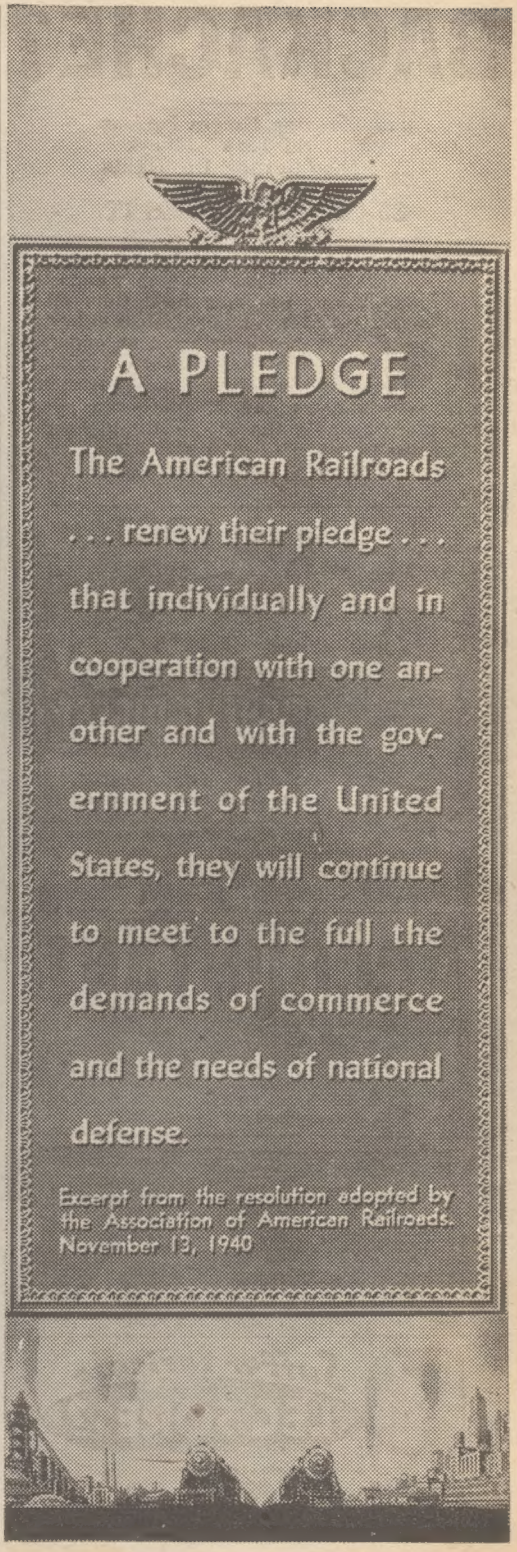
A PLEDGE
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L. Y. TRIPP, 79 Main St., Owego, N. Y., offers pix from 63 dif. N. Y. State elec. lines, incl. Catskill Traction, Cortland Co. Tract., Harnell Tract. and Penn Yan and Lake Shore Ry. Send 10c for 6-page list and sample.

WM. TYSON, 38 Martin's Farm, Seaford, Del., wants pub. and emp. tts., pix of rolling stock and info. on Williamsport & North Branch. Also *Off. Guide* of 1920s listing the W&NB.

WARREN VAN WIE, 50 Northampton Ave., Springfield, Mass., trades trolley transfers and tickets. Wants to hear from fans in So. America, China and Japan.

J. VERMEULEN, 119 W. 110th St., Chicago, buys route maps of city trolley systems and interurban lines; also el and subway maps.

VICTOR WAGNER, 6341 S. Wolcott Ave., Chicago, trades negs. size 116 of CNS&M streamlined Electroliners for negs. of *Liberty Bell Ltds.*, Phila. & W. cars and any type Ind. Ry. cars. Has transfers and transptn. maps of Chicago to trade for same of other cities.

J. D. WELSH, 53 Fernwood Pk. Ave., Toronto, Ont., Canada, buys emp. tts. of all Canadian lines, esp. CP for 1931 summer, Montreal-Toronto territory.

C. R. WENTLAND, Robertsville, O., buys pix size 616, p.c. or larger preferred, of n.-g. modern standard engines of trains and rr. scenes.

JACK WHITMEYER, 3450 Russell St., Riverside, Calif., buys good pix and postcards of train, pass. and auto ferries, pref. owned by rrs. Has few S. F. Bay and San Diego ferries to trade; also LARy, Pe, SDERy, S. F. Munic. and Market St. Ry. (cable) elec. cars. Enclose stamp.

THOS. P. WILSON, Box 113, Segundo, Colo., wants to buy old discarded bankrupt rr. stocks and bonds. Send description and price.

WADE WOLFE, Jr., Hunstville, Wash., buys good clear negs. size 116-616 of UP, NP, SP&S and GN locos. Has few 616 negs. of these roads to trade. Send list and price.

HERBERT WOLTERS, 128 Chestnut St., East Orange, N. J., has pix size 616 of CN 3100, 4100, 6124, CStPM&O 501, CB&Q 3000, M&StL 618 and C&A 656, all 7 for 33c postpaid. Erie and Vgn 2-8-8-8-2s, size 616, at 10c ea. Also Dec. '35, June '36, May, Aug.-Nov. '37, all '38, '39 *Railroad Magazine*, 36c ea. postpaid. Copy *RR. Data* free with mag. order.

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